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**State Benefited**  
**by Heavy Showers.**  
**Quality of Citrus**  
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**in force. Go now**  
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**DO NOT**  
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**SURRENDERED TO SAN FRANCISCO.**  
**BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.**  
**SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 17.—**The Oakland Republican Alliance tonight formally surrendered the Denison banner to the Republicans of San Francisco. The banner was brought over from Oakland in state. The alliance with eighty men in uniform had the custody of it. A band was part of the parade of the victors.

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**ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?**

**Weak or Diseased Kidneys Poison the Blood, Break Down the Entire System and Bring on Bright's Disease.**

**To Prove What the Great Kidney Remedy, Swamp-Root, Will Do for YOU, all our Readers May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Absolutely Free by Mail.**



**Laboratory where Swamp-Root, the World-Famous Kidney Remedy, is prepared.**

**You know what happens to a sewer when it becomes clogged, don't you? Do you know what happens to the human system when the kidneys become clogged? They are unable to throw out the impurities from the blood and become infected with poisons; they decay, fall apart and pass out in the urine; the blood, unfiltered, carries the poison all through the system and, if not checked, death follows. The kidneys are the sewer of the human system.**

**When your kidneys are not doing their work, some of the symptoms which prove it to you are: pain or dull ache in the back, excess of uric acid, gravel, rheumatic pains, sediment in the urine, scanty supply, scalding irritation, passing it, obliged to go often during the day and to get up many times during the night to empty the bladder; sleeplessness, nervous irritability, dizziness, irregular heart, breathlessness, shallow, unhealthy complexion, puffiness of the face, limbs or body; loss of ambition, general weakness and debility.**

**When you are sick or "feel badly," the first thing you should do is to afford aid to your kidneys by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy.**

**In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.**

**Perhaps you are in doubt about your kidneys and want to find out. Here's a simple test. Take from your urine passed when you arise in the morning about four ounces; place it in a glass bottle and**

**AGREEMENT AT TAMPA.**  
**TAMPA (Fla.) Nov. 17.—**An agreement has been reached between the committee arbitrating the labor union troubles which allows all cigar workers to return to their benches, except the members of the International Stripper's Union. No trouble has occurred today.

**SKELETONS OF GIANTS FOUND IN A MINE.**  
**INTERESTING DISCOVERY MADE BY JAMES PERKINSON.**  
**While Tunneling at Altia He Found an Ancient Burying Ground—Bones Believed to Be of Indians of Mammoth Age.**

**(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)**  
**VANCOUVER (B. C.) Nov. 17.—**[Exclusive Dispatch.] James Perkinson, owner of the famous Yellow Jacket mine in Altia, has another story to tell of his mine, almost as marvelous as that about the rich vein of gold struck in the Yellow Jacket, which is said to have been the richest stinger or pocket ever found in the province. His story is to the effect that while tunneling in his mine, he unearthed the skull of a human being, which seemed to be larger and flatter than any he ever read about, and his curiosity being aroused, he investigated the ground about his claim, and found his mine was located in an ancient burying ground. After some pains he unearthed two complete skeletons, one measuring seven feet and the other six feet ten inches in length.

**Perkinson believes his find proves there was a race of giants in that northern latitude contemporary with the mammoth age. The skeletons were well preserved in the frozen ground, and will be brought to civilization next summer. There were curiously-shaped bones and sharpened stones found in the graves with the bones.**

**SUCCESSOR OF HAYS.**  
**George B. Reeve Appointed General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway System.**  
**(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)**  
**MONTREAL, Nov. 17.—**Official announcement was made this afternoon by Sir Oliver Wilson, president of the Grand Trunk Railway system that George B. Reeve, formerly traffic manager of the system, to succeed Charles M. Hays, who is going to San Francisco as president of the Southern Pacific.

**It is understood that while no changes are contemplated in any of the departments, it is believed several officials who have been with Hays since his coming to Canada will follow him to California.**

**TRIANGULAR COWBOY DUEL.**  
**SALT LAKE, Nov. 17.—**A special to the Tribune from Cheyenne, Wyo., says: Three cowboys named John and Albert Alderico and Tobias Borne fought a duel in the mountains near Otto, Wyo., last Thursday. Three horses were killed and the Alderico brothers were wounded. It is reported that a ball in each arm and Albert was shot in the stomach. It is alleged that the two families have been at war for some time, and further trouble will probably ensue.

**LESLY'S TALCUM POWDER**  
**A non-irritating powder for the face and under the arms. Delightful after shaving. 10c**



**Be Careful!!**

**Do not submit your eyes to a test or purchase any goods from any of the many traveling around the country with a case of Spectacles and Eyeglasses.**

**Optician**

**Who is a fellow citizen, and is here all times to make good any unsatisfactory work. We carry the latest styles of eyeglasses, and in our Optical goods exclusively.**

**Adolf Frese,**  
**Phone Main 190. 108 S. SPRING ST.**

**Gussie Lawson on a Thistle Bicycle.**

**Burke Bros.**  
**326-330 South Main Street, STATE AGENTS**

**PLANT SEEDS**  
**Alfalfa, Oats, Barley, Beet, Spinach and all Garden and Flower : : : : : NOW**

**German Seed and Plant Co.,**  
**Adopting Home Westernization.**  
**Largest Stock, Lowest Prices, Best Quality.**



**FLASHES FROM THE WIRES.**

**The Steamship Sonoma, built at Cramps ship yards, Philadelphia, for the Oceanic Steamship Company of San Francisco, sailed yesterday from the ship yard for her home port. The Sonoma was launched August 7.**

**A "Drone" Druggist or a Live Rancher Raising Mules vs. Raising Prices.**

**A few weeks ago one of our would-be competitor druggists tired of the fight against "The Owl," traded his little corner drug store for a ranch out near Santa Barbara and stocked it with mules, expecting to corner the market. He says it is easier to raise mules than it is to raise prices on patent medicines in Los Angeles while "The Owl" keeps up its fight. This is a fair sample of the business intelligence of the Los Angeles druggists—poor deluded set.**

**Will This New Breed of Mules Be Boycotted?**

**GARTER'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS**  
**Helps the over-burdened and over-acid stomach to digest food. Regularly 50c. 40c**

**GARTER'S SWEDISH HAIR REMOVER**  
**Removes the hair from the face, neck, and body. Regularly 50c. 60c**

**THOMPSON'S GRIPPE AND COLD CURE**  
**It cures the grippe, cold, and influenza in a day. Regularly 50c. 25c**

**WHITE RIBBON REMEDY**  
**For the cure of all skin diseases. Regularly 50c. \$1.00**

**HARRISON'S OPIUM ANTIDOTE**  
**For the permanent cure of the habit of opium smoking or cocaine. Regularly 50c. \$1.00**

**LESLY'S TALCUM POWDER**  
**A non-irritating powder for the face and under the arms. Delightful after shaving. 10c**



# WARNING NOTE OF ROSEBERY.

Empire Thrilled by His  
Glasgow Utterances.

Weak and Strong Imperialism Shown.

Chamberlain Scandal Again  
Stirred Up—Short Session  
of Parliament Probable.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—LONDON, Nov. 11.—(By Atlantic Cable.) The increased frequency of Lord Rosebery's public utterances in the last few days has created a new sensation in the British Empire. The strange mingling of common-sense sentiment, surprising rhetoric and honest phrases, puzzled the people of Great Britain to such an extent that the former Premier may well be said to have created more power than he has been out of power than he ever did before. His speech at Glasgow yesterday on the occasion of his installation as Lord Rector of the Glasgow University caused the other events of the week to sink into insignificance. Yet, the underlying note of that wonderful monograph of the British Empire was one of warning, as the Daily Telegraph appropriately describes it, as follows: "Now that two nations at least, the United States and Germany, are as closely at our back as the British Empire is in front of us, and that they are in a more able condition than ourselves, we have no doubt, England has a reserve power which our competitors scarcely possess. But we are near the time when we will have to put forth the best of our speed and strength every hour."

PARLIAMENT OUTLOOK.  
The first meeting of Parliament is expected to be short and is likely to be adjourned over the new year as soon as the necessary supplies are secured. One of the most serious questions of the week has been the question of the armaments and the House met in solemn convulsion to consider privately many controversial matters, the chief of which was whether the British Government should be asked to consider the possibility of a new armaments race. As a result of the deliberations it is probable that the estimate of the armaments will be allowed to pursue the even tenor of its way, for the House party opposed the proposition on the ground that they were likely to retard legislation. On the whole, the high chambermen were naturally opposed to any civil interference. The House adjourned at least temporarily, what threatened to be a crisis in the history of the House of Commons.

CHAMBERLAIN COMING.  
Alfred Chamberlain and his wife will sail for America in December. He has been frostily said here that his intention is to start a Daily Mail in New York, being convinced that a large amount of money can be made out of such a paper there. The report, however, is unfounded. Chamberlain is expected to return to England in the near future. He will spend most of his time in London and will not be in America.

CHAMBERLAIN SCANDAL.  
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—LONDON, Nov. 11.—Minimum news and maximum rain were the distinguishing features of the week. The Chamberlain scandal has been the dominating feature of the week. The House of Commons has been in a state of confusion since the publication of the Chamberlain scandal. The House of Commons has been in a state of confusion since the publication of the Chamberlain scandal. The House of Commons has been in a state of confusion since the publication of the Chamberlain scandal.

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# Diamonds, Watches, Gold Jewelry, Sterling Silver Wares, American Cut Glass, Fine Clocks, and Art Goods.

For weeks we have been busy opening up, marking off, and arranging our new goods, personally selected, in the best markets, by one of our firm, new styles, new ideas—bought especially for the Christmas trade. So much goodness, so much variety, so much beauty, so much quality, so much style, so much quantity, never before was assembled in any Jewelry Store in Southern California. We have something new for every taste. We can safely promise you a collection of elegant goods, at once attractive and unique, one that cannot be duplicated on this coast.

We extend to you, and your friends, a most cordial invitation to come in and look over our new things—it will interest you. The display is worthy of your admiration. We never ask anyone to buy, in our store, so you can come with perfect confidence that you will not be annoyed. We will be delighted to meet you and to show you every possible attention.

# Montgomery Bros.,

Diamond Merchants . . . .  
Jewelers and Silversmiths.  
DOUGLAS BLOCK. SPRING AND THIRD STS.

Lord Selborne, who is both First Lord of the Admiralty and director of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company; Gerald Balfour, who unites a directorship in an aluminum company with the presidency of the Board of Trade, and many other incongruous associations, several of the companies being financially interrelated. With such flagrantly weak spots in the armor of the new Cabinet, it is no wonder the Liberals are so impotent. Lord Rosebery to lead the party. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's appeal to the ex-Premier only voiced the feeling of the majority of the party, but it was accompanied by such bitter denunciations of the so-called imperialists that it can scarcely be expected to produce much result.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.  
American enterprise in Great Britain now promises to revolutionize the methods of the War Office. The problem of transportation of stores, guns and men over country having no railroads has long exercised the army experts. Traction engines, bulldozers, airplanes, horses and mules have been tried, with only moderate success. With the view of displacing these, a series of experiments is occurring in England before a War Office commission, in which an American motor car, suitable for service, having on board the driver, and American and the inventor, attained a speed of thirty miles an hour on grass, going over obstacles and undulations without the slightest difficulty or injury.

THEATERS PROTESTING.  
Prosperity continues to be the keynote of the theatrical season. Broadly speaking, all the houses are doing well. The two much-discussed problem plays, "Mrs. Dan's Defence" and "Mr. and Mrs. Darwent," are dividing the most fashionable patronage with "Herod." A success equal to Charles Wyndham's has been known in London, and in making his while the sun shines, he is giving a series of extra matinees and occasional performances at Brighton to packed houses.

NEW CABINET MEETS.  
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—LONDON, Nov. 11.—The reconstructed British Cabinet held its first meeting at the Foreign Office this morning under the presidency of Lord Balfour. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, Joseph Chamberlain, was the only absentee. The object of the meeting was to arrange the business of the coming brief winter session of Parliament.

WYLER'S BILLY TALK.  
Gen. Shafter Says the Butcher Could Only Have Delayed the Capture of Santiago.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 11.—Major Gen. William R. Shafter, when asked to comment on Gen. Weyler's criticism of the Spanish conduct of the war in Cuba, was not inclined to take Weyler's assertions seriously. He said that evidently Weyler was talking for effect, as every military man knew that the Spaniards in Cuba, without the aid of a fleet to prevent the landing of invaders in any required number, could not have held the islands against the Americans. Gen. Shafter added that the Spaniards in Cuba, without the aid of a fleet to prevent the landing of invaders in any required number, could not have held the islands against the Americans.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 11.—Major Gen. William R. Shafter, when asked to comment on Gen. Weyler's criticism of the Spanish conduct of the war in Cuba, was not inclined to take Weyler's assertions seriously. He said that evidently Weyler was talking for effect, as every military man knew that the Spaniards in Cuba, without the aid of a fleet to prevent the landing of invaders in any required number, could not have held the islands against the Americans.

# "IF IT COMES FROM MULLEN & BLUETT'S, IT WILL WEAR."



# A Visit to Our Store

Will consume but little of your time and should you say "I'll come back later," or "I'll call when ready to buy," you won't hurt our feelings. We would feel glad to think you have been here and seen the showing for fall and winter, and enjoy the anticipation of your early return. Sounds a little like a candidate, does it? That's what we are—candidates for your clothing trade.

A Few Suggestions for the Fall and Winter:

# Men's Clothing

We give you all those kinks of style that merchant tailors give you—and guarantee you not only perfect fitting garments, first-class linings and trimmings, but a real saving of a third of your purchase money, that you would pay to your to-order man.

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR  
Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Chicago;  
Rogers, Peet & Co., New York;  
Stein-Block Co., Rochester.

SEE . . .

The M. & B. \$10.00 Men's Suits.  
The new Raglan Overcoats, at \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00 and up.  
The new Overcoat Overcoats, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00, \$20.00 and up.  
The new Sack and Cutaway Suits, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00 and up to \$25.00.

# Furnishing Goods

A stock such as we carry is a revelation to most people, for we realize the immense trade we do in this department.

SEE  
The new Neckwear—\$2.50, \$3.00, \$1.00, \$1.50.  
The new Underwear—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and up.  
The new Smoking Jackets—\$5.00 and up.  
The new Fancy Shirts—\$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.  
The new Boys' Waists—\$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.



# Boys' Clothing

Our boys' department is the best of its class on this coast. More style, more variety, more wearing quality than can be found in any one store that we know of. No shoddy, no sweat-shop goods here if we know it, and we think we know.

Special \$3.50 wear-resisting boys' suits, made to our own order of all-wool materials. Double-breasted knee pants, styles for ages 9 to 16 years. These come in three or four different patterns.

Boys' dress suits for all ages, beautiful, exclusive styles not to be found in other stores.

Priced from \$5 to \$15  
Large and choice assortment of boys' overcoats and refusers.

# Men's and Boys' Hats

Our hat store is headquarters for those who want the very latest styles and largest assortment to select from. Nothing new in headwear for men or boys escapes our hat man. You will find every new style here.

We desire to call your special notice to our line of \$3.00 men's hats. We have them made to our special order and guarantee them to be equal to many of the \$5.00 hats sold at agency stores.

Full line Stetson's \$4.00 and \$5.00 hats—the latest.  
See our \$7.00 line—the best hat in town for the price.

# Mullen & Bluett Clothing Co.

N.W. Corner First and Spring Streets, Los Angeles.

# THE UNIQUE 245 SO. BROADWAY CLOAKS AND SUITS

If you love a bargain, be at this store tomorrow. We're going to do some selling that will make Los Angeles eager—bargains that will make you happy, that will make you envious.

Suits, jackets, furs! Do you like what Paris likes? Is New York style your style? Will becoming fashions become you? Could you wish, or hope, or desire, or care to possess a prouder, handsomer garment than these we receive daily from the very sanctum of style and art? Then take our prices to heart—the less you have the more you need this modern store.

# Jackets, Suits and Furs

If you need a Jacket, Come Here. If you need a Suit, Come Here. If you need Furs, Come Here.

Our jackets grow popular by leaps and bounds. Our prices seem impossible. Our styles set the pace. Our \$5.00 jackets come in a handsome plain mellow, tan, and lined throughout. Double breasted, Medici collar.  
Our \$6.00 jackets are tan covert, velvet piping, Italian cloth lining.  
Our \$7.50 jackets, elegant black bersey, Romanine lined, beautifully made.  
Our \$10.00 jackets, sky front style, trimmed with silk arrow heads and stitching. Best Romanine lining.  
Come here, because you lose an opportunity if you go elsewhere.  
Come here, because your money is worth more in this store.  
Come here, because our suits are not like other suits.  
Where is there a woman who is not moved by a smart tailored gown? And then why don't you hurry here to choose a clever suit that has more fit, more beauty and more style than if you had paid some tailor a handsome price. They're yours for \$90. Yes, and less than that. Every one a treasure of grace and elegance.  
When we sell furs, we sell the kind you like to show your friends. We sell the finest furs the money can buy.  
At \$4.50, excellent quality of imitation Stone Martin Scarf, with 5 tails and 3 heads.  
At \$4.50, Scarf of beautiful River Mink, ornamented with 6 Martin tails.  
At \$5.00, genuine Martin Scarf, trimmed with heads and tails.  
At \$7.50, magnificent Colarlette of imitation Stone Martin and Electric Seal, with still ends.  
At \$15.00, Storm Collar, ornamented with 5 for tails, lined with satin.

# After the Rain.

Your garments will need renovating. We have the best facilities of any establishment in Los Angeles. We bar none.

Special Rates All Next Week.

Ladies' or Gentlemen's Suits \$1.50.

# CITY DYE WORKS,

Phone Main 551. 345 S. Broadway.

# The Great Credit House.

WE TRUST THE PEOPLE—BETTER OWN YOUR FURNITURE.

Your house will soon be better furnished if you take advantage of our Liberal Credit System. There is no more pain and comfort and enjoyment in using furniture that is as good as new.

You pay a small amount down and weekly or monthly payments. We don't give Furniture Away. But you will find our prices as low as you can get.

See BRENT about it.

Our Vegetables Have a good, solid foundation—California's rich soil. Step by step the sturdy roots grow down, then comes the planting, tilling, etc. Every stage receives the most careful attention as the result is shown. Pure water is another priceless factor that we command.

See BRENT about it.

LUDWIG & MATTHEWS, Mott Market.









## Sale of Women's Flannel Waists.

A word of warning. Not many of a kind, but ever so many kinds of French flannel waists at each price. Plenty for all who come, but early comers will have more styles to choose from. The waists are tailor stitched, some plain, others fancy tucked effects. All are made in the latest mode. The waists are on sale as follows:

2.50 waists for 1.50      3.00 waists for 2.25  
3.50 waists for 2.50      4.50 waists for 3.50

We've just received a shipment of very pretty novelty waists in new plaids and other fancy color effects. They are all the rage in Eastern cities and you'll like them also. \$4.25 up to \$6.00.

## Women's Tailor Suits.

We pinned our faith to our method of "the most for the least." Our highest expectations have been more than realized. This store shows two styles to any other store's one. This store sells the very newest novelty at the very smallest staple profit. Result: you've rewarded us by making our cloak and suit business the most extensive in Los Angeles, and this is only our second season. Can anything stop our growth when we sell

### \$25 Tailor Suits at \$17.50

Oxblood venetian tailor suits, flare jacket, New Paragon collar, velvet trimmings, bishop sleeves, girdle belt, flare skirt. A very dressy and fetching costume, on sale at \$17.50.

### \$27.50 Tailor Suits at \$20.00.

No descriptions, only a hint of a few among the many styles. Black, navy, oxford, oxblood, browns and tans, Venetian cloth, homespun, chevrot and covert cloth. Some are plain, others with stitched satin folds, still others with applique straps.

Jackets are blouse or tight fitting. Skirts are lined with spun glass or percaline, have flare bottom and some are trimmed to match jacket. All are very modern. The assortment is so very large and the styles so varied, you are certain to find several to your liking. Instead of \$27.50 they are priced \$20.

Plenty of stylish tailor suits at \$10; plenty of styles at all prices from \$10 up to \$50.

### Silk Skirts

**\$8.75, worth \$12.50**  
Heavy taffeta silk flare skirt, daintily trimmed with rows of silk ribbon. Skirts that are extra good value at \$12.50 for \$8.75.  
Peau de Soie and taffeta silk skirts, copies of late Parisian models, priced from \$11 up to \$50.

### Capes

**\$5, worth \$6.50**

Fine kersey cloth capes, tailor stitched, in tan, castor and black, \$6.50 capes on sale at \$5 while they last. Any and every style of fashionable cape is here at some price or another, from \$5 to \$20.

### Tea Gowns

**\$5.00 to \$15.00**

And not one among 'em but would be priced elsewhere at half again as much and more. Dainty, pretty and something you rarely see in a tea gown—practical. Cashmere trimmed with lace, or silk velvet or ribbon. Some with tucked sleeve some with—who ever could describe a pretty tea gown? Come and look.

## Rain Coats for Women and Girls.

**\$3.00, \$3.50 and up to \$6.00.**

And the lowest priced rain coat does what you want a rain coat to do—it keeps out the water. Our rain coats and mackintoshes are guaranteed to be waterproof.

## Sale of \$1.50 Kid Gloves.

All shades and white and black. Self stitched and fancy embroidered backs. All sizes, in all shades and every pair fitted and guaranteed. No, these are not our regular \$1.50 gloves—they're a part of an immense glove purchase made by our New York buyers. We guarantee every glove we sell, and we make no exception to our rule in this instance, notwithstanding the ridiculous price we are selling them at. **80¢**

### Women's Underwear.

**\$1.00 women's wool ribbed vests and pants, steam shrunk, flat seams, gray 75¢ and white 75¢**  
**\$1.25 women's wool vests and pants, ribbed, silk moire 97¢** facing, perfect fitting.  
**\$1.50 women's wool vests and pants, jersey ribbed, colors black and gray. \$1.15** high grade.  
**Women's Outing Flannel Gowns**  
Gowns nicely finished 50¢  
Women's heavy outing flannel gowns, fancy trimmed, full cut. 96¢

### Children's Underwear.

**35c children's jersey ribbed vests and pants, fleeced, 21c** ecru and gray.  
**65c children's jersey ribbed union suits, good weight and extra heavy fleeced, 42c** Oneita style, all sizes.  
**Children's outing flannel gowns in plain and fancy embroidered, trimmed, 75c** 45c to 75c.  
**25c children's satin jean under waists, extra good value 15c**

### Boys' Furnishings.

**35c Underwear.**  
Boys' jersey ribbed underwear, fleeced lined, needle stitch seams; all sizes. 19¢  
**75c Underwear.**  
Boys' wool underwear, natural gray and camel's hair, soft finish, steam shrunk, flat seams. 50¢  
**20c Stockings.**  
Boys' black ribbed stockings, double soles and high spliced heels; 3-thread. 12¢  
**40c and 50c Stockings.**  
Imported boys' black ribbed worsted hose, double toes and soles, high spliced heels; all sizes. 25¢

## Merchant Tailoring.

There is no tailor better equipped than we to make your clothes. We're ready with everything money and skill can provide. Simply to have our customers satisfied with the suit or overcoat we make him is not enough for us. We want to do more than satisfy him—we want to please him to an extent which will make him tell his friends: Jacoby Bros. made this suit, no tailor can make a better garment, no tailor charges so little. That is what we are trying to tell you now. We want you to understand that our cutter and our tailors can and do make garments which cannot be surpassed in this city. We want you to know that we are satisfied with a much smaller profit on each garment than the exclusive tailor, and that you do save from \$5 to \$10 on every suit or overcoat we make for you. One suit or overcoat will prove our statement. Are you going to let us prove it, or—don't you care to save five or ten dollars.

Suits \$20 and Up.  
Overcoats \$20 and Up.  
Trousers \$5 and Up.

## Sale Of Men's Hats.

1400 hats—Fedoras, Alpines and Crushers, all shapes and shades in each style. Pure fur hats trimmed with silk.

Hats Worth \$2.50 and \$3 On Sale At \$1.10.

These hats are from one of the leading makers, we'd like to give the name, but can't. Doesn't matter, the name of Jacoby Bros. goes with the bargain and we'll stand back of every hat we sell.

### Dunlap, Knox and Youman Shapes

Derbies and Fedoras in every new shape at \$3.50. Exclusive hatters ask \$8 or \$4 or \$5. They'll ask all you'll pay. Will you pay \$8, \$4 or \$5 when \$2.50 buys the same hat here?

### Boys' and Children's Hats and Caps.

New fall importation in children's holiday novelty caps. All the very latest designs and colorings. Prices range from 50c, 75c, \$1.00 to \$2.50.

## The Great Sale of Men's Fine Clothing is Nearing the Close.

Fair warning to every man who wants a high grade suit or overcoat and pays as little as he must. We've never equaled this sale of clothing, neither has any other store. Every suit and overcoat in the sale has our fullest guarantee as to quality of material, making and fit. A purchase of 2500 suits and overcoats at 60c on the dollar is the basis of this sale—we make a profit on these, tho' you get a bargain. For the closing days of this sale we've added several hundred suits and overcoats from our regular stock, and to make the bargain as big as the suits we must lose money. Come and take your choice.

### Men's Suits.

**At \$7.50**  
Cheviot business suits.  
**At \$9.75**  
Cheviot and cassimere, single or double breasted suits.  
**At \$12.75**  
Business and dress suits, cassimere, chevrots, serge and worsted.  
**At \$15.75**  
All wools—suits for dress or business; worth \$22.50.

### Men's Overcoats.

**At \$7.50**  
Handsome Oxford, stylish and good.  
**At \$10.50**  
Coverts, heavy, wadded and whipcord.  
**At \$15.00**  
Almost every weave and style, except the lightest.

We'd like to show you the new styles in Lounging Robes, Bath Robes and Smoking Jackets.

### Rain Coats for Men.

Rubber Coats, Mackintoshes and Alexandric Storm Coats. The Alexandric a dark Oxford Raglan, absolutely waterproof, warranted, but contains no rubber and is soft and pliable. Mackintoshes at \$5, \$8, \$10, \$12.50 and \$15, every one of them guaranteed waterproof. Our Mackintoshes are made by Hodgman—that is quite a guarantee in itself.



## Fall Shoe Sale

Honest shoe making, honest leather, latest styles, half price and dollars saved. Can a shoe sale along these lines fail to bring thousands of new customers to any honest store? The shoe selling here grows larger with each succeeding day—people must tell their neighbors about the really wonderful bargains they find here.

### Boys' Shoes.

**70c worth \$1.25.** Sizes 9 to 13 1/2.  
**90c worth \$1.50.** Sizes 12 to 13 1/2.  
**\$1.10 worth \$1.75.** Sizes 12 to 13 1/2.  
**\$1.30 worth \$2.** Sizes 12 to 13 1/2.

### Girls' Shoes.

**69c worth \$1.25.** Sizes 8 to 12.  
**79c worth \$1.50.** Sizes 8 1/2 to 12.  
**97c worth \$1.75.** Sizes 9 to 12.  
**\$1.19 worth \$2.00.** Sizes 12 to 13.

### Baby Shoes.

**12c worth 35c.** Soft kid moccasins.  
**31c worth 40c.** Sizes 9 to 12.  
**36c worth 50c.** Sizes 1 to 8.  
**48c worth 75c.** Sizes 1 to 5 1/2.

### Women's Shoes.

**65c worth \$1.50.** Black kid button.  
**\$1 worth \$2.** Spring heels and toes.  
**\$1.79 worth \$3.** All styles, black kid.  
**\$2.90 worth \$5.** Patent leathers and kid.

### Men's Shoes.

**\$2.90 worth \$5.00.**  
**\$1.00 worth \$2.00.**  
**\$1.45 worth \$3.00.**  
**\$2.10 worth \$3.50.**

## We Are Selling Toys At Cost.

Dolls, wagons and all sorts of toys for boys and girls at just what they cost us.  
Don't buy toys until you see what we are doing.

**Jacoby Bros.**  
OUTFITTERS FOR ALL MANKIND.  
331-333-335 S. BROADWAY

## A Word To Mail Order Customers.

Owing to the rush of mail orders received last week, some were delayed a day. This cannot occur again as we have increased our force in the department and all orders will be filled on the same day they are received.











NOVEMBER 18, 1900.
TWEAK
OF THE COURTS.
Commercial News.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

IN FOUR PARTS.
Part Four—8 Pages.
PRICE 5 CENTS

Swing Around the Circle...
OUR BLACK CAT CALENDARS, 35c UP.
Thomas Drug Co.
Cor. Spring and Temple Sts.

Corsets
The oldest established, most reliable, best equipped dyeing and cleaning works in Southern California.

in Has Come
NOW SPEND YOUR MONEY
Look Over Your Wardrobe
Special attention given to Cleaning, Dyeing, and Remodeling.

When Cured!!!
McLaughlin's Electric Belt.
FEELS 20 YEARS YOUNGER.

CAMPBELL'S
URIO STORE
BEST & CO., 636 S.
CONSUMPTION CURED

BRITISH CABINET.

Mysteries of Its Meetings—Not Even the Ministers May Take Notes—They Refresh Themselves With Crackers and Water.

Colonial, Home and India offices and the Local Government Board. Saturday is the usual day for holding these council meetings.



THE CABINET MEETING ROOM AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE, WHERE THE CABINET COUNCIL MEETS.

Colonial, Home and India offices and the Local Government Board. Saturday is the usual day for holding these council meetings. The door is guarded outside by two attendants.

THE CABINET MEETING ROOM AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE, WHERE THE CABINET COUNCIL MEETS.



FOREIGN OFFICE, FROM ST. JAMES' PARK.

RED CROSS CELEBRATION.

Thousands of Watch Meetings to Be Held

To Watch Old Century Out and New In.

Greetings to Be Read from Celebrities of Every Land.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Miss Clara Barton has reported to her associates here that she has entirely recovered from her illness caused by overwork in the relief of Galveston.

THE PROGRESS AND PURPOSE of the undertaking are officially outlined in the following communication just sent out.

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**Woodill & Ryline**  
ELECTRIC CO.  
Wiring and electrical work in all departments.  
Supplies, fixtures and heating appliances.  
Orders promptly filled.  
Estimates cheerfully furnished.  
118 W. Third St. Tel. 2-1111



















## Cocoa Door Mats at 29c.

All these are fine brush mats with good body and the ends are well tied. The size is 18x30 inches, but the quantity is limited. We think there are plenty to last Monday through, and while they last the price will be 29c each.

# A. Hamburger & Sons

127 to 145 N. Spring St. Los Angeles, Cal.

## Special Dinnerware.

We have just received a direct importation of English decorated dinnerware which we can sell fully a third under price. They are decorated in a variety of patterns with gold tracing. The shapes are new and the ware is warranted not to crack or graze. \$15 sets in six patterns for \$9.91 \$10 sets in three patterns for \$6.98

## Wonderful Books for 49¢

Big red books full of fun and wit.

If you have read "Peck's Bad Boy" there are others just as big and just as good. For instance, "Mark Twain's Library of Wit and Humor," "Twenty Years of Hustling," "Tom Brown's School Days," Stanley's story "Through the Wilds of Africa," "New World Heroes," etc. All handsomely illustrated and well bound. The biggest money's worth of the sale unless it be those immense dictionaries we are selling so cheaply. The above are all royal books of entertainment and are worth up to \$2.00. Choose from them at 49c.

## Choice literature at 49c a volume.

This gigantic sale of books offers a superb series of famous books by the world's greatest authors at a price which is hardly possible even for a great store like ours. We told you how we came by this immense quantity of books at average half price. It is needless to repeat it. We simply wish to call your attention to a list of 170 titles, including fiction, travel, history, poetry, etc. Superbly bound in cloth with broad gold stamp on the side and gold stamping on the back. The back and front are handsomely embossed. The top is gold. Many of the books are fully illustrated. They come in a handy library size, 5 1/2 x 8 inches. (12 mo.)

**Standard sets by standard authors.**  
The five carloads of books placed on sale a week ago at average half price are selling so rapidly that we can give no assurances how long certain sets or titles will last. Of course there are plenty of other books on the way here, but that does us no good at the present time. We don't want our customers disappointed. We have thousands of sets of books by standard authors which are being sold at average half price. It is impossible in this space to more than hint at the line. The following will give you a slight idea of the variety of books and authors:

<p><b>Emerson's Essays.</b> In two volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$4.50. Now \$2.25.</p> <p><b>Emerson's Lectures.</b> In two volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$4.50. Now \$2.25.</p> <p><b>Emerson's Speeches.</b> In two volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$4.50. Now \$2.25.</p> <p><b>Emerson's Writings.</b> In two volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$4.50. Now \$2.25.</p> <p><b>Emerson's Letters.</b> In two volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$4.50. Now \$2.25.</p>	<p><b>Emerson's Journals.</b> In two volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$4.50. Now \$2.25.</p> <p><b>Emerson's Miscellaneous Writings.</b> In two volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$4.50. Now \$2.25.</p> <p><b>Emerson's Complete Works.</b> In ten volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$45.00. Now \$22.50.</p> <p><b>Emerson's Complete Works.</b> In ten volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$45.00. Now \$22.50.</p> <p><b>Emerson's Complete Works.</b> In ten volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$45.00. Now \$22.50.</p>	<p><b>Emerson's Complete Works.</b> In ten volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$45.00. Now \$22.50.</p> <p><b>Emerson's Complete Works.</b> In ten volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$45.00. Now \$22.50.</p> <p><b>Emerson's Complete Works.</b> In ten volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$45.00. Now \$22.50.</p> <p><b>Emerson's Complete Works.</b> In ten volumes, bound in cloth, complete for \$45.00. Now \$22.50.</p>
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## Women's underwear.

All the goods purchased for our recent underwear sale did not arrive on time. Several cases came last week. We will sell them now at greatly reduced prices. Among them you will find—

Women's jersey ribbed and dress lined vests and caps, neatly finished and perfectly soft. Regular \$1.25. Now 12¢.

Women's ribbed vests and caps in natural gray, cream and coral. Piece lined and finished with silk. Regular \$1.25. Now 25¢.

Women's woolen ribbed vests, containing from 10 to 15 per cent wool. They come in white only and are the best in the market. Special at 35¢.

## Men's underwear.

We told you yesterday about some splendid 48c garments. They are still on sale and you will find them the best that the town affords for the price. Natural wool, camel's hair and ribbed cotton; any kind you might want, at 48c.

Natural wool camel's hair shirts and drawers in light, medium and heavy weights, garments which sell regularly at \$1.50 to \$2.00. Special at 98¢.

Natural wool and camel's hair underwear, 10 per cent wool, warranted non-shrinkable. Good value at \$1.50 a garment. Our price 98¢.

## Last of the kid gloves

Our sensational sale of kid gloves will wind up with the biggest sensation of the whole sale. All the glove gloves have now been divided into two lots at 65c and 89c. This assortment includes every place finished glove which came in this immense lot. Among them you will find black and all colors. They are splendid quality, which sold regularly at \$1.25 to \$2.00 a pair. Choose from them now at 65c and 89c.

## Women's \$5 shoes, \$3.95

This is the best shoe bargain of the season. Just the shoes for winter wear. Enamelled patterned calf shoes with Goodyear welt, extension soles, newest toe shapes, military heels and dull mat kid tops. Better shoes than these it is impossible to find for less than \$5.00. We offer them while they last at \$3.95 a pair.

## Artistic Portieres.

A great profusion of artistic portieres is shown on the 4th floor. Drapes for single and double openings of all dimensions in artistic light effects and in heavy Turkish colorings. Makes no difference what the price is, you may rest assured that the portiere is artistic. For want of space we can only hint at the variety.

Swag and cascade effect rope portieres \$1.69.  
Rope portieres for single opening for \$2.50.  
Derby portieres in figured designs at \$2.50.  
Bagdad portieres in five color combinations for \$4.50.  
Moorish portieres in heavy tapestry design \$6.50.  
Russian tapestry portieres in Herat effect \$8.50.  
Bagdad portieres, embroidered by hand. Each \$6.50.  
East India portieres in geometrical designs at \$12.50.  
Turkish portieres made of heavy tapestry. Rich colors, \$15.00.  
Frou Frou portieres in soft colors and scroll designs \$15.00.  
Silk tapestry portieres of most elegant quality \$22.50.  
Embroidered velvet portieres with handsome corner plaques and border \$27.50.  
French moquette portieres. Entirely new in Los Angeles. Sold in New York at \$65. We sell them at \$50.

## Plaid back golf suiting \$1.19

A ridiculous price when quality is considered. There will be a regular carnival of bargain prices in the dress goods aisle this week. This announcement reflects a few of them. There are others just as good and just as desirable.

We offer twenty pieces of this extra heavy all wool plaid back golf cloth at \$1.19 a yard. They come in medium and light gray mixtures on one side and handsome plaids on the other. They are full 1 1/4 yards wide and better than any cloth shown about town at \$2.00 a yard. This is the best bargain you will catch up with in many a day. It will be a rapid seller.

**\$2.00 English suitings at \$1.48**  
Handsome tailor suitings in those modest festive checks and broken checks which are so popular for tailor made gowns. Some of them are in small plaids and others are in hair line and narrow mixed stripes. They are heavy enough to be made up without lining. Full 1 1/4 yards wide and a regular \$2.00 quality. On sale at \$1.48 a yard.

**Satin finished flannel at 50c.**  
A very handsome quality of French flannel, finished in the new satin style. These goods are rich and extremely proper. We have all shades suitable for waists, also black. Other stores are charging 60c, our price 50c.

**Camel's hair plaids, \$1.00.**  
A thousand yards of rich camel's hair plaids, formerly priced at \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 a yard, will be on sale at \$1.00. The assortment includes all the new French colors, plaided with black camel's hair. This is a very effective fabric and is used extensively for capes, skirts and children's wear.

**\$2.00 black tailor cloths, \$1.50.**  
Different women have different ideas as to the proper fabric for a tailor made dress. These goods are rich and extremely proper. We have all shades suitable for waists, also black. Other stores are charging 60c, our price 50c.

**\$3.00 black suitings cut to \$2.**  
Beautiful black clay serge, pearly chevrons, camel's hair, lined chevrons, ghouls, etc. Qualities which do store in Los Angeles can duplicate for less than \$2.00. We offer them this week at \$2.00 a yard.

**\$1.50 silk poplins for 89c.**  
Among these you will find very desirable shades: shades of roses, daisies, new blue, turquoise, magenta, etc. This is a real French poplin which sells regularly at \$1.50 a yard. It is elegant for full dresses and for waists. Special at 89c a yard.

**Figured taffeta silks for 33c.**  
These taffetas come in a great variety of solid colors with brocaded figures scattered about in all sorts of pretty ways. The figures are all small and neat. The colors are mostly evening shades, but there are a great many which are suitable for street dresses, waists, etc. You can use these silks for petticoats, linings or fancy work. They are suitable for every purpose where a cheap silk is wanted. The regular price is 50c a yard but they will be on sale while they last at 33c a yard.

## New arrivals in trimming novelties.

We place on sale tomorrow a large and new assortment of trimming novelties. During the entire season our stock of novelties has been larger than you would expect even here, but we are receiving new styles and designs every day.

Among the gold novelties we show 35 different styles. Gold cloth applied with black velvet. \$1.50 a yard. At a yard for \$1.50.

Shirred liberty silk, worked with beautiful and 4 rows Valenciennes insertion, edged with Valenciennes lace. Something entirely new for half sleeves. \$2.95 a yard.

## Extra Bargains.

2 solid hales of bleached twilled kitchen crash will be on sale while it lasts, at 3¢.

Huck towels, grass bleached and full 18x28 inches in size; good like towels for 10¢.

Grass bleached grass toweling in red and blue checks; a splendid quality for the price. 8¢.

One lot of bleached roller towels, made ready for use; special at 29¢.

Mommie linen sideboard and dresser scarfs, all linen with colored centers, for 25¢.

Fringed linen doilies, cream or full bleached; some are slightly soiled; per dozen 50¢.

A big lot of Turkish bath towels in bleached or half bleached; a regular size and quality; special at 9¢.

2 full cases of Marseilles towels, especially good for 6¢.

White homogeneity towels, 18x28 inches in size; long fringe and especially good for 8¢.

All linen broadened huck towels, 28x40 inches in size, patent hemmed ends; the quality, for 25¢.

## Damas.

Turkey red and blue, red and green, blue and tan, or blue and white fast colored damask 19¢.

54 inch cream damask 33¢.

40 grade for 40¢.

Half bleached table linen, 64 inches wide, heavy quality 40¢.

Berkeley damask, 64 and 70 inches wide, green 48¢.

72 inch cream damask, pure silk, at 59¢.

Green German damask, all linen and ordinary widths 64¢.

Pure linen damask, partly bleached and full 2 yards wide 75¢.

Double pure damask, pure linen and partly bleached, at 89¢.

Bleached damask, 18 to 27 inches wide, a fine quality for 38¢.

Bleached linen 60 and 66 inches wide, pure silk 44¢.

64 inch bleached double warp table damask, Irish make 69¢.

Bleached damask 72 inches wide, pure Irish linen 74¢.

2 yard wide Irish table linen in our own patterns 84¢.

German Irish table linen in attractive patterns at \$1.25.

Genuine Irish table linen in rich, satin finished patterns, at \$1.49.

64 inch linen damask at \$1.50.

64 inch linen damask at \$1.50.

64 inch linen damask at \$1.50.

## Napkins.

1/2 size applicator, full bleached and excellent for the price 49¢.

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1/2 size applicator, full bleached and excellent for the price 49¢.

## Cloths.

German linen damask cloth, 28x40 inches in size, 34 yards hemmed ready for use, party bleached; \$1.50 a yard.

Bleached linen damask cloth, 28x40 inches in size, 34 yards hemmed ready for use, party bleached; \$1.50 a yard.

2 yd. table covers, border in cream and fringed all around; good \$1.50 quality for \$1.50.

German linen damask cloth, 28x40 inches in size, 34 yards hemmed ready for use, party bleached; \$1.50 a yard.

## Damask Sets.

German damask sets, including cloth and one dot napkins, which they have red borders and combed fringes; worth \$1.50; now, selling at \$1.00.

German linen sets, 14 yds. wide, one dot napkins, which they have red borders and combed fringes; worth \$1.50; now, selling at \$1.00.

German linen sets, 14 yds. wide, one dot napkins, which they have red borders and combed fringes; worth \$1.50; now, selling at \$1.00.

## Automobile coats \$9.98

Handsome automobile jackets or coats of rich Kersey beaver in tan and castor shades. Lined throughout with Skinner satin to match. These garments are plentifully stitched and are ornamented with rich pearl buttons. Coats which you can not duplicate anywhere for less than \$12.50 or \$15.00. On sale this week at \$9.98.

## Two special jackets.

Some very handsome tan covert jackets in reffer styles. Lined throughout with silk serge and worth \$5; are to be sold at \$3.98.

Kersey jackets in tan, navy, black and brown. Reffer and sans reffer styles. Lined with silk serge. Regular \$8.50. \$6.95 and \$9 jackets for \$5.95.

## Tailor suits reduced.

Among other radical reductions in the suit department you will find some \$39.00 to \$45.00 tailor made suits in Venetian cloths and chevrons in either blouse or tight-fitting styles reduced to \$34.79.

## Black silk skirts reduced.

A variety of handsome Venetian, hemstitch and chevron silk skirts formerly priced at \$14.00 have been reduced to \$14.75. Among them you will find the new line and house skirts and reffer styles in the jackets. Best bargains in town.

## Black silk skirts reduced.

Some very elegant black taffeta silk skirts have been reduced in price. They reflect the newest New York styles and are made of taffeta. Some of them are plain and others are trimmed. They have been assorted into two lots at \$12.49 and \$9.98.

## Golf capes and skirts \$5

The capes are made of genuine Scotch rugs and are as good as new. They can afford to sell for \$7.00 or \$7.50. They come in white and in colors. They have plaid hoods and flared skirts. The golf skirts are made of heavy all-wool golf cloths and are equal to any in Los Angeles at \$6.50 or \$7.00. You can choose from all the shades of gray and two shades of tan. Best bargains have offered yet for a \$5.00 bill. Choose between these two payments at the uniform price of \$5.00.

## Eiderdown sacks.

We are in receipt of a big lot of eiderdown dressing sacks of a quality which sells regularly at \$1.25. They are trimmed in a variety of ways, mostly with shell stitching around the edge and with silk cord. All colors are in the lot. On sale at 89¢.

## Automobile coats \$9.98

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*[The page contains faint, illegible markings and a large dark smudge.]*



[THE OIL INDUSTRY.]  
MOVING BRISKLY

**Royalties in Kern  
River Field.**

**Important Sale Near Pittsburgh—Stock Market Dull—Gossip of the Day.**

It is reported that the China-Land Water Company will once more drill a well and has selected a site on the north of the first attempt. This new well is "well fixed," and should now well prove a good producer. Others will be drilled at once. The company and Loftus are speeding up the work. New wells and are making arrangements to begin drilling another batch of this work.

For several weeks last year, the Oil Company has recovered it

from all No. 3 and has re-  
drilling.  
No. 7 of the Fullerton Consoli-  
Oil Company will be started this  
The tools are now on the ground  
the drill will be sent in with al-  
this week.  
No. 10 of the Fullerton Consoli-  
the wells Nos. 22, 23 and 24.  
No. 10 has been selected by the Unio-  
company for its well No. 14, and a  
No. 1 will be put in place this week.  
No. 6 of the Hrea Oil Company  
has been cleaned and the same will be  
on the pump the first of the week.  
reported that it will do at least  
wells.  
ments have been made

**IMPORTANT SALE IN VENTURA.**  
An important sale of property in the district is reported, it being the sale of 725 acres for a consideration of \$121,000. The property was owned by a local organization headed by W. M. Holway of this city. The company, which will be a corporation, has a complete outfit ready to begin work at an early date.

**SEASIDE FIELD DOINGS.**  
The Oil Company, a local concern, has begun work on its property, recently purchased by Messrs. The company owns the land adjoining the holdings of the Coast Oil Company, two miles and a half northeast of Newhall, for which it paid \$4000. Arrangements are made to sink a well about 1500 feet from a producing hole. This company controls a tract of 160 acres in 1900 and 1900 acres in the Paso Verde.

of Bryan Wilson property in the oil field. He is well satisfied with the showing and states that the drill will be sent in tomorrow for the first and that work will be rushed with all possible haste.

E. De Groen, of this city is in the oil district inspecting the work in the well of the Common Sense Oil Co., which is said to be going down plenty of water but little or no the hole.

Due to the rain yesterday, operations in the Whittier oil field were suspended, although the damage there was slight. To Turner Oil Company's Derrick No. 5 was undermined and tipped over almost to the top.

around the derricks was carried down the cañons, and some of the bridges on company roads to the south were destroyed.

John O. Connors, of San Bernardino, is hiring a half-mile of the Point, on Roman, Sepulveda's road near San Pedro has a width of 186 feet. It is reported that the sand has passed through sixteen feet of oil sand, and that the drill is through a layer of oil rock. The derricks are being made by the Crude Oil Company to be used in the same vicinity in the future.

John O. Connors, who is

The Ventura county well has been drilled to a depth of 100 feet. The drill is reported to have struck a stratum of oil sand at a depth of 10, 11, 34, the Sunset Cement Company is preparing to develop near the Fox Oil Company. On property are some fine surface wells and it is expected that a supply of oil will be found before the limit is struck.

No. 8 of the Peerless Oil Company is completed, and now promises one of the producers in the northern field. Wells No. 9 and 10 are being completed as soon as possible.

ported that the Superior Oil  
has sold a portion of its hold-  
ings 6, 31, 32, to a San Fran-  
cisco company. The former com-  
pany will start the drill to work in the  
drilling on section 23, 32, 34.  
J. Allen of this city has forty  
acres in the northeast quarter of sec-  
tion 32, 34, and will lease the same  
to a leader of San Francisco.  
MINERS ASSOCIATION.  
California Miners Association  
held its annual meeting in San  
Jose in the near future. Com-  
missioner of the State.

It is expected that three of the speakers will be present at the convention. Heretofore the union has maintained a rather indifferent attitude toward matters of racial discrimination affecting the mining industry, but the word has come up that the new president, Ralston, will "shake things up" and that members of the association will be more active in protecting their own interests.

There will be some action by the association in the drafting of a new local constitution.

that some legislation will  
looking to the annihilation  
who have made







# Our Clearing Week.



DAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1900.

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

NOVEMBER 18, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$2.50  
SINGLE COPY....5 CENTS

NOW THAT "THE CRUEL WAR IS OVER."



Uncle Sam to McKinley: "Now, Mac, that the fight is over, let's get this truck out of the way and settle down to business."

**Bleached Shirts.**  
Usual 9-4 with  
firmly woven, a quality  
worth 25c on sale last  
clearing week for.....

**Pencil Boxes.**  
An odd lot of our  
ones, will go in a day  
Monday at this low  
price of.....

**Merlin Gown.**  
Mother-Hubbard style,  
trimmed with elaborate  
sleeves and tucks,  
sleeves trimmed with  
ruffles, 65c gown  
for clearing  
week.....

**Ladies' Corsets.**  
An odd lot of dress  
ones, extra well bound,  
fitting, 50c and 75c-ones  
they last this clear-  
ing week  
for.....

**Misses' Hose.**  
Black and fine ribbed,  
heavy double knee,  
heels and toes, extra  
and full fashioned, 20c  
hose for clearing  
week.....

**Corset Covers.**  
An odd lot, with  
and lace trimming, make  
but they are a little  
soiled, so they go  
this week at.....

**Merlin Skirts.**  
Trimmed with comb  
and cluster of tucks-  
lot too and a little  
soiled—instead of 65c,  
buy them this week for.....

**Plaited Liberty Sk.**  
Some hundred yards  
out of the way this week  
for fronts, yokes, etc.,  
colors. Former price  
98c. Clearing sale  
price.....

**Table Covers.**  
Full 8-4 size, turkey  
in newest and clean  
terms, fringed, 75c  
ones for clearing  
week at.....

**or 39c.** Other  
all—the prices are  
stock, sorting out  
9c a yard  
ancy pierola, 3 per.  
ings, Jamestown and other  
blacks and colors,  
utings Mohair Brocade  
in  
25c  
rietta  
and  
49c Novelty Sallie  
87 inches with  
and colored  
with broad  
trasting col  
usually for \$1.  
This sale price  
\$1.  
\$1.  
Lace Curtains—  
Nottingham, 94 yards  
wide, with heavy bound  
large assortment of  
patterns, \$1.75 cur-  
tains

**Union Suits**  
Five-piece lined, cotton  
color or ecru, silk tape  
necks, finished seams,  
value; this clearing  
sale, only.....  
60 per cent. wool, gray or  
taped necks, neatly  
style, garments that  
usually sell for \$2.75  
dressed for this  
sale to.....  
60 per cent. wool, white or  
taped necks, garment  
kind for which we ask  
\$2.50 any other shirt  
reduced for this  
sale to.....

**apery Dept.**  
Lace Curtains—  
Nottingham, 94 yards  
wide, with heavy bound  
large assortment of  
patterns, \$1.75 cur-  
tains



Nottingham, 9 1/2  
wide, with heavy  
large assortment  
bottoms \$1.25



# The Merry-go-Round. By Robert J. Burdette.



without doubt, the woman who  
all the earth has passed in  
the secrets of their being,  
and before the judgment  
to hear if Ahasuerus has  
remained in the world. You  
has helped him to drink it  
voice of Love answers, "O  
surreys of the earth! Go  
to world; from joy to joy,  
all not leave thee!" The  
the friend of Victor Hugo,  
the violin.

appears in many of Shale  
deal of many a poet, and  
being. The "dim discerning  
that which is not seen" has  
in some of the dramas of  
of Merlin" and the "Quest  
work may be prefigured  
Asia, which is the name  
of the Druid years beyond  
With his comrade, Pene  
of Hebraism and inspired  
by King Evelac, and we  
armed of alabaster. Talie  
but not himself. To the  
er stands open. The glory  
even angels before the altar  
The angels are chanting a  
Talie's heart is filled with  
humbly kneels in waiting,  
w then near, thou art an  
to the open gates of heav  
dim way, keeps a little  
vina, the centuries prove  
to the heart of humanity.

L. P. S.

Enley carry out his report  
glea early next year it will  
No portion of the United  
gratitude to him for the com  
administration than the  
of the Pacific Coast man  
where else, therefore, could  
than here.

Twenty Thousand Leagues  
consider" - marvelous  
appears. However, that  
olland, it. he can, in a  
e fancy a partial fact. He  
interested in the description  
the best published slave

independent in the Far East,  
somewhat surprising new  
opportunities for money-making  
indicates something of the  
the "open door" into that  
of Washington has caused

ended thirty-one years ago  
city-one years shall have  
let us hope, will have been  
the United States will have  
contact with Atlantic Ocean  
be enjoying.

THE WESTERN SEA.  
of this land that fronts the  
ry of earth's greatest and  
brightness, and the golden  
bottom whiteness, lies back  
mortals in the realm of  
portals, and the sun of  
ligners; here, where lofty  
angers to the depths of de  
open to the old and waiting  
to Bruken, brings to us of  
in its rich Futurity.  
to luster here beside the

ELIZA A. C.

AND LAWS IN LONDON.  
summary methods of  
ve of food and drink  
of the baker who sell  
ght, and sometimes we  
through the streets at  
adulent loaf suspended  
edicated his wife  
Ligner until he could  
was then poured upon  
don Express.

and the leader into the German customhouse at  
Munich. You have but to open your eyes to  
see that you are in another country, and your ears  
tell you what land it is. They are big fellows, these  
German officials and soldiers. And they didn't find their  
place growing on the bushes. They are made to order,  
and the men in them fill them out without a wrinkle.  
In this respect, the German soldier is the greatest  
thing you have seen. And as his blue uniforms  
are as uniform as Tommy's, he reminds us more of our  
own soldiers. The British soldier is the greatest dude  
in uniform; the French, oddly enough, is  
the most aristocratic of the three. The German is the  
biggest man physically, the French is the biggest  
man with a sense of authority, and the  
British is the most of all looks—and is—the gentleman.  
The German is a "regular" carries him-  
self with port and dignity of a continental colonel.  
He is, the American "regular" is  
more aristocratic than are his comrades in  
arms. He does not readily affiliate with civil-  
ians. The chaplains frequently find it a difficult  
job to get acquainted with the rank and file  
of the German army, because he comes into the service a  
soldier himself. The regular's traditions, his literature,  
his customs, are all of the army, and he seems  
very little for the life outside of it. You look at  
him, and with the exception of the English  
you have the impression that that fellow is soldiering be-  
cause he is in, and as soon as he can get back to his  
home he is going, without a regret or a minute's  
hesitation. But the United States soldier always appears  
to be anywhere save in the service that he  
loves and devotes by his soldierly bearing and character.

There is no hysteria about these  
things. The customhouse was as decorous as a church-  
house, and as well kept as a cathedral. The spirit of the  
place was in every uniformed man. The passengers  
were all of one mind into the customhouse, as is the  
spirit of travelers under such circumstances, like a flock  
of sheep, frantic sheep, nervous, hurried, apprehen-  
sive, and all of them were looking at their luggage and  
bags with a kind of confusion; everybody jabbering  
in his own language at once except the Americans, who  
were all of one mind. A tall, full-bearded man sweeps an im-  
pudent eye over all the crowd with a circling gesture,  
and says, "That was all. If the Emperor himself  
had not been more effective. Silence fell  
on the customhouse. Everything was wide open as Chi-  
cago is today. The inspectors moved about quietly,  
with tobacco and whisky—what under the  
circumstances was to carry a flask in a country where it  
was a crime to have one. And here twenty-four hours a day is a mys-  
tery to some of them do it wrapped up in their wearing  
apparel. The luggage was marked, our  
bags were taken up and had it back in the compart-  
ment where we could get out of the station, and that  
was all. The baggage of customs examinations is the  
business of it. As we are four people, on a year's  
trip, we naturally carry more luggage than the "tripper  
who goes to Europe for sixty days with a toothbrush  
and a comb."

We have had no trouble and no detention any-  
where. In Germany, France, Belgium, Germany and Switzer-  
land, we have had no trouble. I am no more of a  
traveller than when I left home. But while the exam-  
inations are easy, they are not merely formal. In every  
country we have passed through I have seen people  
who are not content with goods. In Paris one man was fined  
for carrying matches. We have an iniquitous match trust  
in this country which makes matches that ignite by friction.  
In France a political government has a monopoly of the  
match business, and it is a monopoly of the match business  
for its own sake, and then keeps them out of the clutches of the  
public. The French match is made by splitting a block  
of wood into splinters somewhat finer than a cheap tooth-  
pick. The ends of these splinters are painted blue, in water  
color. On every splinter a silver some inflammable mix-  
ture is added to the paint. That match ignites. If it  
doesn't break. Which it usually does. The people cast  
away the matches which do not light. They are then  
collected by the government and repainted. This is not a  
business. It is a government control of the match business.

In Germany and Switzerland our tickets read, in very  
small type, "Klein frod Gepack." This is a noise these  
people make when they mean that no luggage will be  
allowed free in the luggage van. This leads travelers into  
a number of devices for carrying trunk loads of stuff  
in their luggage. When we left America we had among  
other things four dress-suit cases. They were so neat and  
so good we could use them for writing desks. But we  
found that in Germany and legitimate expansion, and  
we found that these cases to carry more and more; beyond  
that they are perfectly cylindrical, and every  
one who looks at them thinks each one contains a  
bomb. It looks like it. But when the lock is released  
the bomb explodes, the ghost of Mr. Dingy himself  
appears, and anything dastardly in them.

I didn't say that; I said that Mr. Dingy's  
ghost was in them. That's very different. I don't  
know of the North Pole; in fact, we all admit  
that we know right where it is. But it  
is a thing to find it, son. No, indeed. Nobody  
found anything contraband in our law-abiding

and innocent luggage. But if it be true that five attacks  
of heart failure in three months is invariably fatal, my  
remains have been overdue at the morgue twice since last  
July.

## A Storehouse with a Rod.

The necessity for transforming all luggage into hand  
baggage has led to the invention of a thing which a Lon-  
don porter called a "rod-hall." It is sometimes called a  
wrap-all. And the boys have irreverently christened ours,  
which is the mastodon of the rod, as "behemoth," the  
"grab-all," the "biggest thing on earth that doesn't  
breathe." But while it may not breathe itself, it demands  
a great deal of breath in the people who are at times  
doomed to carry it. Although a German porter can carry  
anything that he can get under. He'd carry Cleopatra's  
needle if somebody would lift it on his shoulders—and  
an English porter would pick up the German and his load  
and carry them both upstairs in that beautiful mother  
country of ours where elevators are rarer than earth-  
quakes. And then—well, I won't attempt to say what he  
could do with both of them, but in the old days, when the  
Mississippi passenger packets burned wood—and burned  
it by the acre—I have seen an antebellum dandy carry  
a cord of wood on his back up a gangplank at a grade of  
45 deg., singing all the time he wasn't laughing or yelling  
to somebody to "git out of his way an' let him hurry!"  
No, I don't take off a single stick. I didn't come abroad  
to see modern Atlases.

## Easy Lines.

But this wrap-all of ours. We decided that it would  
be not only foolish, but absolutely wicked, to pay for  
every ounce of baggage we carried through Europe, when  
at home we—I mean I—had been accustomed to howling  
all the way from Chicago to Pasadena because an un-  
righteous corporation of soulless mammon made me pay  
\$1.15 excess on 745 pounds of personal baggage. And yet  
people used to tell me how much more cheaply you could  
live in Europe than in the United States. Yes, you can  
—not. Live in the same way, with the same comforts  
and the same conveniences—if you could get them,  
which you can't—and travel in the same class  
of cars that you used at home—which you couldn't do be-  
cause they don't make them—and it would cost you three  
times as much to live there as it does in the United  
States. Oh, you can live cheaply here; cheap as dirt,  
and get considerable of it in your board. But you could  
live just as cheaply at home. But you wouldn't. Any-  
how, when I got back home, if ever I hear a man—es-  
pecially a man who has traveled in Europe, and particu-  
larly a foreigner who has never traveled anywhere  
else—wailing because he has to pay excess on everything  
over 150 pounds of baggage, I pledge myself now to help  
the baggage man to hold him under the trucks while the  
engineer backs the baggage car over him a few times.  
The other day at Munich we saw a nobleman's private  
car—I don't know just what his rank was—some princeling  
or other. Every winter New York and Chicago merchants  
by the score come out to Pasadena in private cars that  
would use this thing for a smoking-room. There is only  
one country in the world that has "magnificent" railway  
service. And when you start for Europe, my son, you  
are going right away from it.

## The Spirit of Expansion.

About our wrap-all? Oh, I was just saying, what a  
convenient thing it was when you wished to carry nothing  
but "hand luggage." Hand luggage, I said. Just as you  
call a litter that calls for the united strength and four  
arms of two men to carry a "hand barrow." Yes, indeed.  
Madame My Lady, who I think is really the inventor of  
the wrap-all, said it would carry the few things we re-  
quired very nicely. Whereupon we emptied a steamer  
trunk into it and rolled it up. You see, the thing is a  
great waste of canvas or tarpaulin, or something of that  
sort, with cavernous pockets in it, and it will hold all  
that it can go around, and properly manipulated it will  
go around the British empire. And as some people have  
discovered, that's a mighty hard thing to get around. The  
only trouble with the wrap-all is its expansion tendencies.  
Like Eugene Field's little peach in the garden—"It grew."  
As we bought things, and as the boys grew weary of  
carrying their own luggage, the congestion of other hand  
baggage was relieved by diverting the traffic to the un-  
complaining wrap-all, which opened its all-embracing  
folds for everything in sight, like a flat anaconda. We  
used to spread it on the floor, pile everything in the room  
into it, roll it up like a sheet of tin, tug at the straps until  
they met, belay everything, and send for the porter, who  
used it to balance all the rest of the luggage of all other  
departing guests. This all went very well until in our  
journeying we came to a town where we had another  
steamer trunk stored. Then said My Lady:  
"Don't you think it is rather extravagant to leave  
this trunk here on storage when we might just as well  
take it with us?"

She did not say that she thought it was "extravagant;"  
she asked me if "I" did not think so. And Monsieur  
Adam, thinking no evil, fell into the trap just as easily as  
his grandfather did. He said "Yes," but he added:  
"We can't take it with us without paying heavily."  
And Madame Eve replied, "Why not?"

I looked at her wide-open, innocent eyes and quailed  
before their guilelessness. I never fight well on the de-  
fensive; no man ever does. He must either assault or run  
away. I knew to what that seeming innocent question  
tended, and I did what any other man would have done—  
any man, that is, not recklessly reckless to rashness. I  
meekly took my cue. I looked at the wrap-all, whose

embonpointerie occupied the largest corner of the room,  
and said, with timid suggestiveness:  
"We might—?"

And ended with a rising inflection and all the interro-  
gation points I could suggest.

Madame Eve sighed faintly and sweetly, as a woman  
who can no longer contend against the pig-headed ob-  
stinacy of a self-willed man, and said, submissively:  
"Very well, then; since you insist upon it, I will see  
what I can do."

And we straightway emptied the trunk into the wrap-  
all. That morning, in cinching the sinuous folds of the  
monster about its prey, the biggest pocket in it exploded  
with a hissing crash. For a moment despair settled down  
upon the little community. But we rallied, for the pocket  
had split fairly down the middle, and we simply spread  
the liberated flaps apart, and the wrap-all was bigger  
than ever. I think we have another trunk in Nuremberg,  
and when we get there, why, then! You may safely  
come to Europe for a five-years' sojourn, carrying no other  
luggage than a single wrap-all. But you had better see  
the plans and specifications of mine before you let the  
contract for your own to the sailmaker. The best ones  
are built only at the United States navy yards.

## No Luggage and No Language.

My Lady's universal volapuk still carries us trium-  
phantly through all linguistic waters without losing a  
spar. While we were in Mayence she stopped a police-  
man on the street one day, when we had lost our bear-  
ings—which we never had in the first place—and said to  
him, with a radiant smile which he couldn't help under-  
standing:  
"Oh, if you please, do you speak English?"

The officer looked at her in hopeless stupidity. "Nein,"  
he said, "nein!"

"Oh!" she replied, her voice tender with sympathy much  
as though the man had said that he could not see, taste or  
hear. "Oh! Then will you kindly direct me to Guten-  
berg's house?"

"Oh ja, ja, ja!" said Public Order, and led us there.  
What's the use of wasting time learning foreign lan-  
guages? It is really pleasant here in this German land  
to hear somebody speak the German language occasionally.  
So far as our experience has gone English is spoken in  
Germany about as commonly as it is in Pennsylvania.  
And much better than it is in the Hun and Polish settle-  
ments up Hasleton and Nanticoke way, where it isn't  
spoken at all.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

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## FOUND THE LOST PASS.

### REPORTED DISCOVERY OF A PRACTICABLE ROUTE ACROSS THE SOUTHERN ANDES.

[New York Sun:] More than one hundred years ago  
Father Menendez, while traveling among the mountains  
in the northern part of Patagonia, discovered a pass  
through which, he said, a practicable wagon road might be  
made from the Pacific Ocean through all the mountain  
ranges to Lake Nahuel Huapi, by far the largest lake in  
the southern part of South America, and on to the At-  
lantic Ocean. It became known as the Bariloche Pass. In  
those days it was thought that no good would ever come  
out of Patagonia. Very few explorers or other white  
men visited this region, and Father Menendez's discovery,  
though utilized for a time, was almost forgotten till some  
twenty years ago, when ranch men began to move down  
to the neighborhood of Lake Nahuel Huapi and found the  
grass was good and other crops might be raised. These  
citizens of Chili and Argentina began to look around for  
this pass in the mountains, and although they sought dili-  
gently they failed to find it.

The description which the pioneer priest had given of  
his important discovery was, unfortunately, very vague  
and painfully lacking in detail; and hunting for the pass  
in that rough and tangled mountain region was a good  
deal like looking for a needle in a haystack. Finally the  
official explorers whom Argentina and Chile have long  
kept in the field, began to take a hand in the search.  
They used their utmost care, but all in vain until this  
late day, when the long-sought-for pass has at last been  
discovered and traced by the Chilean engineer, Capt.  
Barrios.

Petermann's Mitteilungen prints a list of all the valleys  
of big rivers and their little tributaries through which  
this comparatively low-lying and tortuous route runs  
from the Pacific Ocean to the big lake of Patagonia. It  
is not worth while to reproduce them here, and most of  
them are the names of valleys that have not yet appeared  
on any of our maps. One or another explorer has struck  
the route in a part of its course, but, somehow, has never  
succeeded in connecting it with the other parts for any  
great distance. But there is no doubt whatever that the  
route which Father Menendez and some of his succe-  
sors followed has been rediscovered in its entirety. Here  
and there are found traces of the old path and there  
are many blazed trees which the original discoverer is be-  
lieved to have marked.

## SILVER IN GOLD COIN.

[London Globe:] In a note to the Académie des Sciences,  
Paris, M. Berthelot points out that before the time of  
Croesus of Lydia gold found in surface diggings was not  
separated from the silver in it, but Croesus in the sixth  
century B.C. introduced money of pure gold. The separa-  
tion was effected by a dry process described in Pliny, and  
hence it is possible to prove by analysis of the gold on  
Egyptian mummies when the process was introduced in  
Egypt. According to Berthelot, this date lies between  
the time of the Twelfth Dynasty and the conquest of  
Cambyses, an interval of twelve centuries.



## Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

### BIG MONEY IN CHINA.

VAST COAL AND IRON FIELDS ARE ABOUT TO BE OPENED TO THE WORLD.

From Our Own Correspondent

SHANGHAI, Oct. 3, 1900.—The mineral resources of China will form an important consideration in the payment of the war indemnity. The Chinese will not stand an increase of taxation, the reformation of the corrupt officials is a work of years, and the most of the money demanded will probably have to be secured by concessions. There is no doubt but China has enough minerals to pay its war debt a thousand times over. It has long been considered the richest coal country in the world, and the railroad surveyors have discovered coal and iron almost everywhere. The Germans have found diamonds in Shangtung, and mines of gold and silver are being operated in several places at a profit. Still, no one knows just what China contains, and the powers should undoubtedly take advantage of the situation and demand a careful geological survey of the empire. Such a survey would be invaluable to the scientific and industrial world.

#### China's Mineral Wealth.

Some of the biggest fortunes of the next twenty-five years will come from the development of China's mines. The country is a very cave of Aladdin, which needs only the geni of modern progress to display it to mankind. Let me give you a faint idea of its possibilities. I have gathered information about it from all available sources. I find much in the library of the Shanghai Club, which has

and with its coal, iron, copper and other minerals, it will probably be a great industrial and manufacturing center. The State has already a trade of \$2,500,000 a year, a part of which is coal.

The mines have been worked for ages. The province is mountainous and the coal, both bituminous and anthracite, lies on the edges of a great plateau in the center of Yunnan, at an elevation of a mile above the sea. Other beds are near the Yangtse and Siang rivers. They are said to be easily worked.

#### Coal in German China.

Shantung, which is claimed by the Germans, has rich coal fields. The mines begin within forty or fifty miles of Kiaochau Bay, and extend through the mountainous regions back of it. Our Consul at Che Foo recently received a report made upon some of them by a foreign engineer. He reports a vein of coal four feet thick in Shintai county, which he says is for sale. It is close to another mine which is now being operated at a profit. Near this same mine there is a bed five feet three inches thick, which could be worked on the shares, and three miles away another which has just been sold for \$4500 to the Germans. One of the mines of this region is already turning out 1000 tons of coal every day, and another has produced coal to the amount of \$100,000.

There are other regions in Shantung that are much better than this, some of which the Chinese have been working for ages. In the mountains just back of Kiaochau there are thousands of Chinese mining coal. They work twelve hours a day for from 6 to 10 cents. The mining is primitive. The coal is dug out with picks and carried from the mine in rawhide sacks on the backs of men. It is then put

was a wooden tramway, and the coal was carried in baskets on wheels. The mine was worked day and night in shifts of twelve hours, the miners being paid a day, with an allowance of three meals of rice, and costs about 40 cents a ton in labor, and a small amount away from the mines it was selling for \$10 a ton.

In the Upper Yangtse, near Suchau, there are mines in the side of a cliff, which have been opened by hanging from the top with ropes of plaited bamboo. Miners bring the coal out upon the galleries and throw it down in baskets into the boats on the Yangtse.

#### Abandoned Mines.

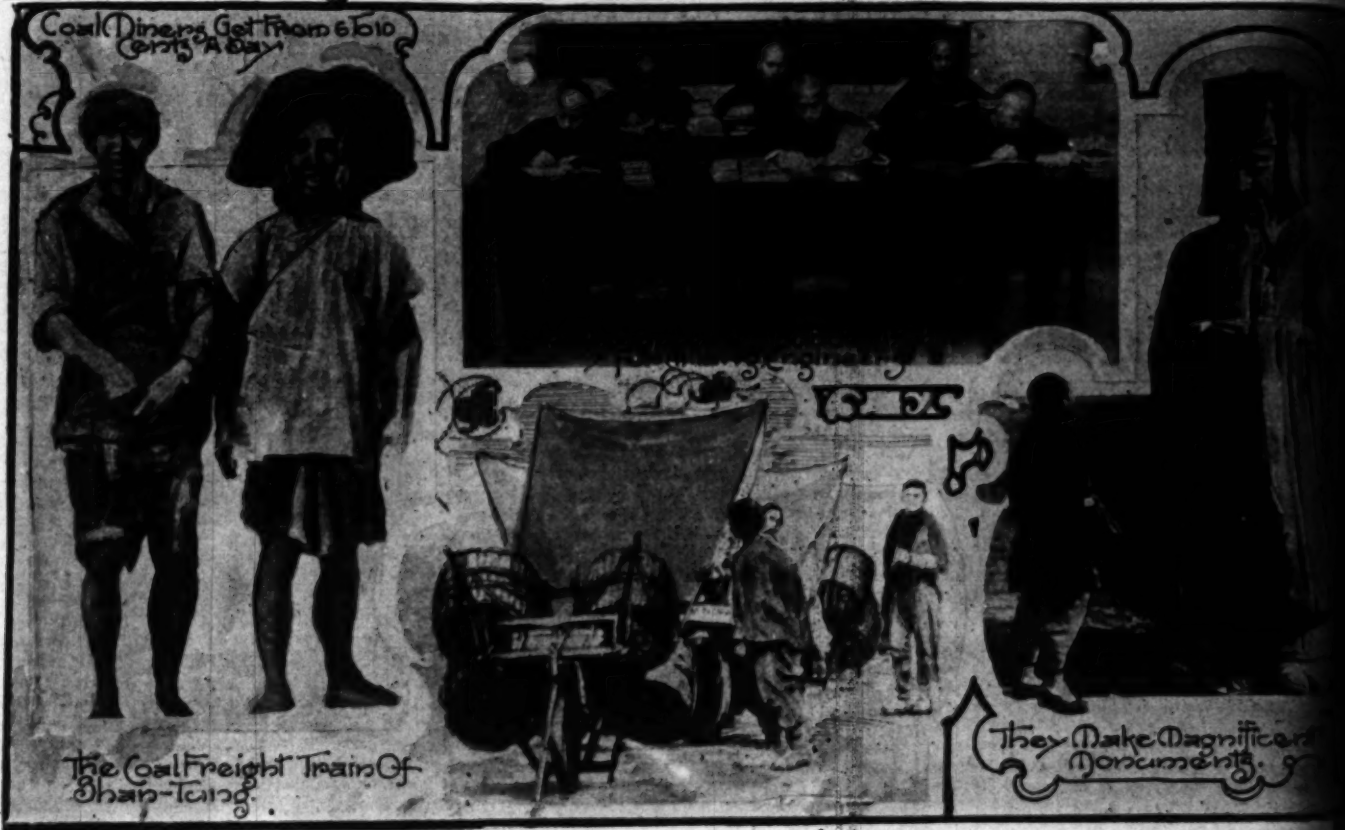
There are thousands of abandoned mines both in Yangtse and in other parts of China. One of the troubles is water. The Chinese have no good pumps, as soon as the water comes into the mines they are abandoned. Shafts are seldom put down more than one foot.

In Shantung the experiment of trying modern pumps was attempted. The pumps were ordered from England, were brought into the coal regions at great cost, and allowed to lie there and rust until thieves had stolen the parts. Then an engineer was brought from England to put them up, but was unable to do so.

The old American firm of Russell & Co., who were the steamers on the Yangtse, got all their machinery from Kukiang. There was an explosion from fire during the Chinese thought the devil had gotten into the machinery and shut to this day.

#### How the Water Demon Flooded a Mine.

Another instance of Chinese superstition is the case of the Kaiping mines, which lie near Tang



The Coal Freight Train Of Shan-Tung.

They Make Magnificent Documents.

papers on China which are unobtainable elsewhere, and I have much from the mouths of Chinese officials and travelers.

Some of the best geological work ever done out here was by Raphael Pumpelly, a Harvard professor, who was employed by the Chinese government as a mining engineer. He spent five years in making a tour around the world, and much of this time was devoted to China. More recent investigations are those of Baron Richtofen, and lastly of the engineers and surveyors of the railroad syndicates which have concessions from the government.

#### China's Immense Coal Fields.

First take the two great industrial metals, coal and iron. China has one of the best labor populations of the globe, and in this age of steel, with coal, iron and modern machinery, it will be a factor in the world's manufactures. Pumpelly says it has the greatest coal fields on earth. There is coal and iron in every province, and several of the provinces are as rich as Pennsylvania in these minerals. Not far west of Peking there is a great coal bed, which extends along the frontiers of Chihli, through the province of Shansi, and thence down through Honan and Hupeh, into another vast coal and iron district in Hunan on the south side of the Yangtse. There are important coal fields in eight of the provinces below the Yangtse-Kiang, and especially in the province of Yunnan.

Yunnan is about the size of California. It is almost as big as the combined areas of Michigan and Wisconsin. It lies right on the border of Burmah and will be reached by the railroad which is projected from Burmah to China. The Yangtse River forms a part of its northern boundary, and through it the coal can have access to many thousand miles of waterways, reaching hundreds of millions of people.

Yunnan has a population of more than eleven millions

into baskets on wheelbarrows, from two to four baskets being fastened on the shelves which jut out on each side of the wheel.

It is in such barrows, pulled and pushed by men, that the coal is taken to the market. Some of the wheelbarrows have sails. Only little can be carried on a barrow, and the freight rates are so heavy that it costs \$6 to bring a ton from the mines to Kiaochau, a distance of seventy miles. Coal worth \$2.25 a ton at the mines sells for \$7 a ton a few miles away.

The Germans are now building a railroad to these mines. The road-bed is almost completed and the cars are on the way. As soon as the conditions become settled it will be put into operation and this coal will have an outlet to the sea.

#### Rich Mines Along the Yangtse.

The Yangtse Kiang is one of the most wonderful rivers of the world. It is over three thousand miles long and it almost bisects China. The biggest ocean steamers can sail up it into China as far as New York is distant from Chicago, and with its tributaries it furnishes more than 12,000 miles of navigable waterways. There are vast coal deposits, which could easily be made accessible to the Yangtse Kiang. This is so of the Shansi coal beds, which I describe further on. They are greatest in China, and a short railway will bring them to the Han River, which flows into the Yangtse at Hankow. The mines of Yunnan are not far from the Upper Yangtse, and there are coal beds all along the Yangtse Valley. I am told they are to be found near Nanking, Hankow and from Chinkiang to the borders of Tibet.

Mrs. Bishop visited a coal mine in Sienchen, on the Yangtse, about 2000 miles back from the sea. She says the seam was four feet thick and was of a hard bituminous nature. It was reached by a tunnel six feet long, in which

Tien-Tsin, Shanhaikwan Railway. These are the greatest in China. They employ about ten thousand men and have an output of 1500 tons of coal a day. I visited them, and can say that they are up-to-date machinery and modern methods of working.

The mines at Kaiping are operated by Chinese under foreign supervision. Not long ago a new mining company from London was brought to take charge of them. It went through the mines and was surprised to find a bed of the best coal in the center of one of them. It had not been taken out, and was told that it was the home of a water demon. Upon inquiry, he learned that a former engineer had left it partly to please the directors and partly because he thought there might be something in the theory.

The new man said: "Hang the water demon! Let's get out the coal." The Chinese still protested, but he insisted, they put in a blast and fired it. When the coal fell a great stream rushed in, flooding the mine and shutting up access to many chambers. Since that time that mine has not been controlled, although the pumps have been purchased. The block of coal is really a great pipe in which a subterranean stream flows through the mine. The coal had been cut out and the pipe had been left intact until the engineer dynamited. The Chinese must have suspected it. At least they looked upon it as holding a demon.

#### As Good as Pennsylvania.

If you will take your map of China and look at the province lying west of Chihli, bordered on the north by Mongolia and on the west by the winding Gobi, you will see the Pennsylvania of the Chinese. It is the province of Shansi, which is said to contain the best and richest coal area of the globe. It is

as big as Illinois, and it has a great river running through it. It contains iron and coal, and in the future it will probably be a steel-making section. This province has been recognized by the Imperial Chinese University of the anthracite area as great, and estimates that it contains millions of tons of coal. It is an anthracite, and the description is wonderful.

Shansi is a mountainous province, and its center rising more than 10,000 feet above the sea. This tableland is made of sandstone, and is but slightly irregular. The top of the plateau is a bed of clay or diatomaceous earth, which is a thousand feet deep, which is a great asset to the water. There are no edges of the plateau and an elevation of about twenty-five feet, and is to be seen wherever the anthracite seams are unworked. The anthracite is in thin layers, from twenty-five to fifty feet. The anthracite gives out a great deal of heat, and it is but slightly impure.

The bituminous coal fields of Shansi are in the center of the province, and are as great as the anthracite. They lie in the valley of the Yellow River, and are far from the Yellow River, and are with deposits of petroleum.

#### A Concession Worth Millions.

A part of this rich territory is now in the hands of big capitalists, under the name of the Kaiping mines. These men have a grant from the Chinese government, and have formed the development of the Kaiping mines, which claims the concessions of the Peking government to all the petroleum of the province, and of its coal and iron. Prof. Noal has found a coal which contains more than 100,000 tons of fine anthracite. The bed is to be worked, and they have other deposits available.

Their concessions lie in Central China, over into Honan and the Yellow River, comprising the whole of New England and a great coal concession ever made.

#### China's Rich Gold Mines.

I had a general belief here in precious metals, and the geologists point to the same conclusion. There is plenty of gold in Shantung, and in washing it out of the stream bed in Mongolia and in different parts of the province. The Mohe Mining Company is working in Mukden; it has already produced \$1,000,000 worth of coarse gold.

Yunnan, in Southwestern China, is rich in gold and also in silver. The Han River and also the borders of Tibet.

Pumpelly found silver in six different places in Yunnan, and in twenty-four. In Yunnan, the province has also found in Fukien, opposite to Kwantung, not a great distance from the coast.

The big dividends now being paid by the States may at some time be paid by the copper ore is rich, and it is being mined in Shansi, and also in Kweichow, where there is a white copper which is as good as the Chinese. He believes ten times as cheaply as in the high freight is nothing.

#### Money in Stones.

I know several Americans who have been to China with regard to the Amethysts man from Seattle at the time he had been traveling through the province of granites and marbles. He established a business in Canton, and he is now in the province of granites and marbles. He says the granites and marbles are not finer, than ours, and they are as skillful as the Chinese. He believes ten times as cheaply as in the high freight is nothing.

This man is right about the art of stone cutting. They make magnificent turtles and memorials of war, and their work in the Ming Tombs near Peking is as fine as the work of the Chinese. It seems odd to think of the Chinese as stone cutters for the Christian States, but this is a possibility.

#### How to Get Mines in China.

The chief money to be made here is in the rubies, diamonds and opals in different parts of the province. If concessions are granted, there will be an influx of foreign capital, and the treaty of peace is settled. Many Americans, and our government, are so fixed by the regulations as to title and the working of the mines that the present China has a bureau of mines.

#### Nottingham, N.Y.

Nottingham, N.Y., is a small town, with a large amount of coal, and is a great asset to the water. There are no edges of the plateau and an elevation of about twenty-five feet, and is to be seen wherever the anthracite seams are unworked. The anthracite is in thin layers, from twenty-five to fifty feet. The anthracite gives out a great deal of heat, and it is but slightly impure.

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[November 18, 1900.]

center.

enter. The mine was worked day and night, the miners being paid ten cents for three meals of rice. There were ten in labor, and a short time it was selling for \$1.75 a ton. Near Suchau, there are coal mines which have been opened by the Chinese, upon the galleries and tunnels to the boats on the Yangtze.

of abandoned mines both along the coast of China. One of the Chinese have no good pumps to pump water into the mines they have to dig down more than 200 feet. The government of trying to get the mines ordered from England and other regions at great cost. The Chinese until thieves had stolen the engineer was brought from the mine was unable to do so.

of Russell & Co., when they were in the Yangtze, got all their coal from an explosion from fire damp and the coal had gotten into the mine.

Flooded a Mine. Chinese superstition occurred in which lies near Tong Shan, and



Magnificent

By Railway. These mines employ about ten thousand men to take care of coal a day. They that they are up-to-date in methods of working.

are operated by Chinese who are a new mining engineer to take charge of them. It was surprised to find a large number of one of them. He said that he was out, and was told that it was a mistake. Upon inquiry, he found that it was partly to please the Chinese, as he thought there might be

Along the water dam. The dam is still protected, but it is not and fired it. When the dam was rushed in, flooding the river. Since then the dam has been controlled, although the dam is not. The block of coal which a submarine river had been cut out about the dam until the engineer said that he must have suspected the dam as holding a dam.

map of China and look at the coast. The coast is the most by the winding Yangtze. The Chinese Yangtze, which is said to contain the most of the globe. It is just

It is the same shape as Illinois, and like Illinois it is a great river running about its western and southern sides. It contains iron and limestone in vast quantities. In the future it will probably be the greatest manufacturing and steam-making section of the world.

The province has been recently visited by Noah Drake of the American University of Tien-Tsin. He speaks of the province as greater than that of Pennsylvania, and estimates that it contains more than six hundred million tons of coal. There is quite as much bituminous coal, and the deposits of both kinds are beautiful and wonderful.

Shensi is a mountainous country with a great tableland in its center rising more than a mile above the sea. The tableland is made of sandstone, shale and conglomerate of many different colors as the cliffs of the Colorado. The top of the plateau is covered with a rich, loose soil, a lot of clay or dirt from five hundred to a thousand feet deep, which is gullied with water courses. The dirt there are vast deposits of coal and iron. The coal is of the best quality. There is a great deal of coal about the edges of the plateau and in the mountains. It lies at an altitude of about twenty-five hundred feet, in horizontal layers, and is to be seen wherever the rivers have cut through. The coal seams are unbroken over an area of more than a thousand square miles. They are of a thickness of twenty-five to fifty feet, and of an average of about 100 feet. The anthracite gives from 8 to 10 per cent. of ash, but is slightly impregnated with sulphur.

The famous coal fields of Shensi have an area of 12,000 square miles, or as great as that of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. They lie in the western part of the province and are near the Yellow River, and are spotted here and there with deposits of petroleum or limestone and rich iron.

Shensi Worth Millions.

A part of this rich territory has been gobbled up by foreign capitalists, under the name of the Peking Syndicate. These men have a grant from the Emperor and have secured the development of their mines to the Anglo-American Syndicate, which claims a capital of \$30,000,000.

The members of the Peking Syndicate include the Chinese, the British, the American, and to a large part the French. Prof. Noah Drake says they have one of the best of which contains more than three million tons of coal. The bed is twenty-two feet thick on the average. They have other deposits which are even more valuable.

Other members of the Central and Southern Shensi and the Yellow River, comprising a territory greater than the whole of New England and forming, perhaps, the richest coal and petroleum ever made.

Black Gold Mines. I had a general belief here that China is rich in the black gold, and the geological surveys so far made have led to the same conclusion. The Germans say that there is a great deal of gold in Chantung, and that the Chinese there are working it out of the strata. Gold is now being mined in Mongolia and in different parts of Manchuria. The Chinese Mining Company is working placer deposits not far from the coast; it has already exported something like a million dollars worth of coarse gold. There is gold in the southwestern China. There are placer deposits in the Yangtze River and also all along the western highlands to the borders of Tibet.

They found silver in sixty-three different localities in the province. In Yunnan the silver is mixed with gold. The province has also tin, zinc and iron. Lead is mined in Fukien, opposite the Island of Formosa, and is not a great distance from Canton.

Copper. Dividends now being paid on copper mines in the province may at some time be paralleled in China. The province is rich, and it is said to exist in every part of it. It is being mined in Shensi, where the Emperor has also in Kweichow, below the Yangtze. Yunnan has a white copper which is mixed with tin, iron, and lead, and it has copper mixed with silver, tin, and lead. The Yunnan copper mines are now worked by the Chinese, who have been paying about a cent a pound to the government, and four times that amount to the owners of the mines.

Stones in Shensi. I know several Americans who are studying the stones of China with regard to the American market. I met a gentleman from Seattle at Hongkong two weeks ago. He had been traveling through the province of Kwantung looking up granites and marbles. He told me he expected to establish a business in Canton for the making and exporting of tombstones and fine building stones to the United States. He says the granites and marbles of China are as good as those of the United States, and that our workmen are not so skillful as the Chinese. He believes he can manufacture here for less than in the United States, and says the high freight is nothing in comparison.

This man is right about the artistic ability of the Chinese in stone cutting. They make magnificent monuments. They cut tombstones and memorials of various kinds out of marbles and their work in the Ming Tombs and in some of the great bridges near Peking is as fine as that of any sculptor. I am sure that to think of the Chinese cutting and polishing for the Christian cemeteries of the United States, but this is a possibility.

How to Get Mines in China. The chief money to be made here is in the industrial mines. I am told there are rubies, amethysts, sapphires, emeralds and opals in different localities, but these are of little value in comparison with the value of the copper, coal and iron. If concessions are granted and the country made open to the influx of foreign prospectors as soon as peace is settled. There will probably be a great many Americans, and our government should see that the Chinese are not so fixed by treaty that there can be no more to title and the workings of the mines. The Chinese have a bureau of mines and railways. It

has certain laws as to foreigners who wish to open up such territory, but at present these laws are altogether in favor of the Chinese.

I have before me the concession of the Peking Syndicate, which went into operation two years ago. It provides that the property and all improvements shall revert to the government after sixty years, and that the company shall in the mean time pay the government 25 per cent. of all its profits, with the exception of 6 per cent. on its capital stock and 10 per cent. for a sinking fund to repay the capital invested. In other words, the syndicate gets a 6-per-cent. dividend and a 10-per-cent. sinking fund before anything else is paid. Of the balance it receives 75 per cent. and this is to go on for sixty years.

The government also receives a tax of 5 per cent. on the cost of working the mines and double the usual taxes on the government lands held by the concession. Similar regulations are made as to all companies operating in China.

According to the present law, at least three-tenths of the stock of every foreign mining concession must be owned by the Chinese. It is impossible to get a concession where all the capital is foreign. In no case will the government be responsible for losses of any kind.

All grants for such concessions must be sanctioned by the Bureau of Mines, and promoters are required to show proof of having capital before their applications will be considered. The books of all mining companies must be open to government inspection, and every such company must establish a school of mines for young Chinese mining engineers.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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## ARGENTINE'S SCHOOLS.

### WORK DONE BY AMERICAN WOMEN IN SOUTH AMERICA.

From the New York Sun.

"TO SEE the American public-school system approaching a point of perfection one should go down and teach in sunny Argentina," said Mrs. Clara G. Bischoff, director of the Escuela Normal Nacional at Rosario, Argentine Republic, South America.

Mrs. Bischoff is a St. Louis woman who for seventeen years has taught school in the Argentine Republic, and is now in New York on her way back from the Pedagogical Congress in Paris, to which she was sent as a delegate by her government. She is the principal of the normal school at Rosario, and the building is the largest used for educational purposes in South America. It stands in the center of the city, on the Plaza Santa Rosa, and occupies an entire block. There are sixty rooms in the structure, including a gymnasium, perfectly equipped.

"I take intense personal pride in the building," said Mrs. Bischoff, "because for eight years Miss Morrow of Oswego, N. Y., and I worked for its erection. You see down there all the normal schools are under the direction of the government, and are always in the capitals of the province. My school was originally in Santa Fé, the capital of the province of Santa Fé, of which Rosario is the chief commercial city. But the old, conservative element objected to the innovation of public schools, and the normal school was moved to Rosario. There was then no suitable building, so we went into an old, ramshackle hotel, which we adapted to our purpose as best we could, and the people were so eager over the American school that they aided us in every way to become permanently established there. The government builds the normal school, but the province gives the land. A land concession was finally granted in Rosario, and I had the immense satisfaction of superintending the erection of the normal school building and furnishing it throughout. Miss Morrow at that time went to Buenos Ayres, and I became principal.

"The principals of the normal schools down there live in the buildings. I have a beautiful suite of eight rooms overlooking the Plaza, furnished and appropriated to me by the government, so that my only household expenses are my actual living and servants' wages. The pay of the average teacher in the Argentine Republic is 25 per cent. more than here. And after thirty years' active service all teachers are retired on full pay."

This state of the public-school system has been the growth of many years. The introduction of the system into the Argentine Republic was the work of Domingo Sarmiento, who was President of the republic in the early '70s. He had lived in the United States as secretary to the Argentine Minister at Washington. A progressive man and intensely interested in educational work, he studied American methods, particularly in Boston. One of his first acts on becoming President of the Argentine Republic was to get American teachers down to his country and endeavor to establish public schools. Of those who went first few remained. The country was in a constant state of revolution, and life in the provinces was a little too uncertain to suit the Yankee taste. President Sarmiento persevered, however, got down more teachers, and during his term did much for law and order by introducing the telegraph, developing the railroads and educating the people.

"Sarmiento implanted in the Argentine heart," said Mrs. Bischoff, "the love of everything American. He translated into Spanish the lives of Horace Mann, Benjamin Franklin and Lincoln, and did more than any other man to raise the country to the front ranks of South American republics. Our present President, Julio A. Noca, is a worthy successor of Sarmiento. He, in 1883, permanently established American teachers in Argentina. He believes in American school methods, wants every innovation in the line of progress, and it is for that that I am now making an investigation of the public schools of New York, Boston and Chicago before I sail on November 30 for Rosario."

According to Mrs. Bischoff, American school teachers are tremendously popular in Argentina. Curiously enough,

the men who have gone down from the United States to teach have not been successful and have not remained, but there are four government schools in charge of American women and many American teachers. Mrs. Bischoff has two in her school. Her niece, Miss Mamie Gilles of Steeleville, Mo., is the vice-principal of the Rosario Normal School, and another American girl, Miss Choate of Minnesota, established and is carrying on the kindergarten.

"Our school year is from March 1 to December 1," said Mrs. Bischoff. "Being on the other side of the equator, our hottest months are December, January and February, when we take our vacation. Our school session is from 11 to 4, with ten minutes' recess at the end of every hour, and fifteen minutes for luncheon. It is a Catholic country, you know, and we have to close the school on religious holidays. As there are forty of these we have school on Saturdays to make up for them.

"They call the Fourth of July my holiday, and I never need to arrange any celebration, for they do it for me. It comes at a very busy time of the school year, but that makes no difference to the pupils, who are enthusiastic over the day. They borrow my Stars and Stripes to drape with their flag, recite patriotic American speeches and demand a half holiday.

"Patriotism is now rampant in the schools because it is so in America. A law has just been passed by the government that only a native shall teach Argentine history. I used to teach it, and so did the German and French teachers, but the government now says, 'Do Americans allow the history of their great nation to be taught by a foreigner? Certainly not.' And that settles it. What the Americans do not allow, neither will the Argentine.

"The Normal School at Rosario is having a democratic influence on the people. All classes attend, though not unattended. An Argentine girl never appears on the street alone. The richer ones are sent to school in carriages or with maids; the poorer go in groups. On rainy days they don't go at all. Fortunately, there is not enough rainy weather to affect the school course. Rosario is such a cosmopolitan city that there are nearly as many French and German pupils as Spanish."

The Argentines have not yet got so far as coeducation, and the 700 pupils of the Rosario Normal School are all girls. Mrs. Bischoff finds them intelligent, ambitious, imitative and obedient. Corporal punishment is unknown in the schools. Children of every nationality, except American, Mrs. Bischoff says, are trained to absolute obedience in their homes. They have none of the independence and defiance of young America, and are easily handled.

"The Argentine Republic is a splendid, progressive country," said Mrs. Bischoff, "and an ideal place for American women. To please the people call them Americans. They call themselves so in imitation of us. I am sometimes dubbed North American to distinguish me, but I explain to them that it applies equally to an Indian. As applied to themselves they object to the term South American. 'From the States' is not distinguishing enough for us to the Argentine, who, admiring and imitating everything under the Stars and Stripes, desires that we should all be 'Americans' together."

## POPULATION OF THE CAPITALS.

### A DECREASE, AS AT ALBANY, SINCE THE LAST CENSUS NOT THE RULE.

[New York Sun:] The population of the capital cities of two States, New York and Nebraska, is less at present, according to the census reports, than ten years ago. Albany's present population, 94,000, shows a decline of 773 compared with 1890, and Lincoln's present population, 40,000, shows a decline of 14,985. This fact has suggested that State capitals throughout the United States may have declined in population—such is not the case. Thus Providence, the capital of Rhode Island, has gained 23 per cent. in population during the last ten years; Hartford, Ct., has increased from 53,000 to nearly 80,000, or 50 per cent.; Trenton, N. J., has increased from 57,000 to 73,000, a gain of 27 per cent., and Columbus, O., increased from 88,000 to 125,000, a gain of 42 per cent.

In fact, considering that the capitals of American States have been fixed chiefly with reference to their geographical situation and without reference to their facilities for business communication with other places, it is cause for surprise that American capitals should show so large an increase this year. Thus Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, almost exclusively dependent upon railroad connections, has increased from 105,000 to nearly 170,000 population in ten years, a gain of more than 50 per cent., and 6 per cent. greater than Chicago's increase, 14 per cent. greater than Cleveland's, and 50 per cent. greater than Cincinnati's. Des Moines, the capital of Iowa, has increased in ten years 24 per cent. in population. Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, has increased 50 per cent. Denver, the capital of Colorado, shows a gain of 25 per cent.; St. Paul, Minn., a gain of 23 per cent., and Salt Lake City, Utah, of 19 per cent. Richmond and Nashville, the capitals of Virginia and Tennessee, show a considerable gain in population, and Topeka, the capital of Kansas, shows 8 per cent. increase, though census figures indicate some falling off in the population of that State. Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, has gained more proportionately during the last ten years than Jersey City.

## THE DECAY OF THE CHAPERON.

[Lady Jeune in the Fortnightly:] Ten years ago very few girls rode in the park unattended by a groom or drove in a cab or hansom alone. They were not allowed to dine out or pay country visits by themselves, and certainly no girl, except those who lived in the sacred precincts of Belgravia (and never beyond,) was allowed to take a walk without some sort of chaperon. She was always within call when a tired mother wished to go home, and no correspondence between two young people of the opposite sex would have been allowed, even under the most searching maternal scrutiny. Yet at that period, and even before, when maternal vigilance and supervision were more strict than at present, there were a greater number of runaway matches than are now recorded.



## ANCIENT ALTAR STONE.

THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL  
ROMAN DISCOVERIES.

By a Special Contributor.

EXPLORATIONS made this year in the buried ruins of ancient Rome have resulted in the discovery of an archaeological treasure which will take its place in the very first rank of Roman antiquities. This is the altar stone of the old Romans. It was brought to light in the course of the excavations made by Prof. Boni of the Italian Department of Antiquities, and the work of deciphering what remains of the inscription has just been completed, and announced by Sig. Domenico Compagnoni, one of the most learned antiquarian scholars in Italy.

The site of the discovery is near the spot where another highly important find had been made a short time before; the column erected over the spot where Julius Caesar's remains were buried. Near the base of the column Prof. Boni unearthed a pavement of smooth black stones. He immediately concluded that he had come upon the famous "Black Stone," which, according to some of the old Latin writers, marked the grave of Romulus. Nobody in this age expected to find the bones of Romulus under the stone or anywhere else, as the wolf-bred founder of the Eternal City and his twin brother have long since been relegated to the limbo of myths, but a monument on the spot where the old Romans believed Romulus to have been buried was of the greatest archaeological interest. Underneath this pavement, however, a discovery was made which relegated Romulus's possible monument to a place of minor interest.

In the midst of debris lay two columns of tufa. One, perfectly preserved, is without inscription. The other, broken off short, is chiseled on its four sides with an archaic inscription, the oldest extant Latin known. The sculptor who made the inscription was dead and forgotten centuries before the birth of Christ, and now in the last year of the nineteenth century the fragmentary words of the broken legend have been brought to light and read. Long and patient study by Sig. Compagnoni brought out enough to show that the stone is a sacred monument of the earliest period of Roman history. It is regarded as one of the great archaeological "finds" of the century.

All that remains of this column is from 17 to 20 inches high. It is an 18-inch cube at the base, sloping gradually

that this lettered obelisk marked the entrance to an ancient temple, possibly the first of the temples held in reverential awe by the early Romans. This was a place of refuge. The altar became the site of the later rostrum from which a man pleaded for his life before the people assembled to judge him. In later days the rostrum became the center of the political life of the Romans, but in primitive times it was the religious center. It is well known from other discoveries made before in this neigh-



ALTAR STONE FOUND IN THE FORUM.

borhood that the rostrum of the Forum was regarded as a sacred spot, and that the sacrificial idea was connected therewith is evident from various references to it in Roman literature. The Tribune of the People was inviolable, not subject to arrest for any crime whatever.

That the actual history of the site marked by the obelisk was forgotten when it was buried, and that the myth of the burial of the remains of Romulus, the founder of Rome, beneath the black pavement was treasured up as accounting for the sacredness of the spot, is not in the least surprising to the student of the development of myths. The burial of this obelisk is easily accounted for by the burning of the temple there, which took place at least twice during the first four hundred years of Roman rule. The connection of this temple with the old fable of Romulus and Remus having been reared by a wolf mother is best proven by the statue of the wolf which was found in the subterranean chambers of the Capitol, the figures of the boys being evidently a later restoration.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE ANCIENT INSCRIPTION.



toward the top, like an obelisk. The corners are broken more or less, and the inscription is somewhat worn.

The obelisk, when intact, was probably no taller than six feet, so it is clear that about half of the inscription is lost. As the inscription ran lengthwise, there remains only the lower part, giving but the beginning of the lines of writing. So large are the characters that they would have been, when new and clear cut, legible at a distance of several paces. Owing to the fragmentary condition of the lines an exact reproduction of their sense is impossible—still there are enough suggestive words yet legible to indicate plainly the character of the column and of the spot marked by it.

The first line reads "Quoi honce" (to whom this,) and the second "Sacros esed" (be cursed;) which, being filled in with the missing words may be taken to mean in substance "Cursed be he who knowingly violates this place." The sacredness of the spot is further suggested by the words, found farther along, "Iter per-diu esto!" (road through—be sacred.) Then, too, the word "sacra" (sacred), the sacred ligs cast at the altar) shows that the monument marked the sacrificial altar of early Roman times. Sheep and oxen were the common sacrifices of the Romans, and around the obelisk were found the bones of these animals, together with small bronzes and other relics of votive offerings. On the monument is found the word "boiviviod," evidently a combination of the Latin words for oxen and sheep (bos, ovis.) Indication of the date of the obelisk is found in the words "fas" and "regal," having respectively the meaning of priest and king. The period at which the priestly and kingly functions were united in Rome was the sixth century, B.C., and this, together with the archaic character of the letters, would place the date at least as far back as that. An interesting point in regard to the lettering is the Greek character of the letters, showing that even as early as the sixth century B.C. the literary influence of the Greeks was felt in Rome.

Sig. Compagnoni's deciphering of the inscription proves

Excavations are now going on in the vicinity of the spot where the sacred monument was found, and it is expected that other ancient objects of great value and interest will be unearthed. Though many explorations have been made before into the earth where ancient Rome is buried, Prof. Boni's is the first that has been scientifically conducted, and the discovery of the altar stone is alone, and in itself a justification for the labor and expense of the project.

### IN A HORSESHOEING PARLOR.

[New York Sun:] A blacksmith's shop without a forge seems a novelty, indeed, but there are two at least in New York. In these shops there is applied a patent horseshoe made of special steel, which is soft enough to permit of its being hammered and shaped, as far as may be necessary, without heating. There are anvils here, and hammers are used, so that these time-honored accessories of the blacksmith's shop still remain here, but there is no fire, no bellows with a grimy, swarthy, stalwart blacksmith swaying on the handle with one hand while he gently pokes the burning coal in the forge with the other. There is no smoke here and no flying sparks, nor is there the long familiar odor of the burning hoof when the hot shoe is laid against it. These places are horseshoeing parlors.

One of these uptown occupies a long room that was designed for a store in a building that stands on a corner. The shop proper, occupying the greater part of the space, opened on the side street. The office, or reception-room, of the horseshoeing parlor at the front end of the store, occupies a square of space, of the width of the building and running back about twenty feet, where an office sitting in place, dividing the reception-room from the blacksmith shop.

On the floor of the office or reception-room there is a \$200 rug; there are comfortable chairs about, for visitors or for customers waiting; there is a desk for the manager, and there are potted palms. And all this is segregated from the shop itself only by that office railing across the inner end of this reception-room, beyond which one sees down the length of the shop men busily engaged shoeing horses in this blacksmith's shop without a fire.

## AN HONEST THIEF.

PAYING TELLER TOOK \$600,000 FROM  
BANK AND WAS PROMOTED.

From the New York Mail and Express.

THEY were sitting in the café of a big hotel in New York, and, being Wall-street men, were naturally discussing the Alford defalcation. One of them was conversing on the case with which the note teller stole \$600,000 from the bank, when he was interrupted by another of the group.

"Do you see that man over there looking at the door?"

He pointed to a man with a commanding figure, keen eyes and an aristocratic bearing, who, as he spoke, was looking away from the entrance to the café.

"There goes a man who stole \$600,000, and now he is going to jail for it. Furthermore, he is a thoroughgoing man."

This paradoxical statement caused a general look of inquiry, and a chorus of, "How was that?"

Then this story was told:

"That man—call him Brown, because that's his name—was, a trifle more than a year ago, paying in one of the largest banks in the neighborhood of New York. He was quiet and reserved and appeared to have few friends and acquaintances. He seemed to be a business man, and his co-workers in the bank called him 'the sphinx.'"

"At the meeting of the bank directors one day the secretary read a letter from Mr. Brown. In it he asked for obtaining personal matters upon the subject of his salary."

"He respectfully asked for a raise of salary. He was married, he said, and he felt that his salary of \$2500 a year was inadequate to his needs. The usual salary of a teller, he said, was \$3000, and he felt that he was entitled to a good salary for the position you occupy. He said that he had been a good and faithful servant, and in return he had paid you for your services. That's about even, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; I admit that," said Brown, "but I have certain moral obligations to be considered. For I have had free access to the enormous wealth of the bank. Millions of dollars have passed through my hands, and my accounts have been right to a penny. I am sure."

"Oh, that's absurd, you know," broke in another of the directors. "Our system here is so perfect that it would be impossible for any one to take a dollar and not be detected."

"Brown smiled a bitter sort of smile, and, for his temerity, abruptly withdrew. It was some time on his way to his desk he paused a moment at the cavernous aperture that marked the entrance to the bank. A few minutes later he left the bank and did not return. That evening, as the accounts for the day were balanced, it was found there was a shortage of \$600,000 in the funds. Instantly there was consternation. The president and directors were summoned to a meeting. Quick action was necessary. In the morning the defalcation would be public and practical ruin would be in the face."

"Early next morning Brown was in his room. He looked calm and as imperturbable as ever. The directors came in to discuss the best course to pursue. He was sent for to see if he could throw any light on the subject."

"Mr. Brown," said one of the directors, "this is a very serious matter. You have been robbed of \$600,000."

"Yes, sir," said Brown. "I took it."

"His hearers started. 'You' gasped one. 'You' gasped another. 'You' gasped a third. 'You' gasped a fourth. 'You' gasped a fifth. 'You' gasped a sixth. 'You' gasped a seventh. 'You' gasped an eighth. 'You' gasped a ninth. 'You' gasped a tenth. 'You' gasped an eleventh. 'You' gasped a twelfth. 'You' gasped a thirteenth. 'You' gasped a fourteenth. 'You' gasped a fifteenth. 'You' gasped a sixteenth. 'You' gasped a seventeenth. 'You' gasped an eighteenth. 'You' gasped a nineteenth. 'You' gasped a twentieth. 'You' gasped a twenty-first. 'You' gasped a twenty-second. 'You' gasped a twenty-third. 'You' gasped a twenty-fourth. 'You' gasped a twenty-fifth. 'You' gasped a twenty-sixth. 'You' gasped a twenty-seventh. 'You' gasped a twenty-eighth. 'You' gasped a twenty-ninth. 'You' gasped a thirtieth. 'You' gasped a thirty-first. 'You' gasped a thirty-second. 'You' gasped a thirty-third. 'You' gasped a thirty-fourth. 'You' gasped a thirty-fifth. 'You' gasped a thirty-sixth. 'You' gasped a thirty-seventh. 'You' gasped a thirty-eighth. 'You' gasped a thirty-ninth. 'You' gasped a fortieth. 'You' gasped a forty-first. 'You' gasped a forty-second. 'You' gasped a forty-third. 'You' gasped a forty-fourth. 'You' gasped a forty-fifth. 'You' gasped a forty-sixth. 'You' gasped a forty-seventh. 'You' gasped a forty-eighth. 'You' gasped a forty-ninth. 'You' gasped a fiftieth. 'You' gasped a fifty-first. 'You' gasped a fifty-second. 'You' gasped a fifty-third. 'You' gasped a fifty-fourth. 'You' gasped a fifty-fifth. 'You' gasped a fifty-sixth. 'You' gasped a fifty-seventh. 'You' gasped a fifty-eighth. 'You' gasped a fifty-ninth. 'You' gasped a sixtieth. 'You' gasped a sixty-first. 'You' gasped a sixty-second. 'You' gasped a sixty-third. 'You' gasped a sixty-fourth. 'You' gasped a sixty-fifth. 'You' gasped a sixty-sixth. 'You' gasped a sixty-seventh. 'You' gasped a sixty-eighth. 'You' gasped a sixty-ninth. 'You' gasped a seventieth. 'You' gasped a seventy-first. 'You' gasped a seventy-second. 'You' gasped a seventy-third. 'You' gasped a seventy-fourth. 'You' gasped a seventy-fifth. 'You' gasped a seventy-sixth. 'You' gasped a seventy-seventh. 'You' gasped a seventy-eighth. 'You' gasped a seventy-ninth. 'You' gasped an eightieth. 'You' gasped an eighty-first. 'You' gasped an eighty-second. 'You' gasped an eighty-third. 'You' gasped an eighty-fourth. 'You' gasped an eighty-fifth. 'You' gasped an eighty-sixth. 'You' gasped an eighty-seventh. 'You' gasped an eighty-eighth. 'You' gasped an eighty-ninth. 'You' gasped a ninetieth. 'You' gasped a ninety-first. 'You' gasped a ninety-second. 'You' gasped a ninety-third. 'You' gasped a ninety-fourth. 'You' gasped a ninety-fifth. 'You' gasped a ninety-sixth. 'You' gasped a ninety-seventh. 'You' gasped a ninety-eighth. 'You' gasped a ninety-ninth. 'You' gasped a hundredth. 'You' gasped a hundred and first. 'You' gasped a hundred and second. 'You' gasped a hundred and third. 'You' gasped a hundred and fourth. 'You' gasped a hundred and fifth. 'You' gasped a hundred and sixth. 'You' gasped a hundred and seventh. 'You' gasped a hundred and eighth. 'You' gasped a hundred and ninth. 'You' gasped a hundred and tenth. 'You' gasped a hundred and eleventh. 'You' gasped a hundred and twelfth. 'You' gasped a hundred and thirteenth. 'You' gasped a hundred and fourteenth. 'You' gasped a hundred and fifteenth. 'You' gasped a hundred and sixteenth. 'You' gasped a hundred and seventeenth. 'You' gasped a hundred and eighteenth. 'You' gasped a hundred and nineteenth. 'You' gasped a hundred and twentieth. 'You' gasped a hundred and twenty-first. 'You' gasped a hundred and twenty-second. 'You' gasped a hundred and twenty-third. 'You' gasped a hundred and twenty-fourth. 'You' gasped a hundred and twenty-fifth. 'You' gasped a hundred and twenty-sixth. 'You' gasped a hundred and twenty-seventh. 'You' gasped a hundred and twenty-eighth. 'You' gasped a hundred and twenty-ninth. 'You' gasped a hundred and thirtieth. 'You' gasped a hundred and thirty-first. 'You' gasped a hundred and thirty-second. 'You' gasped a hundred and thirty-third. 'You' gasped a hundred and thirty-fourth. 'You' gasped a hundred and thirty-fifth. 'You' gasped a hundred and thirty-sixth. 'You' gasped a hundred and thirty-seventh. 'You' gasped a hundred and thirty-eighth. 'You' gasped a hundred and thirty-ninth. 'You' gasped a hundred and fortieth. 'You' gasped a hundred and forty-first. 'You' gasped a hundred and forty-second. 'You' gasped a hundred and forty-third. 'You' gasped a hundred and forty-fourth. 'You' gasped a hundred and forty-fifth. 'You' gasped a hundred and forty-sixth. 'You' gasped a hundred and forty-seventh. 'You' gasped a hundred and forty-eighth. 'You' gasped a hundred and forty-ninth. 'You' gasped a hundred and fiftieth. 'You' gasped a hundred and fifty-first. 'You' gasped a hundred and fifty-second. 'You' gasped a hundred and fifty-third. 'You' gasped a hundred and fifty-fourth. 'You' gasped a hundred and fifty-fifth. 'You' gasped a hundred and fifty-sixth. 'You' gasped a hundred and fifty-seventh. 'You' gasped a hundred and fifty-eighth. 'You' gasped a hundred and fifty-ninth. 'You' gasped a hundred and sixtieth. 'You' gasped a hundred and sixty-first. 'You' gasped a hundred and sixty-second. 'You' gasped a hundred and sixty-third. 'You' gasped a hundred and sixty-fourth. 'You' gasped a hundred and sixty-fifth. 'You' gasped a hundred and sixty-sixth. 'You' gasped a hundred and sixty-seventh. 'You' gasped a hundred and sixty-eighth. 'You' gasped a hundred and sixty-ninth. 'You' gasped a hundred and seventieth. 'You' gasped a hundred and seventy-first. 'You' gasped a hundred and seventy-second. 'You' gasped a hundred and seventy-third. 'You' gasped a hundred and seventy-fourth. 'You' gasped a hundred and seventy-fifth. 'You' gasped a hundred and seventy-sixth. 'You' gasped a hundred and seventy-seventh. 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# NEST THIEF.

TOOK \$600,000 FROM  
WAS PROMOTED.

York Mail and Express.

the staff of a big hotel up town. One of them was naturally suspicious. One of them was naturally suspicious. One of them was naturally suspicious.

with a commanding figure, but bearing, who, as he spoke, turned to the staff.

ent caused a general look at "How was that?"

Mr. Brown, because that's not more than a year ago, paying him in the neighborhood of \$100,000 and reserved and apparently in the bank directors one day the Mr. Brown. In it he apologized upon the august body, he a raise of salary. He was he felt that his salary of \$100,000 to his needs. The usual formula of his long and faithful service that he be raised to \$150,000 taken on the letter at the time of "unfurnished business," and was

holders held another meeting, in which he begged for a hearing, and for an advance of salary. The trusty old codgers who had been so kindly to the proposition of Mr. Brown, "we think you are running a position you occupy. Paying him plentiful. We know you have been so diligent, and in return we have a That's about even, isn't it?" said Mr. Brown, "but there is to be considered. For instance, to the enormous wealth of the have passed through my hands, right to a penny. Had I

know," broke in another director, "that it would be impossible for me to detect."

sort of smile, and, apologizing, withdrew. It was noticed that he paused a minute at the entrance to the bank and did not return. Accounts for the day were not there was a shortage of funds. There was consternation. Mr. Brown was summoned to a committee. In the morning the committee public and practical rule of

of the directors, "this is the 'I took it'."

"You," gasped one. "You," Why, what do you mean?"

about it. The worst you can do, the sentence will be reduced. At the expiration of the \$600,000 to live upon. But you sign a paper appointing me to you \$200,000, money myself in some foreign country. The credit of the bank will be a gain for the bank.

a moment. Then one of the have time to consider the have discussed the matter. It cut. Fifteen minutes later

Mr. Brown," said one of the \$600,000 and we will agree to have handed over to the directors a carefully counted, a statement a document, signed by me, met all legal complications.

There was a dramatic package from his pocket, saying carefully, "There are I had no wish to steal from you, no matter what may be of you and was told that the affairs of this institution support of your words. I am a comparatively easy man. I am a comparatively easy man. That is all I wish to

new going upstairs into the greater of this true tale, "the bank from which he

## OUR DAILY BREAD.

WHAT EXPERTS HAVE LEARNED ABOUT  
THE STAFF OF LIFE.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) Nov. 12, 1900.—Our daily bread is the subject of a most important scientific investigation lately begun by the Agricultural Department's large corps of food experts.

To teach the poor man how to obtain the best bread for the least money; to teach the dyspeptic the relative digestibility of the various staffs of life; to teach the housewife valuable points in scientific breadmaking; to teach the general public how to detect the evils of adulteration—these are the prime purposes of this work.

The thousands of people selected from different walks of life have been fed various qualities of bread and subjected to a rigorous study. These subjects were required to eat a dining-room as arranged that their meals should be of uniform conditions as nearly normal as possible. The food of each man was kept separate. The subjects were fed each experiment began, the subjects were fed a diet of milk only. During the two following weeks the food was limited chiefly to the bread to be investigated, and generally milk, butter and coffee with eggs. Each man was given as much of this limited diet as he wanted. Whenever a new loaf of bread was needed it was weighed and quartered, one quarter being analyzed by a chemist. In fact, all food furnished was weighed and analyzed. Afterward all not eaten was similarly weighed, as was that eaten, but not retained by the digestive system. By simply subtracting the weights and ingredients of food thus rejected by the stomach from the total food furnished, the amount actually digested was determined. White, graham and entire wheat bread were the very compared.

### White Bread Most Digestible.

White bread yielded the highest percentage of digestible material. Entire-wheat bread made from flour not containing the three outer layers of bran ranked next. Graham bread, from the whole wheat grain, gave the lowest percentage of digestible nutrition. This result will be a surprise to dyspeptics, among whom the eating of whole-wheat or entire-wheat breads has become a fad. That flour containing part of the bran were discovered to furnish the body more mineral matters than fine white flour.

All grains from which the world makes its breads were analyzed and examined under the microscope. Cutting a grain of wheat in half with a very delicate knife and peeling the open portion under the microscope, the cross-section showed six very thin outer skins, the layers of the grain. The first five of these were found to contain very little except a woody fiber. This was burned, and in its place was found phosphoric acid, potash and small amounts of other mineral matters. The bottom layer was found to be much more than the five outer layers put together. It showed it to be rich in nitrogen. The white interior of the wheat contained large quantities of starch, protein, fat of nitrogen, and a little sugar. At the lower end of the grain was seen an oval, seed-like knot, containing starch, sugar and a very large proportion of fat. This is the part of the grain which develops into a new grain.

In each of these parts of the wheat grain is distributed in the body was determined for the edification of the housewife. It was found that the nitrogen in the outer layer of bran in the white interior and in the gluten, together with the gluten, to build tissue in our bodies to give us energy. The food value of these is that of the white of egg and lean of meat. Starch and sugar, found mainly in the white interior of the grain, give us warmth and produce more energy than muscular work. The fat in the germ gives us heat and is our bodily fuel. The mineral matters in the bran are little more than aid in the forming of our bones and teeth. The white inside of the grain is therefore the most important part of the flour. Its rich starch is the chief source of nutrition in bread, and the easily-digested protein, rich as a tissue former, gives the clinging, sticky body of dough which expands when filled with steam and holds the gas of the latter, not allowing it to burst through and escape. It is discovered that the more of this gluten flour holds the more bread it will make. Housewives should select "strong" flour, rich in this important constituent, rather than "weak," deficient brands.

### Why Whole-Wheat Bread is Less Digested.

Whole-wheat bread is less digestible than that made of the white of the grain alone, most probably because the bran is filled with sharp, rough particles which irritate the membranes of the intestines and thus hasten food through them. The part of the bottom bran layer which contains its nitrogen does not seem to be thoroughly digested. The fat in the germ of the grain when ground into whole-wheat flour is apt to grow rancid. Of the graham and so-called entire-wheat flours it is discovered that only the former contains the whole wheat ground up. This, invented by Dr. Silvester Graham, an American physician, is made by simply washing and cleansing the grain and then grinding it all between two stones. "Entire-wheat" flour is found to be made by running grain through a machine which removes the three outer layers of bran. In this way the supposedly useful under layer is removed. The best white flour is now made by removing the bran from wheat and then running it through two or more pairs of rollers, set nearer and nearer together.

Guiding rules by which the housekeeper can judge good flour are given on the basis of these in-

vestigations. Its color should be white, with a faint, yellowish tinge. After being pressed in the hand, it should fall loosely apart. If it stays in lumps it has too much moisture in it. When rubbed between the fingers it should not feel too smooth and powdery, but its individual particles should be vaguely distinguishable. When put between the teeth it should crunch a little. Its taste should be sweet and nutty, without a suspicion of sourness.

Wheat is the best bread maker of all grains. This conclusion is arrived at after experimenting with all of the cereals out of which the world's daily bread is made. Rye gives a less elastic and clinging loaf, heavier, and not so well raised. Rye bread is found to be second in importance to wheat bread, but less digestible. Barley and oats produce less gluten and contain still more indigestible matter. Corn contains more fat, but less tissue-building materials than wheat. Its flour contains no gluten, and this is why the housewife cannot use it alone in making a good loaf, raised with yeast.

### Yeast Lives in the Atmosphere.

Into the very depths of yeast-making these government experts have delved. Few bread eaters realize that yeast is in reality a mass of tiny plants widely distributed in the atmosphere around us. If a dish of malt extract be exposed to the air, the yeast plant soon finds the liquid and takes root therein, causing what is known as alcoholic fermentation. Good tasters do not realize that with every thousand pounds of bread they eat a little over three pints of alcohol. These plants, growing in the air, are known as "wild yeast." All of our bread-making yeast has been cultivated from it. Yeast, therefore, is literally as old as the hills. The oldest method of growing it for bread is traced to the ancient Egyptians. They obtained a little wild yeast from the air and allowed it to grow in dough. A portion of the latter, called leaven, was always saved before a day's baking. In this the yeast kept on growing, from day to day, as long as materials held out. It was this leaven which the Israelites had not time to put in their bread when brought out of Egypt. Bread over 4000 years old found in Egypt plainly showed yeast cells when put under the microscope. A similar leaven is still used in parts of Europe. The potato yeast was common here before patent yeast was similarly made. It is discovered that brewers' yeast, sometimes used in bread-making, is likely to be full of microbes which ferment bread. Compressed yeasts are found to be more uniform in strength and composition. They are made by growing yeast plants in sweet liquid, then drying the material to check their growth and compressing it. Starch is added to make the cakes keep their shape.

### Bread Fads Now Raging.

Hundreds of thousands of Americans might be supplied their daily bread free were materials lost in yeast-growing saved and sold for charity. Yeast also eats up some of the nutritious ingredients of bread. Scientists the world over are laboring to procure good substitutes for it. For his army Uncle Sam has introduced a self-rising flour mixed with a powdered substitute for yeast. Such substitutes are easily adulterated and bread made from them is often tasteless, according to the food experts. "Aerated bread," popular in London, is made with water charged with carbon dioxide gas, which bubbles in the dough and has the raising effect of yeast. Among many Americans there is just now a fad for eating "salt-rising" bread. To make this the housewife may take warm milk and corn meal, mixing them to a stiff batter and leave them at blood heat until fermented by certain bacteria always present in the air. The same batter, used like the leaven of the ancient Egyptian, is kneaded with dough made of salt, flour and hot water, the result being a light, porous loaf, without yeast. Another fad possessing many Americans is the adoption of "unleavened bread." The most ancient variety of this has been used by the Jews during Passover week since the time of Moses. It is simply a mixture of flour and water baked in small round cakes until dry, hard and similar to water crackers. Pilot bread, or ship's biscuit, is similar, and can be kept for any length of time. Crackers, of course, represent innumerable forms of unleavened bread. The original graham bread was unleavened, but contained a few holes, due to fermentation caused by the useful bacteria in the flour or air. "Gluten bread," prescribed for patients who cannot eat starchy foods, is made from dough pressed and strained under a stream of water which carries off the starch and leaves the gluten. The government experts can also advise the home breadmaker how to bake beaten bread or Maryland biscuit, another unleavened staff of life. The dough is pounded, beaten and folded over and over until it incloses small quantities of air, in numerous little blisters. When baked, the loaf is light and puffy.

Here is an interesting discovery concerning stale bread. It will interest the dyspeptic. The hardness of stale bread has been supposed to be due to its loss of water. Experiment shows that it is caused rather by the shifting of the water from the crumb to the crust. Stale bread has a crisp crumb and moist crust, and is therefore the reverse of fresh bread. If stale bread is put in the oven for a few minutes the moisture returns to the crumb and the crust becomes dry, as before. Hence, if the dyspeptic wishes no moisture in his bread, he should eat only the crust of the fresh and only the inside of the stale.

### Fraudulent Breads and Flours.

Valuable facts about fraudulent breads and flours are being ferreted out by the food experts. The careless miller allows foreign seeds to mingle with the grain put in the hopper. Those most to be dreaded are cockles and dandel. The former discolors the flour, and the latter is poisonous. Rye flour, corn flour, rice meal, potato starch and meal from peas or beans are added to cheapen the cost of flour milling. Minerals, such as alum, borax, chalk, carbonate of magnesium and bone are sometimes added to whiten the flour or neutralize its sourness, but these are more often added by the baker. Alum, most commonly added to make weak flour absorb more water, is really injurious to the stomach. The housekeeper can detect

alum in her baker's bread if she asks a piece in tincture of logwood and ammonium carbonate. The alum will turn the liquid blue. Copper sulphate, used to produce the effect of alum, is even more dangerous. Lime exerts the same influence, but is less harmful. Yet it gives poor bread the appearance of a better grade.

Several evil microbes are found to infest bread. One of these is the potato bacillus. He finds his way into the materials of the dough, often the yeast, survives the baking and causes the otherwise healthy loaf to decompose. "Slimy bread," often a surprise to the household, and which may be pulled into strings, sometimes several feet long, is usually suffering from this disease. Bread is also attacked by a microbe which makes blood-red spots in the dough. These spots gave rise to many superstitions during the Middle Ages. Sourness in bread is caused by undesirable microbes which give off acid. Bread mold, like yeast, is a minute plant whose seeds are floating about everywhere in the atmosphere.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

## NOT A MAN IN THE ENTERPRISE.

CHICAGO WOMEN ARE GOING TO RUN ELECTRIC OMNIBUS LINE.

[Chicago American:] "Why should North Side women, east of State street, be compelled to depend on the slow, old-fashioned car for transportation?" suggested Mrs. Haviland H. Lund, a Chicago promoter.

Other women took up the chorus and the doom of the car, one of the most established features of the city, was sounded. Mrs. Lund has organized a company which will replace the car drawn by horses, by an electric omnibus line. Women will have charge of the entire enterprise.

It will be women's money which will be used to further the scheme; a woman is its promoter; another woman has furnished the plan of the vehicles to be used, the women most interested have decided on the route to be taken by the electric omnibuses, and last, but certainly not least, women will drive the new carriages.

Since this has been made known, hundreds of applications have been made to Mrs. Lund for positions as omnibus drivers, but as none of them were registered electricians, none have yet been accepted.

Mrs. Lund said yesterday that a large number of women would be examined this week for the work. It will be easy, remunerative and healthy employment and many are anxious to obtain it, for the outdoor exercise alone. Even in winter the carriage drivers will have an easy time, for the front of the omnibuses will be inclosed by glass. The conductors will also be women, or rather young girls. Uniforms for the drivers and conductors are quite pretty enough to delight the heart of any woman who is to wear them. They are to be made of dark blue duck for summer and dark blue serge for winter wear.

Rows of white braid will trim the short skirts, and white braid will decorate the sailor blouse and belt. The blue cap will have a white and blue band and on the front of the blouse and in front of the cap will be stitched in white letters, "E. O. C." meaning Electric Omnibus of Chicago. Heavy boots and gloves will complete the uniform.

Mrs. Lund, whose office is in the Marquette building, has issued a prospectus, announcing that the capital of the company will be \$150,000, with shares of \$10 each. Nearly all of the shares have been sold, many to prominent society women, and the only present cause for delay is in building of the omnibuses. Contracts for twenty electric omnibuses have been given to the Chicago Electric Vehicle Company. It is the intention of the omnibus company to later manufacture their own vehicles.

The electric omnibuses will be painted dark red, with black and yellow touches in the decorations. Large plate-glass windows will be on either side, the seats will be upholstered and the entrance will be from the rear. Each car will seat between twenty and thirty people. Electric multiple motors will be used.

Besides the North Side route, on which the omnibuses will as soon as possible be put in service, Mrs. Lund intends to promote a scheme for electric omnibuses on the South Side.

While the fare on the omnibuses is 10 cents, the passenger has the added convenience over the trolley or cable cars, of being put off at her own home and also of being transferred anywhere in the city.

Mrs. Lund is the woman of the patent rights of the electric multiple motor, and if it is successful in the omnibus scheme, it has been said that the motor may be used on the elevated roads.

Mrs. Haviland H. Lund is one of Chicago's best-known women promoters. Personally she is an attractive little woman, with brown hair and brown eyes and wears nose glasses, which lend her an added dignity.

She is much interested in and enthusiastic for the success of her present plan, believing that Chicago women who cannot afford equipages of their own should have a better mode of transportation.

"Rapidly is the field for women's labor opening," said she.

"I believe that my plan for having women drivers and conductors on the 'bus line will be a godsend to many women whose health is so poor when they have indoor work. The omnibuses will be easy enough for a child to manage."

"My autobus line, which will be running by October, if not before, will greatly improve Chicago's transportation facilities."

### LIGNUMVITAE AS A FIREWOOD.

An odd wood for use in domestic fires is lignumvitae, which is used like driftwood and wreckage out of salt water in open fireplaces and in grates, for the sake of the various colored flames it produces in burning. The lignumvitae thus used is the refuse of mills working this wood, pieces not big enough or not suited for manufacture. As a firewood lignumvitae is a luxury, selling at about \$25 a ton. It is commonly sold in comparatively small lots as by the barrel.



## AUSTRALIAN PIONEERS. ROMANCE OF THE BRITISH CONVICT SYSTEM IN THE COLONIES.

By a Special Contributor.

POPULAR education has achieved few greater successes along the broad path of civilization than in ameliorating the condition of the criminal classes and in fitting the punishment to the delinquent on a basis of justice tempered by mercy pure as that defined by Portia in the Merchant of Venice.

No longer, in the light of medical jurisprudence, do we demand "an eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth," as laid down by Mosaic law; but on the contrary, "man's inhumanity to man" becomes, as time progresses, more and more of a memory, a romance and a regret.

From the Inquisition chambers of ancient Spain, the torture dungeons and Bridge of Sighs of the Adriatic coast, and the glare of the human torches that lit up Smithfield in medieval England, casting a dark shadow across the pages of history for all time, criminology advanced to the pillory and ducking stool of a century ago, but within the lifetime of men still living there were many crimes for which hanging was the penalty, while within the same time even the torture chair was used to extort confession in a case of witchcraft here in the New England States.

To within a comparatively short time ago one whole continent at the antipodes was known more as a dumping ground for convicts than in any other way. Australia, a country as large as the United States, was a receptacle for the outcasts of British society, the scum of her cities, male and female, from the illiterate sneak thief and ketcher of snatches and brawny safe-cracker to the highly-polished forger; to all appearances a scholar and a gentleman, whose ready brain and skillful penmanship had proved the destiny to shape his ends rough.

An intolerant aristocracy owned the soil, manufacturing the laws in their own interest, with but little regard for the mass of the people. Crimes against the person were as naught compared with offences against property. Better to beat one's wife to a jelly than to snare a rabbit on Lord Castle-mouldy's estate, and many a young man was transported to the prison hulk for nothing worse than poaching hares or pheasants. In the stifling holds of those convict galleys, sailing with their living freight across the Indian Ocean to the shores of New Holland, as Australia was formerly called, there were herded together all sorts and conditions of men, innocent and guilty. Young men suffering for the first careless slip from the straight path, mingled with the worst criminals that ever drew breath, to become as callous, as brutalized, as degraded as they, after a very few months of daily contact. There was no classification of criminals whatever. The convict system was, in fine, a huge state manufactory for criminals. There were but two classes in Australia in those days, the governing and the governed. It was death, according to the statute, so much as to raise one's hand to a jailer, and life was in general lightly valued where the subject classes were regarded as brute beasts of much less importance than a horse or a dog.

Where the sentence passed on a criminal was a matter of revenge rather than a means of social rehabilitation after punishment, the methods of correction were necessarily harsh; consisting of the halter, the hated triangles, on which a man was strapped while a muscular warder flogged the hide in strips off his fellow-creature's back; the dark cell, with starvation diet, which effectually cowed the most hardened criminal when all else had failed; the hardest and most degraded forms of labor on bread and water in quantities measured barely to support life, and, worst punishment of all to some natures, being placed under some bully of a warder, whose constant taunts and sneers without the power of reply, drove many a man to commit the act of retaliation for which the death penalty was exacted.

After a strong man had been lashed till the doctor, standing watch in pain, had held up his hand to denote that the limit of safety had been reached, he was taken to the hospital till his wounds had healed somewhat; but ever after this he was locked upon by the jailers as "dangerous." Those brief minutes on the triangles had in a flash altered his whole nature. He was now a brute beast whose hand was against every man, for life. An expirer, as a man is termed who has served out his term and has been released on a ticket-of-leave, herds only with his own class in his own haunts in after years, where he meets his old associates and is a menace to society as long as he lives, hating all free men and regarding them as hostiles. At night, in quiet bar parlors, when no strangers are present to listen, weird tales are recited with a gloating over unsavory details, and crimes enough are recalled to make one's blood run cold with horror. For every element of pity has been eliminated from the convict's mind by the final down process of "the system." The force of habit is strong. Walk up quietly behind an expirer, tap him on the shoulder suddenly, and cry "Halt, eyes right!" and he will immediately stand at attention till he sees he is being hoaxed. If he is carrying anything, he will drop it.

Many of the very worst characters were sent out to West Australia, the Gehenna of criminals. For years the colonists had, without success, put up a brave fight with Nature in the work of subduing the new country. Water was scant, labor scarce, and dear, droughts came often and markets were absent. In despair, the impoverished settlers rallied at King Log, and appealed to the home government for King Stork. They got him, too. The cheap labor problem was solved by the introduction of convicts, but the brand of Cain was placed on the brow of a young country and will take generations to wear away. A string of convict ships was kept busy dumping human refuse for many

years on those sandy shores, till the colony became a penal depot of officials in the pay of the home country, and the rest of the population was composed of degraded and brutalized criminals.

A convict, on landing, was first set to serve a portion of his sentence within the prison walls. The next step was outside work in chains, fetters and leg irons, where he was set to road making or quarrying rock under an escort of armed guards. One day's good conduct meant a mark in the ledger of credit of his account and signified a day off his sentence, so that, at the end of several years a life man found himself with a ticket-of-leave and free to hire out to any squatter who would employ him. All movements were under police supervision. He must report at stated intervals to the officials and must be in bed every night at 10 p.m. when in town. At concerts and plays, even now, it is quite usual to see some well-dressed man get up and leave before 10 o'clock. Though wealthy, perhaps, he is still a prisoner on a ticket-of-leave. Any free man could demand of a convict his name and ticket, anyone could report him for a hasty answer, and so it often happened that, after working for a year or so, his employer would pick a quarrel on some trifling pretense, report him, and, as a result, have his wages confiscated and obtain his services for another year for nothing.

This was so common among one community of settlers that, on the annual day set for a magistrate to hear complaints, the official used to repair to the banks of the deep creek that ran between his own lands and those of the settlement, and when the farmers had assembled on the further bank with their assigned servants, the official would shout his sentences across the stream to save him getting his feet wet by crossing over.

And yet, several of the chief businesses in West Australia were built up entirely through the commercial ability of these same convict servants, men who were "doing time" for financial frauds in England, convicted bank managers, clever forgers, and the cream of the criminal classes from Europe. The two leading law firms in the capital owe their prominence to men who had been ornaments to the legal profession at home, but made the trifling mistake of mixing up "meum" with "tuum."

In the city of Perth today is a well-known capitalist who, thirty years ago, was clad in the yellow dress with the broad arrow pattern bespotting it, one of the smartest forgers who ever defrauded the Bank of England. Caught and transported for life he made a bid for liberty and escaped to the bush. For weeks he baffled the keenest native "black-trackers," or trail-hunters, subsisting on roots and insects till hunger drove him to give himself up. Nothing daunted, he spent years getting information where he could and plotting a flight clear across 1500 miles of desert to the border of South Australia. His opportunity came and he gave his warders the slip. The hunt commenced soon afterward. From point to point they tracked him, always a day behind time, till one burning summer day, when the horses were half dead with thirst, the trail-riders came up with their quarry lying prostrate in the sand, more dead than alive. For days he had tasted nothing, and his swollen tongue showed that only a few more hours would have ended the tragedy. They took him back and a turn in the hospital brought fresh health and strength.

Once again, when suspicion was completely lulled, did the ingenuity of this man prompt another break for freedom. Aided by accomplices still free, who had come over from England to help him, he allowed himself to be fastened up in a box ventilated by holes bored in its sides, and sent as deck freight round the coast to Adelaide.

The 2000-mile trip was accomplished in safety and the box was left on the wharf for its consignees to claim. There was a weak link in the chain, however, for the accomplice who was to meet the case in Adelaide had been arrested on some charge or other; and after lying in that cramped space for many days, the unfortunate man had to attract attention to save his life, and was taken out more dead than alive and sent back to serve out his term. He finally obtained his release and started to peddle books and papers. From this he came to own a stationery store, and today lucky investments have made him a wealthy man. Still he cannot leave the country; all his money and influence have failed to break the convict rule and bring him permission to return home for a visit merely. For to the end of his days he is a ticket-of-leave man under police supervision.

Outside the fair city of Perth there is still standing a big old gum tree, on which the before-breakfast hangings used to be performed. The batch of convicts was taken from the cells on the previous afternoon, marched into court, heavily manacled, and the warder read over the charge sheet. The counts were various. One man has been taunted beyond endurance by an overbearing officer till, in his desperation, he has raised the first thing that came to hand to strike his tormentor with in his forehead. The provocation is omitted from the pleadings; the deadly designs of the prisoner are emphasized, and the sentence delivered is, hanging by the neck at daylight next morning. Another man is condemned to the triangles, and a third to the dark cells. The list is completed, and Fouquier de Timville himself, the "Captain Guillotine" of the French revolution, might have blushed, had he been present.

At dawn on the following day a platoon of troops, with rifles reversed, escorted the condemned malefactors to the gallows. The sleek chaplain mumbled his prayers. The halters were fired around the necks of the doomed men, and, as the cart on which they were standing, is withdrawn from beneath them, the dangling bodies executed a death dance on the air. Justice was avenged and an appetite for breakfast gained.

Any day about noon, as you walk along the principal street of Perth, the capital, you will run into a polished gentleman immaculately dressed, with a shiny top hat, a flower in his coat and a cigar in his mouth. Many signs of friendly recognition greet him as he struts complacently along. Now let us look back twenty years or so. We are in London, where the Russian Consul is holding a conference with the directors of the Bank of England. The subject of the palaver is a matter involving tens of thousands

of pounds. Russian bonds are being forged and sold in England on a stupendous scale. All the efforts of the police in both countries are at fault, failing to furnish the faintest clue to the perpetrators of the colossal fraud. What human ingenuity, aided by the trained wit of the detective, have failed to compass, blind chance has accomplished. A laborer is working on the London docks, his hands delivered from a steamboat lately arrived from the East. Walking up the wharf with his load, the laborer drops a pebble and upsets the box he is totting onto the wharf. It breaks in falling, and a bundle of ordinary handkerchiefs drops out, scattering as it falls. The tally clerk, one to replace the stub he is checking off the list, picks up the handkerchiefs. Sharpening it, he finds it is nothing more than a hollow tube. His knife cuts into a roll of paper and he discovers a Russian bond. The man is a Russian. The man is informed of what has happened, and, following up the lead within a week lay bare as daylight the whole plot of fraud and deception. The trial is a sensational one, held in high places, while the West Australian convicts soon afterward have to convey some carefully selected prisoners to the living death of the felon transport life. Good conduct results in due season in a ticket-of-leave, and a merchant engages the services of the smartest men in the country to build up his business. Connection is obvious; but rich and influential as the subject of Queen Victoria, he has neither vote nor influence to attempt to leave the colony.

The convict police were given comprehensive powers. When the first diggers came over to that desert waste in response to the craze for the gold discovered in California, they constituted an army of the most independent men in the world; men who had lived under all sorts of laws, learned to value freedom wherever they found it, and had no reference to the government that gave it them. Their appearance, they were held up by the police that were everywhere and were asked the question nightly: "Are you free?" Every working man was liable to be arrested in a convict settlement. A knock-down blow was never generally, till the police came to the colonies, even a rough miner was not necessarily a criminal. It was no unusual thing in those days for a police officer to enter a lodging-house, and, pulling the door open, find a man asleep, turn a bullseye lantern on his face, demand his name and means of livelihood. On the colony a passport was necessary, duly signed, and a description of the holder, his name, address, occupation, how long he was staying in the place. Without the passport of the United States could not have been a card of police at the docks.

One of the Governors sent out to rule over the colony in the sixties, was a severe and puritanical man called Hampton. He was a strict disciplinarian, soon earned for himself the title of "Bloody Hampton." The measures he employed, the hanging and flogging of the convicts. His reputation preceded him when he landed at Fremantle, the port of the colony, and pomp and panoply of officialdom turned out to meet him. Carpets were laid down on the wharf, bands were played, the aristocracy of the cat and triangles turned out, while over from the landing place, posted heavily-manacled convicts delving in the blast of the sun, under the rifles of their guards and the bayoneted taskmasters. Wearily they watched the pageant of contrast between their condition and that of the free world clad throng on the wharf filling their seared souls with bitterness of rankling hate. Presently the Governor's staff reached the foot of the cliff, when, at a signal, the ring-leader, every convict, dropping his ball of twine, stood erect, as they shouted in a hoarse, time-worn melody, "Britons never shall be slaves." A salt sweat stood out on their scarred brows, and their tear coursed down the furrowed faces as the old chant floated down to the astonished ears of the vice-regal party beneath them. In vain the warders, the lash, those deep-stirring emotions could not be suppressed, and the song went on to its finish. For the first time, in those stolen moments, a living hell opened in the goal walls, that night, and the convicts were taken to the methods of the human butcher who had commenced his reign of terror over them.

There still lives today a man known as "The Knight," whose boast it is over his cups that, in the past, when he was a knight of the cat of nine tails, one of his on the bare back of the victim, a blood-smear triangle fetched a stream of sweat that he could dog a man to unconsciousness in a day and kill him, if allowed, in a hundred. With the Governor most frequented by the "lads," as convicts may often be seen Jeffries and Barrett, who, in the age, consummated the biggest robbery of the day.

Right opposite the Royal Exchange in London is a principal jewelry store and silversmith's shop in the city. All night long the electric light burns on the premises, showing to the policeman on the beat the passers-by the whole interior. Yet this place was its contents, tens of thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry, was abstracted under the glare of the electric light, and disappeared for months without a trace. The accomplished deed is a night. An accomplice stationed on the roof of the building with one of the fully-devised system of wires was run down the side of the place to the show-rooms, where another man had contrived to secret himself during the day. The men were got inside, later on, and hid behind the counter. After the busy streets were quiet, a signal came down from the roof and the men commenced. Outside, the policeman paced the street, a searching glance into the brightly-lit show-rooms, but no sooner had he got clear of the window than the crackers came out of their hiding places and were ready for hours they continued, till the safe was opened

November 18, 1900.

ever the officer returned, retreated to the shadows, their chance, the gang made the city rang with the noise of the thieves could be for case, at last put into the A female pickpocket of the treated for some trivial her bodice a brooch rec She was dumb as a mut a prison cell on a min plished the rest. A fema was put into the same cell the confidence of the other whereabouts of the man Arrests followed, and one evidence, giving the whole led to the transportation of of convict life in Australia ties of their sentences in places and started in busin a prosperous watchmaker, blacksmith, the third has an independent. All are we they rank high in the arist tion is as marked as any longer despising the safe-cr down on the sneak thief, wh malefactor regards all other than him. The distinction term of penal servitude. Known as the "Fenians" for martyrs, on being transported on it and were not herded in crime being of a political na Tollope, the novelist, once during the convict regime, a gauge his impressions of the passport before he was allo among other comments, defin of sin, sand, and sorrow, wh the birds no ceng, and the conditions prevail today, of past has painted a lurid str time will never entirely obl men are dying off and their d dwell on their connection w the iron-grated windows and glass, are gradually being pul sponable government has suc tration. So by process of coming dinner in the light names of notorious convicts to frighten their children to sh of early days become useful adorn a tale."

## REMOVING TAR A TURKISH BATH PRO TALE TOLD IN N

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]  
sitting in the cozy corner of other day, reading the paper comments. "Hal! hal!" chuckle they tarred and feathered a c the country last night. Served must have looked funny, saunt in pitch and plumage!" "Did y not feathered?" asked a red-die. "No? Well, let me s some thing. I saw one case in my life. It was in the fall, in response to a general request, removing a Turkish bath-house in a big athletic man of about 35, hot bath. A little later he rang and when I entered the room I supplied over. From his feet a half-baked black chicken. As he had been waylaid by a party Sheridan, right in the heart of coal strike is now in progress, tar and feathers. He was sup tective who had been sent to p of the miners' societies, and I g correct. Anyhow, they did a v dently stopped at his neck to giv of the district without attracti really a pretty shrewd move.  
"The question before the hou stuff off, and a more difficult pro had ridden over one hundred m tar had become perfectly dry. I tracted slightly and pulled out hairs with which all human being crum, caused him intense ag chocked up all the pores, and, if of superb physique, I am satie cumbered before he reached the city hot bath to begin with, and set a tort to scrubbing him with flesh b In a little while we saw that w a few small pieces, but the ski them, and I stopped the faying b ensine. That had about as muc Krupp armor plate. Then I had to admit himself puzzled. I few cases of tarring and feather something had to be done quick, warm turpentine. That proved t but it was desperately slow work, had to be kept up on stimulants, f weak. Eventually the turpentine we got it off with soft soap; think it took? Five days—worki stand it. When we got through month. I got \$150 for the job. Nothing humorous about tar and s close range."



A man known as "Flagg" in his cups that, in the good old way of the cat o' nine tails, over the back of the victim strapped to a bench, fetched a stream of ruddy blows to unconsciousness in fifty blows, in a hundred. With him in the "laga," as convicts would say and Barret, who, after the biggest robbery of the day, had been in the Exchange in London is the place of a silver-smith's shop in that place electric light blazes within the policeman on the beat and in the interior. Yet this place was filled with commands of dollars' worth of things under the glare of the lights without a trace. Three survivors of a night. An accomplice was in the building with ease, and a woman was run down over the street, where another of the men himself during the day. Two other men, and hid behind the door. Many streets were deserted, and the roof and the real work of the policeman paced the sidewalk, and the brightly-lit store as he passed clear of the window than the men hid their places and went to bed, till the safe was opened.

**GEORGE HOPE.**

**TURKISH BATH PROPRIETOR'S GREWSOME  
TALE TOLD IN NEW ORLEANS.**

The question before the house was how to get the stuff off, and a more difficult problem I never tackled. He had ridden over one hundred miles in the cars, and the tar had become perfectly dry. In hardening it had contracted slightly and pulled out millions of the minute hairs over which all human beings are covered, which, of course, caused him intense agony. Moreover, it had soaked up all the pores, and, if he had not been a man of superb physique, I am satisfied he would have succumbed before he reached the city. Well, I put him in a hot bath to begin with, and set a couple of massage operators to scrubbing him with flesh brushes and carbolic soap. In a little while we saw that wouldn't do. They got off a few small pieces, but the skin came off along with them, and I stopped the flaying and tried sponging with turpentine. That had about as much effect as spring water on a rusty armor plate. Then I sent for a doctor, who came to admit himself puzzled. He said he had had very much experience of tarring and feathering in his practice; but nothing had to be done quick, so he tried soaking in turpentine. That proved to be the correct thing, but it was desperately slow work, and meanwhile the man had to be kept up on stimulants, for he was getting very weak. Eventually the turpentine dissolved the tar, and I got it off with soft sponges; but how long do you think it took? Five days—working on and off, as he could stand it. When we got through he was laid up for a week. I got \$150 for the job. No, gentlemen, there is no humorous about tar and feathers when seen at

*By a Special Contributor.*

The mother goldfinch sat on a nearby branch while I bemoaned her house and asked me "Why, why?" in such plaintive tone that, unable to answer satisfactorily to at least, I decided to move on. Just then you came on board, and in tuneful voice seemed to say, "Well-sir, you-er-see-a-pretty-home-than-this?" It certainly is a home to be proud of. May it long be spared the afflictions of the birds of the air.

I think the crowning joy of my arroyo experience was finding, within its precincts, my first humming-bird's nest. The sight of that little down cup with its fairy-like wicker atop, gave me a thrill of joy that can be understood only by the bird student of the East who has tramped many a mile in search of such a prize and failed to find it—as I have often done. It was the nest of Costa's humming bird, perhaps the most abundant of the several species that are found in Southern California. The bird flew off as I approached the nest, which was wedged on a tiny, horizontal limb of a young pine tree. There were the two white, elliptical eggs, by actual measurement thirty-hundredths of an inch in diameter by half an inch in length; smallest eggs laid by any of the feathered creation. Three or four bird feathers of small size had been used in the construction of this nest; others formed a part of every Costa's nest that I found at summer. I have in my possession a nest of the black-chinned humming bird sent to me by a friend at Terra Marde. It was fastened to the upper side of a large leaf, and made entirely of yellowish down. This kind of nest is characteristic of the black-chinned hummer. A teacher's son once showed me a hummer's nest in his father's peach orchard, in which were two baby birds. That odd-looking creatures they were—black, uncomely little things about the size of bumble bees, and giving no promise of the gorgeously-clad "jeweled sprites" they would be when fully feathered. I watched from a distance as the mother fed them; she put her long, slender bill down the throat of a baby bird and by great effort—it seemed to me—forced the food down. But I am wondering from my arroyo, and must not forget to make mention of the one occasion on which I saw a bee bird dislodged. This bee bird, otherwise known as the Arkansas warbler, with all the airs of his eastern relative, the yellow bird, presumed to lord it over the smaller birds that frequented one portion of the arroyo. On several occasions I had seen him at his tricks. Perched on an electric-light wire strung near the arroyo entrance, he would now and then make frantic dashes after such birds as might alight in the trees near him. He pursued a pair of those interesting birds, the Phainopepla, all through the pepper trees one day—which was not at all pleasing to me as I was very anxious to find a Phainopepla home. I had been told that they were among the few birds that nested in pepper trees. They were beautiful birds, with shiny blue-black plumage, except a white space on each wing, that showed only when the bird was in flight. Alas! for my hopes that the pair might build where I could see them. The tyrannical bee bird had driven them off! But he met his match one day when he attempted to chase a mocker. That brave fellow stood his ground, determined not to be driven off by an ordinary bird, and actually turned the tables and became the hunter, three times routing the bee bird, finally compelling him to take refuge in the innermost recesses of a pepper tree. The victorious mocker mounted to the former haunts of the bee bird, and the last I saw of him he was hanging his long tail in triumph and giving vent to harsh, rant screams.

HENRY LEONARD GRAHAM.

**HENRY LEONARD GRAHAM**



## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

## "Old Chestnuts."

IT IS said that a certain Cleveland lady whose handsome home is in an ultra-fashionable section of the city, was called East while her home was undergoing the renovating and refurnishing process. During her absence, a man was specially engaged to hang the pictures. Among them were a number of excellent copies of the world's greatest works of art, and the man, an artist, found his task a labor of love.

With great care he hung the more valuable copies in the roomy reception hall, and had just finished his task when the lady returned.

Her eyes snapped when she surveyed his work.

"Who hung those old chestnuts there?" she cried.

"Old masters, madam," said the startled artist.

"Old chestnuts I say—it's the same thing. If you hung them take them down. I won't have them there. With new furniture, new decorations, and new carpets and rugs, I'll have new pictures, too. Who ever heard of such old trumpery stuff in a strictly modern house?"

"And what shall I do with the—old chestnuts, madam?" the artist inquired.

"Oh, dump them in the attic until I can get rid of them," replied the lady.

And there the "chestnuts" lie, Madonnas and cherubs and all, gathering dust and calmly awaiting the getting-rid-of process.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

## English Election Humors.

EVERY election produces its crop of amusing yarns, and that of 1895, the last general election held in Great Britain and Ireland, was no exception to this merry rule. Here are a few carefully selected episodes, showing the funny side of the contest:

At Beccles a free and independent voter was observed going to the poll in a donkey cart. The motive power of the vehicle was profusely decorated with the Radical colors, while the voter wore a Tory rosette. Challenged as to this seeming inconsistency, he cheerily replied: "Oh, I'm going to vote for Foster, the Conservative candidate; my donkey's for Singleton (the Radical); but then he's an ass!"

Kingston-on-Thames was contested by Mr. Skewes-Cox in the Conservative interest. His opponent was a Mr. Burt. The Radical agent placarded the town with a "Ex-Skewes Cox, and vote for Burt." Nevertheless, in spite of this artful invitation, the Tory nominee was returned with a very respectable majority.

The member returned for South Oxfordshire, Mr. Hermon Hodge, was a local man, and he was opposed by Mr. H. Samuel in the Radical interest. The fact of Mr. Hodge's residence in the division naturally gave him a pull, and this was sought to be discounted by the Radicals in the following way: Thousands of placards were distributed, bearing the words, "Mr. Samuel, if elected, will live here." Unhappily, the bill posters employed by Mr. Samuel's agent were destitute of a sense of humor or else they were secretly of Conservative proclivities, for a good many of the announcements found their way on to the walls of pigsties, outhouses and other undesirable places, thus giving rise to much ribald jesting.

The late Col. North, contesting a division of Leeds, took voters to the poll on a fire engine, on which were seated two doughty fighters—Jem Mace and Dick Burge; and Mr. Faithful Begg anticipated the "bosses" of the American Presidential election by speaking his addresses into phonographs, which were subsequently distributed about the constituency. Once more did this effete old country anticipate the go-ahead Yankee!—[London Mail.]

## Too Much for the Photographer.

A PROFESSIONAL photographer tells a tale of a practical joke.

One day a young man came to sit for his likeness. To the ordinary eye he looked like any other young man. A couple of plates were exposed, and then the assistant who was operating went into the darkroom to develop the negatives.

He was gone much longer than usual, and was heard berating the junior assistant pretty soundly for playing pranks with the apparatus. When he returned to the studio he asked for another sitting, and apologized for having before used spoiled plates.

This time when he went away to develop, he was heard to utter a slight scream, but he reappeared and said there was a peculiar effect in the negative which he couldn't account for, and would the sitter oblige him again.

Once more he went to develop; then the bell rang violently for the master, and the two held a long conversation in the darkroom together. This time the master tried his hand, and went away to develop. It was not long before he returned and said he was sorry not to be able to get a satisfactory likeness, but a skull and crossbones appeared defined on the young man's forehead.

"Rubbish!" said the sitter; "my forehead's all right. Can you see anything the matter with my forehead?" and he peered into a mirror as he spoke.

"No, there's nothing that I can see," answered the photographer. "But I should be obliged if you will please go away and not come here again; this sort of thing is just a wee bit creepy."

Upon this, there was a dreadful scene; but the upshot was that the young man had to go, and up to the present has not returned.

The explanation of the matter is that the young man was a bit of a scientist, and had been playing a joke on the photographer. Bisulphate of quinine is a chemical

which is white in the naked eye, but seen black by the camera. Anything that is painted on the skin, therefore, with the chemical, will be ordinarily invisible, but will come out prominently in a photograph.—[London Tri-Bits.]

## Made it Bigger.

WHEN a man with warm blood in his veins becomes a father, he takes delight in the mischief of his offspring, even though he be called upon to discipline them under the scriptural recipe that spares not the rod. This is from a staid exemplar of good morals and good citizenship in Detroit, and a man whose check is always cashed without the formality of looking up his account.

"The little rascal is only four," he chuckled; "but, like a prize-fighter, too; but he has one of those three-story heads and an imagination that just gets to going and puts him in a world of his own."

"We took him along on an outing of six weeks this summer, and that little shaver reported more railroad wrecks and more disasters by water, than have actually occurred in the last ten years. He'd come running to me, all excitement, and turn pale while he was relating these awful calamities. The sound of a locomotive whistle or the sight of another boat was enough to set him going, and it did not take three minutes to kill off a few scores of his fellow-beings."

"I concluded that I would check this inclination. This conviction seized me just as we had settled down in a quiet little resort where a chicken was the most ferocious thing in sight. The first day, in the forenoon, he came rushing in, out of breath, but full of talk."

"Papa," he shouted, "a rattlesnake chased me for twenty miles."

"Here was the opportunity for the first lesson. I told him that there were no rattlesnakes anywhere near us and impressed upon him the wickedness of lying. When I saw tears in his eyes I flattered myself upon the impression I had made. I felt prouder still when he squared his little shoulders and looked at me as I thought Washington looked in the cherry-tree episode."

"Now, George," I asked, sternly, "did a rattlesnake chase you?"

"No, papa; it was a wispy bear."—[Detroit Free Press.]

## Congressman Allen's Story.

ALLEN tells many funny stories of himself. One of his funniest experiences he says, happened at the Ponce de Leon Hotel in Florida. Ten years ago he visited this famous resort, and, after registering, was shown to a suite of rooms on the parlor floor.

"When the bellboy disappeared," Mr. Allen says, "I looked around and it struck me at first that I had bumped up against a pretty good thing. Why, do you know, the carpets on those floors must have been of real velvet, and about six inches thick. They had silver-mounted hair brushes and combs and fancy fixings till you couldn't dress, and the size of that room was about the same as the corner lot that we used to play ball on when I was a boy. Now, I ain't a very rich man, and when I got to thinking about it, I began to get scared."

"John, old man," I said to myself, "you'd better investigate this thing before you go any further." So I slipped down to the barroom and laying fifteen cents on the bar, asked for a drink of whisky. The bartender gave me the whisky all right, but he said it was thirty cents. I paid it and, going over to the cigar counter, I hauled out a nickel and asked for a cigar. The young man told me that he didn't keep anything less than twenty-five cents. Then I stepped back to my room and rang for a bellboy. When he came up, I gave him a half-dollar and said: "Son, don't say anything to anybody, but just go down and rubber around a little and find out how much they charge a day for these rooms." You see, I was getting uneasy. That boy came back in about ten minutes and told me that rooms were only worth \$40 a day.

"That being pretty nearly all the money I had with me, I saw I had to do something pretty quick. I just grabbed my valise and headed for the counter. When I got there I looked very serious and told the clerk that I had just discovered that it was absolutely necessary for me to be in Jacksonville that evening. 'Just make out my bill for the time that I have been here,' I said, 'and I'll pay it and catch the next train.'"

"The clerk said, 'Really, Mr. Allen, we can't let you go so soon. We had expected that you would stay with us a week at least. Just let me send your grip back to your room and you telegraph your friends in Jacksonville that you won't be there.'"

"I told him that it was very kind, but I just had to go and for him to make out the bill right away. 'Well, if you must go,' he replied, 'I suppose you must, but there ain't any bill. Mr. Plant telegraphed us yesterday that you were to be the guest of the house as long as you stayed here, and that we were to do everything that we could to make you comfortable.'"

"Now wouldn't that make you feel sad? But I went."—[Philadelphia North American.]

## Withheld Sentence for Twenty Years.

JUDGE HAMILTON FINNEY formerly presiding over the police court at Kansas City, has by long odds the time record for holding a case under advisement. Twenty years is the time, and the case is not decided yet.

It was when Judge Guinotte was a young law student in the office of Tichenor & Warner. He had a case in one of the justices' courts one day, which had been postponed on two or three occasions. On this particular day he demanded a trial. The lawyer on the other side, a man very unpopular with all judges and attorneys, grew abusive. Then he became so insulting that young Guinotte's French blood boiled over, and he threw a heavy inkstand at the man, striking him on the head. The result was that Guinotte was arrested for disturbing the peace. He

went before Judge Finney the next morning in the court.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge.

"Guilty," answered Mr. Guinotte.

Ordinarily that would settle a case. The judge is supposed to have no alternative except to punish or acquit. Finney scowled.

"Young man," he said, "this is a case of a aggravated assault. You actually struck this man with an inkstand. It's so serious I'll take the matter under advisement."

He still has it under advisement, and the matter will be understood from the conversation between the judge and Mr. Tichenor after court had adjourned on the day of the trial.

"You took Guinotte's case under advisement?" asked Tichenor.

"Yes," answered the judge, "but I ought to have him for not breaking that fellow's neck."—[Chicago Tribune.]

## Depew's Tip to Sir Edwin.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, telling a story in London some time ago, explained why Senator Chamberlain Depew was prominent and liked by rich and poor. "I went to America, some years ago," Sir Edwin said, "and asked Dr. Depew what I must do to win popularity in the American people."

"You get in with the New York newspaper men," Dr. Depew advised me. I have done it and they have

me talked about. It pays to be popular with them."

"I took Dr. Depew's advice," continued Sir Edwin, "and found it both agreeable and exciting. I never knew how was to be pictured next. However, it was all in a good-natured way, and was taken as it was. I have never posed as a thing of beauty, but it was a thing of a check to me the day after Dr. Depew gave the advice to pick up a paper which said in large type: 'Sir Edwin Arnold is nobody's beauty.' That told the truth, and I enjoyed the personal reflection. I would have resented it had Dr. Depew not told me what to expect."—[New York World.]

## When the Train Came In.

"HICKY!" shouted an old colored woman, who shambled up to the Pullman on a southern road. "Hicky, my son, Ah's glad yo's got wuk."

The tall youth in blue and brass slowly turned and said:

"Where you addressing me, mother?"

"Cartinly, Hicky! Doan suppose Ah was talkin' to cyah, do yo? But yo' doan seem glad to see me mammy?"

"Let me request you not to call me Hicky, mother."

"Ain't dat yo' name, boy?"

"No, my name is Henry."

"Well, 'twas Hicky when yo' toated clothes wuked aroun' de stables."

"We will not argue that point; only grant my request."

"Who is yo' lately, anyhow?"

"I am the trusted porter of this car. I command the wealth and culture of our land. My position is more essential than that of the conductor's."

"Huh!"

"Please do not sit that old bag so near; your dust may get on my shoes."

"Huh!"

"And I think you had better stand clear, mother, pull out in a minute."

"Well, kiss yo' mammy, Hicky."

"Not now; some other time, maybe."

"De Lawd hab mussey."

"And mother, I wish you would not depreciate my

ing with the company by appearing around here."

The old woman drew a deep breath.

"Good-by, Hicky, good-by. Ah calls yo' Hicky wuz de sweet lil' chap dat used to call me Hicky years ago. Oh, Ah thank de good Lawd dat Ah hab boys to change en be ashamed ob me. But, boy, listen en high cloth en gran' words ain't eberything. Splintahs am flyin' en de iron twistin' en de steam en yo'll call out fo' yo' ol' mammy toe nuss yo' hab de wagon run obah yo' ol' de stable. Good-by!"

The whistle screamed and the train was moving.

The old colored woman continued picking up coal and shifting engines.—[Chicago News.]

## The Bald-Headed Lawyer.

THE absent-minded lawyer that was the subject of humorous recollection by one of Detroit's members of the bar, furnished him with another reminiscence.

"This lawyer," said he, "was quite bald—'a fact' the most peculiarly bald man I believe I ever saw. Baldness began at his eyebrows and furrowed its way back to his neck. The growth of hair on each side quite luxuriant by contrast, so that with his hair presented a peculiar type of manly beauty that had cultivated by degrees, like the taste for mushrooms, Limburger cheese. He was quite sensitive about his personal appearance, and when on the street, he would well down over his head to hide the rear end of his Though clever and prominent in his profession, he had the reputation of being rather unscrupulous and

"One day when court was not in session, he sat in the basement in his absent-minded way. He was deep study and his hat was well down over his head, leaving the rear cranial surface prominently exposed."

"Oh, mamma," chirped a little girl, "at man's faces."

"What a precocious child!" remarked a lawyer for his fund of dry humor, and whose knowledge of absent-minded one's shady doings was intimate.—[Free Press.]

November 18, 1900.]

## THE MOO

By Garrett

[Con-

## XII—Better Than Alchem

COME now to a part of the nineteenth century. I been deemed altogether toward the solution of the although men even then held ing it; power which, after the fore we had made them fam

For six months after Hall I heard nothing from him. I desire to know what he was in his retirement. In as usual in the world, only several discoveries of small

Tolson, a fact which recalls my friend when he dislodged during our ascent of

"Come at once. The myste

(Signed)

As soon as I could pack a gr miles an hour. On reaching S enormous strides since the op

owing to the extension of which already ranked with the financial capitals of the laboratory. He was there exp

greeting, during which his manifest, he said:

"I am compelled to ask you found it impossible to secure and, before opening my experi new laboratory in an unfrequ

tains this side of Lake Tahoe with the exception of my tw my apparatus, and you shall critical experiment."

"Then you have not yet co

secret?"

"Yes, I have; for I am as had seen it, but I thought you me at the death."

From the nearest railway st laboratory, which occupied a site at an elevation of about level. With considerable surp

mounted with a dome, recalling the Grand Teton on the roof serving my look-alike signifi

laboratory proper occupied a s domed structure. Hall led the ing but a single door and illum

"This is my sanctum sanctor the first outsider to enter it. while I proceed to unveil a litt

"Near one end of the room, w is length, with a table on which inches in diameter and thirty l

end of the tube gleamed a lum took to be gold. Hall and I w about twenty-five feet distant

table was an apparatus furnis whose optical axis was directe

used to me at once that this a be experimenting with electric to the floor, and in the cellar be

ing of an engine. My compani two and then remarked:

"Now, keep your eyes on the end of the tube yonder. The-tul I am about to concentrate upon

influence which will have the cathode pen. I only use this

tion. You will recall that as long it was known that a cathode in

project particles of atoms of its lines. Now watch!"

I fixed my attention upon the enveloped in a most beautiful v

intense until, at times, it was bl moment, the interior of the tub

charged with a luminous vapor of "Watch! Watch!" said Hall. the tube."

"Why it is becoming coated w He smiled, but made no repl continued. The pink vapor becom

of gold was no longer visible, al light glared piercingly through



# THE MOON METAL.

By Garrett P. Serviss.

(Continued.)

## Better Than Alchemy.

COME now to a part of my narrative which would have been deemed altogether incredible in those closing years of the nineteenth century that witnessed the first steps toward the solution of the deepest mysteries of the ether; although men even then held in their hands, without knowing it, powers which, after they had been mastered and before we had made them familiar, seemed no less than god-given.

For six months after Hall's departure for San Francisco I had known from him. Notwithstanding my intense desire to know what he was doing, I did not seek to disturb him in his retirement. In the mean time things ran on as usual in the world, only a ripple being caused by the discovery of small nuggets of artemisium on the coast of Alaska, which recalled to my mind the remark of the old philosopher when he dislodged a flake of the metal from the summit of Mount Olympus. At last one day I received this telegram at my office in New York:

"SAN FRANCISCO, May 16, 1900.

Dear Sir: The mystery is solved.

"HALL."  
As soon as I could pack a grip I was flying westward, too late to see him. On reaching San Francisco, which had made enormous strides since the opening of the twentieth century, owing to the extension of our oriental possessions, and which was now ranked with New York and Chicago among the financial capitals of the world, I hastened to Hall's laboratory. He was there expecting me, and, after a hearty greeting, during which his elation over his success was manifest, he said:

"I am compelled to ask you to make a little journey. I found it impossible to secure the necessary privacy here, and, before opening my experiments, I selected a site for a new laboratory in an unfrequented spot among the mountainside this side of Lake Tahoe. You will be the first man, with the exception of my two devoted assistants, to see my apparatus, and you shall share the sensation of the actual experiment."

"Then you have not yet completed your solution of the moon?"  
"No, I have; for I am as certain of the result as if I had seen it, but I thought you were entitled to be in with me at the birth."

From the nearest railway station we took horses to the laboratory, which occupied a secluded, but most beautiful spot at an elevation of about six thousand feet above sea level. With considerable surprise I noticed a building surrounded with a dome, recalling what we had seen from the Grand Teton on the roof of Dr. Syx's mill. Hall, observing my look, smiled significantly, but said nothing. The laboratory proper occupied a smaller building adjoining the main structure. Hall led the way into an apartment having but a single door and illuminated by a skylight.

"This is my sanctum sanctorum," he said, "and you are the first outsider to enter it. Seat yourself comfortably while I proceed to unveil a little corner of the artemisium mystery."

At one end of the room, which was about thirty feet high, was a table on which lay a glass tube about two inches in diameter and thirty inches long. In the further end of the tube gleamed a lump of yellow metal which I took to be gold. Hall and I were seated near another table about twenty-five feet distant from the tube, and on this table was an apparatus furnished with a concave mirror. The optical axis was directed toward the tube. It occurred to me at once that this apparatus would be suitable for experimenting with electric waves. Wires ran from it to the floor, and in the cellar beneath was audible the best of an engine. My companion made an adjustment or two and then remarked:

"Now, keep your eyes on the lump of gold in the farther end of the tube yonder. The tube is exhausted of air, and is closed to concentrate upon the gold an intense electric field which will have the effect of making it a kind of luminous pole. I only use this term for the sake of illustration. You will recall that as long ago as the days of Crookes it was known that a cathode in an exhausted tube would project particles of atoms of its substance away in straight lines. Now watch!"

I found my attention upon the gold and presently saw it surrounded in a most beautiful violet light. This grew more intense until, at times, it was blinding, while, at the same moment, the interior of the tube seemed to have become charged with a luminous vapor of a delicate pinkish hue.

"Watch! Watch!" said Hall. "Look at the nearer end of the tube!"

"Why is it becoming coated with gold?" I exclaimed.  
"No," he said, but made no reply. Still the strange process continued. The pink vapor became so dense that the lump of gold was no longer visible, although the eye of violet light gleamed piercingly through the colored fog. Every second the deposit of metal, shining like a mirror, increased, until suddenly there came a curious whistling sound. Hall, who had been adjusting the mirror, jerked away his hand and gave it a slip, as if hot water had splattered it, and then the light in the tube quickly died away, the vapor ceased, filling the room with a peculiar stimulating odor, and I perceived that the end of the glass tube had been melted through, and the molten gold was slowly dripping from it.

"I carried it a little too far," said Hall, ruefully rubbing the back of his hand, "and when the glass gave way under the electric bombardment, a few atoms of gold visited my nose. But there is no harm done. You observe that the instant the air reached the cathode, as I for convenience call the electrified mass of gold, the action ceased."

"But you need to continue your smile," I said, "in a moment you expect to the air."

"No," he replied, "but in the first place, of course, this is really an anode, just as the other is not actually a cathode. As science advances we are compelled, for a time, to use old terms in a new sense, until a fresh nomenclature can be invented. But we are now dealing with a form of action more subtle in its effects than any at present

described in the text-books and the transactions of learned societies. I have not yet even attempted to work out the theory of it. I am only concerned with its facts."

"But wonderful as the exhibition you have given is, I do not see," I said, "how it concerns Dr. Syx and his artemisium."

"Listen," replied Hall, settling back in his chair, after disconnecting his apparatus. "You no doubt have been told how one night the Syx engine was heard working for a few minutes, the first and only night work it was ever known to have done, and how, hardly had it started up, when a fire broke out in the mill, and the engine was instantly stopped. Now there is a very remarkable story connected with that, and it will show you how I got my first clue to the mystery, although it was rather a more suspicious than a glew, for at first I could make nothing of it. The alleged fire occurred about a fortnight after our discovery of the double tunnel. My mind was then full of suspicions concerning Syx, because I thought that a man who would fool people with one hand was not likely to deal fairly with the other."

"It was a glorious night, with a full moon, whose face was so clear in the limpid air that, having found a snug place at the foot of a yellow pine tree, where the ground was carpeted with odoriferous needles, I lay on my back and renewed my early acquaintance with the romantic y-named mountains and 'seas' of the Lunar globe. With my binocular I could trace those long white streaks which radiate from the crater ring called 'Tycho' and run hundreds of miles in all directions over the moon. As I gazed at these singular objects I recalled the various theories which astronomers, puzzled by their enigmatical aspect, have offered to a more or less confiding public concerning them."

"In the midst of my meditations and moon gazing I was startled by hearing the engine in the Syx works suddenly begin to run. Immediately a queer light, shaped like the beam of a ship's searchlight, but reddish in color, rose high in the moonlit heavens above the mill. It did not last more than a minute or two, for almost instantly the engine was stopped and with its stoppage the light faded and soon disappeared. The next day Dr. Syx gave it out that on starting up his engine in the night something had caught fire, which compelled him immediately to shut down again. The few who had seen the light, with the exception of your humble servant, accepted the doctor's explanation without question. But I knew there had been no fire, and Syx's anxiety to spread the lie led me to believe that he had narrowly escaped giving away a vital secret. I said nothing about my suspicions, but, upon inquiry, I found out that an extra and pressing order for metal had arrived from the Austrian government the very day of the pretended fire, and I drew the inference that Syx, in his haste to fill the order—his supply having been drawn low—had started to work, contrary to his custom, at night, and had immediately found reason to repent his rashness. Of course, I connected the strange light with this sudden change of mind."

"My suspicion having been thus stimulated, and having been directed in a certain way, I began, from that moment to notice closely the hours during which the engine labored. At night it was always quiet, except on that one brief occasion. Sometimes it began early in the morning and stopped about noon. At other times the work was done entirely in the afternoon, beginning sometimes as late as 3 or 4 o'clock and ceasing invariably at sundown. Then again it would start at sunrise and continue the whole day through."

"For a long time I was unable to account for these eccentricities, and the problem was not rendered much clearer, although a startling suggestiveness was added to it, when, at length, I noticed that the periods of activity of the engine had a definite relation to the age of the moon. Then I discovered, with the aid of an almanac, that I could predict the hours when the engine would be busy. At the time of new moon it worked all day; at full moon it was idle; between full moon and last quarter it labored in the forenoon, the length of its working hours increasing as the quarter was approached; between last quarter and new moon the hours of work lengthened until, as I have said, at new moon they lasted all day; between new moon and first quarter work began later and later in the forenoon, as the quarter was approached, and between first quarter and full moon the laboring hours rapidly shortened, being confined to the latter part of the afternoon, until at full moon complete silence reigned in the mill."

"Well! well!" I broke in, greatly astonished by Hall's singular recital, "you must have thought Dr. Syx was a cross between an alchemist and an astrologer."

"Note this," said Hall, disregarding my interruption, "the hours when the engine worked were invariably the hours during which the moon was above the horizon!"

"What did you infer from that?"

"Of course I inferred that the moon was directly concerned in the mystery, but how? That bothered me for a long time, but a little light broke into my mind when I picked up, on the mountainside, a dead bird, whose scorched feathers were bronzed with artemisium, and some time later another similar victim of a mysterious form of death. Then came the attack on the mine, and its tragic finish. I have already told you what I observed on that occasion. But instead of helping to clear up the mystery, it rather complicated it for a time. At length, however, I reasoned my way partly out of the difficulty. Certain things which I had noticed in the Syx mill convinced me that there was a part of the building whose existence no visitor suspected, and, putting one thing with another, I inferred that the roof must be open above that secret part of the structure, and that if I could get upon a sufficiently elevated place I could see something of what was hidden there."

"At this point in the investigation I proposed to you the trip to the top of the Teton, the result of which you remember. I had calculated the angles with great care, and I felt certain that from the apex of the mountain I should be able to get a view into the concealed chamber, and into just that side of it which I wished particularly to inspect. You remember that I called your attention to a shining object underneath the circular opening in the roof. You could not make out what it was, but I saw enough to convince me that it was a gigantic parabolic mirror. I'll show you a smaller one of the same kind presently."

"Now, at last, I began to perceive the real truth, but it was so wildly incredible, so infinitely remote from all hu-

man experience, that I hardly ventured to formulate it, even in my own secret mind. But I was bound to see the thing through to the end. It occurred to me that I could prove the accuracy of my theory with the aid of a kite. You were kind enough to lend your assistance in that experiment, and it gave me irrefragable evidence of the existence of a shaft of flying atoms extending in a direct line between Dr. Syx's pretended mine and the moon!"

"Hall!" I exclaimed, "you are mad!"  
My friend smiled good-naturedly and went on with his story.

"The instant the kite shriveled and disappeared I understood why the works were idle when the moon was not above the horizon; why birds flying across that fatal beam fell dead upon the rocks, and whence the terrible master of that mysterious mill derived the power of destruction that could wither an army, as the Assyrian host in Byron's poem,

"Melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!"

"But how did Dr. Syx turn the flying atoms against his enemies?" I asked.

"In a very simple manner. He had a mirror mounted so that it could be turned in any direction, and would shunt the stream of metallic atoms, heated by their friction with the air, toward any desired point. When the attack came he raised this machine above the level of the roof and swept the mob to a lustrious, if expensive, death."

"And the light at night?"

"Was the shining of the heated atoms, not luminous enough to be visible in broad day, for which reason the engine never worked at night, and the stream of volatilized artemisium was never set flowing at full moon, when the lunar globe is above the horizon only during the hours of darkness."

"I see," I said, "whence came the nuggets on the mountain. Some of the atoms, owing to the resistance of the air, fell short and settled in the form of impalpable dust until the winds and rains collected and compacted them in the cracks and crevices of the rocks."

"That was it, of course."

"And now," I added, my amazement at the success of Hall's experiments and the accuracy of his deductions, increasing every moment, "do you say that you have also discovered the means employed by Dr. Syx to obtain artemisium from the moon?"

"Not only that," replied my friend, "but within the next few minutes I shall have the pleasure of presenting to you a button of moon metal, fresh from the veins of Artemis herself."

## XIII—The Looting of the Moon.

I shall spare the reader a recital of the tireless efforts, continuing through many almost sleepless weeks, whereby Andrew Hall obtained his clue to Dr. Syx's method. It was manifest from the beginning that the agent concerned must be some form of etheric, or so-called electric, energy; but how to set it in operation was the problem. Finally he hit upon the apparatus for his initial experiments which I have already described.

"Recurring to what had been done more than half a century ago by Hertz, when he concentrated electric waves upon a focal point by means of a concave mirror," said Hall, "I saw that the key I wanted lay in an extension of these experiments. At last I found that I could transform the energy of an engine into undulations of the ether, which, when they had been concentrated upon a metallic object, like a chunk of gold, imparted to it an intense charge of an apparently electric nature. Upon thus charging a metallic body inclosed in a vacuum, I observed the energy imparted to it possessed the remarkable power of disrupting its atoms and projecting them off in straight lines, very much as occurs with a cathode in a Crookes's tube. But—and this was of supreme importance—I found that the line of projection was directly toward the apparatus from which the impulse producing the charge had come. In other words, I could produce two poles between which a marvelous interaction occurred. My transformer, with its concentrating mirror, acted as one pole, from which energy was transferred to the other pole, and that other pole immediately flung off atoms of its own substance in the direction of the transformer. But these atoms were stopped by the glass wall of the vacuum tube, and when I tried the experiment with the metal removed from the vacuum, and surrounded with air, it failed utterly."

"This at first completely discouraged me, until I suddenly remembered that the moon is in a vacuum, the great vacuum of interplanetary space, and that it possesses no perceptible atmosphere of its own. At this a great light broke around me, and I shouted 'Eureka!' Without hesitation I constructed a transformer of great power, furnished with a large parabolic mirror to transmit the waves in parallel lines, erected the machinery and buildings here, and when all was ready for the final experiment, telegraphed to you."

Prepared by these explanations, I was all on fire to see the thing tried. Hall was no less eager, and, calling in his two faithful assistants to make the final adjustments, he led the way into what he facetiously named "the lunar chamber."

"If we fail," he remarked, with a smile that had an element of weariness in it, "it will become the 'lunatic chamber'—but no danger of that. You observe this polished silver knob, supported by a metallic rod curved over at the top like a crane. That constitutes the pole from which I propose to transmit the energy to the moon, and upon which I expect the storm of atoms to be centered by reflection from the mirror at whose focus it is placed."

It was less than a day past the time of new moon and the earth's satellite was too near the sun to be visible in broad daylight. Accordingly, the mirror had to be directed by means of a knowledge of the moon's place in the sky. Driven by accurate clockwork, it could be depended upon to retain the proper direction when once set.

With breathless interest I watched the proceedings of my friend and his assistants. The strain upon the nerves of all of us was such as could not have been borne for many hours at a stretch. When everything had been adjusted to his satisfaction, Hall stepped back, not without betraying his excitement in flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, and pressed a lever. The powerful engine underneath the floor instantly responded. The experiment was begun.

[To Be Continued.]



IN THE SHA  
OF THE GRE

*By a Special*

**M**RS. GEORGE ROOT of Kansas City has a black spaniel to meet the carrier and get a paper every afternoon. The carrier is mounted on a sack, and one day he tried to fool the dog, showing the animal a paper. The dog trotted to a neighbor, baying in the air, tore a paper out of a barrel on the ground and took it to his mistress.

"A cry in which joy and sorrow from the hammock to her feet stretched in passionate longing, Lysette extended both hands, 'Oh, it is indeed you, or am I dreaming?' she asked, looking hard at him, 'and yet you are returned; I thought you were back,' said Carleton, 'I came away from you was to be sure, but your eyes followed me; you were smiling and speaking to me of your tears, and through the wind sighed 'Lysette,' and waving her gently to him, 'that I am alone in the world. You will not leave me,' she replied, looking him in the face. 'I know, too, that my heart has been yours ever since my eyes saw but one face.'

inarticulate cry, Carleton took  
lips and brow passionately, and  
names that spring so read  
heart is full.  
months before, Carleton



stories.

# IN THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT ROCK.

By a Special Contributor.

The hot heat of the noonday sun beat down upon the dusty road, burning the weeds and stubble to a deep brown. The leaves of the mustard and yerba anise shrubs beneath its scorching rays until they lay wilted upon the ground. The cattle tossed their heads and lowed. There had not been so hot a day in that country for ten years or more. Strange underground rumblings had been heard at intervals and the inhabitants of the hills gathered together in groups with terror-stricken faces and whispered fearfully, "The earthquake! The earthquake! Nombre de Dios; it is upon us!" But some-thing was not much of a place; merely a few scattered houses and the little church of Assisi, where every morning by a pale-faced young priest, six miles to the south. But there, as everywhere, men are born and love and die, and is not that life?

Carleton pursued his way in the direction of the village. He was young and of stalwart build. His eyes sparkled beneath the brim of his sombrero, and a smile played about his mouth. He was, in fact, thought Carleton himself. Four months before he would have flouted the idea that he would one day stand beneath the blue Mexican sky in the shadow of the vine-covered hacienda, wooing with his whole soul a simple Spanish maiden—one who knew nothing of his world, its sophistries and shams, and the cramped and narrow standards by which it would judge her. He had won her love, and she had given it to him with all the fervor and guilelessness of her awakened soul.

Higher and higher rose the sun, but Lysette and Carleton, oblivious of everything save the tender avowals of their mutual affection, were entirely unconscious of the hour until sweet and clear from across the fields came the chimes of the village church bell. It was the mid-day Angelus. Lysette slipped from Carleton's detaining grasp, and stood with bowed head until the sound had died away.

"Now, Francisco," she said, a shadow crossing her face, "it is but a little while and my father will be returning. With him comes Pedro Natera; he dines with us today. I would he were a thousand miles away," she added, impatiently. "Father has given his word that Pedro shall have speech with me and hear from my own lips my answer to his suit."

"But you love me, do you not—you will not listen to him," said Carleton, anxiously.

"You do not doubt me?" and two eyes aglow with love and truth met Carleton's searching gaze.

"Crede," he chanted, mischievously, after this assurance.

"May, Francisco," she said, reprovingly, "you must not speak lightly of sacred things, for he that is without reverence, says Father Benedictus, has lost his guiding star."

"I need no star but your dear eyes, sweetheart."

"Will you have done, and listen to me, or would you have me bear the burden of Don Pedro's ugly humor if he meets you here?"

"If he did but glance unkindly—" began Carleton, hotly.

"Promise me," interrupted Lysette, laying her hand beseechingly upon his arm and lifting her face to his appealingly, "promise me you will go before Don Pedro arrives; that you will not anger him nor heed him, if he seeks to provoke you to a quarrel. For my sake, you will do this, for I am fearful of what would happen if you and Pedro should meet. You, alma mio, have won what he had long sought, and your visits here have made him very angry. A Mexican hates to the death, and his hand is ever ready to the knife; therefore, for my sake, I beg you to have a care. You will, will you not, Francisco?"

"You would have me act the coward and run away? That is a new role for me and I do not like it, but if it will make you happier, I will promise not to go out of my way to meet the gentleman, and if our paths should cross I will not be the first to give offense."

Carleton then kissed Lysette good-by, mounted his horse, and rode away in the direction of the village.

For some time she stood where he had left her, her eyes following him with an infinite tenderness in them.

"Ah," she sighed, as she turned to go into the house, "may the Holy Mother watch over him and keep him safe."

She then busied herself with superintending the preparations for the noon-day meal, and when a few minutes later Alphonso Mender and Pedro rode up, everything was in readiness. Don Alphonso entered the house first and embraced his daughter lovingly. For a moment she thought he had returned alone, but an instant later Pedro entered, in his hand Carleton's riding whip, which that gentleman had dropped on the grass while hitching his horse, and forgotten afterward. It had caught Don Pedro's jealous eye, and his face as he entered wore a heavy scowl, which Lysette was not slow to notice. Her heart beat fast with apprehension. Alphonso was all unconscious of the coming storm.

"Ah," he said, "I see you have prepared for our coming. I am glad of it, for I am as hungry as a wolf. Come, Pedro, draw up your chair and fill up your glass. There is not better wine to be found in all the country round than this bottle contains. It is twice the age of our Lysette there, and came from the vaults of Santa Catalina, as a present from Donna Julia, in grateful return for a slight favor I was enabled to render her. Come, we will drink to your good fortune, Pedro. May the lady of your choice be kind. Do you like the toast?" smiling upon them both.

The shadow deepened upon the face of Pedro, but he drank the wine, though with an ill grace. Lysette raised her glass, but set it down without touching it to her lips. Alphonso, thinking their silence was due to em-

barrassment, passed it off with a quiet chuckle. The meal proved rather a silent one, and when it was finished Alphonso excused himself to his guest and went out to give some directions about the horses. He had barely left the room when Pedro crossed over to where Lysette stood gazing through the open window at her father's retreating form. There was silence for a moment, then Pedro spoke in a voice harsh and quivering with passion.

"What wants the Americano that he must stop here. Lysette? You had better tell him to keep his horse's hoofs in the road and his eyes on the village, or it may fare ill with him some day." With this he picked up his hat and strode toward the door.

"Stay, Pedro," exclaimed Lysette, seeking to pacify him, "what matters it that I give water to the thirsty and let the weary traveler rest in the shade when the day is hot? Is there scarcity of water or less shade for the doing of it?"

"You cannot throw dust in my eyes, Lisa Mender," replied Pedro, fiercely. "It is neither water nor shade that the Americano dog wants; curse him. It is you he would speak with, and with his pretty speeches turn your head until you have ears for none but him. Dios, but it maddens me, when I think how all these years I have loved you; have treasured every glance and smile, and now you turn from me to him. Tell me," he pleaded, "that it is an idle dream, that it is not the Americano you love, but Pedro, and there shall be such a wedding in San Pablo as has not been seen these many years."

"Pedro," Lysette said, greatly agitated by the intensity of the man's passion, "one cannot move one's heart to love at will. What you would have is not in my power to give. Let us be friends as of old."

"No," he replied, "if it be not love, there can be no friendship. As for the Americano, he had better have a care. It is his turn now; it will be mine next."

With this threat Pedro left the room.

When Alphonso returned, he inquired the meaning of Pedro's sudden departure, and Lysette, with many tears, told him all. Alphonso was greatly perturbed by this unexpected destruction of his hopes, but wisely determined to leave the matter to time. He therefore bade her dismiss the matter from her mind, adding that Pedro would think better of it and regret his hasty words.

Lysette rose early the next morning, and dressed in her brightest gown. It was the feast day of the Holy Mother, and the first-mass bell was ringing as she stepped out into the open air. She gathered a great bunch of coral-tinted flowers from the vine on the porch and placed a tiny spray at her throat.

"That I will give to Francisco, and these," holding the flowers in her hand, "are for the Holy Virgin."

As she walked toward the village all the world seemed bright and happy to her that morning. The sky had never been bluer, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds, "white as down from angels' wings." In a short time she reached the village.

"Good morning, Gavena," she said brightly, as she passed a young woman dressed in mourning. Her face was extremely pale; there were dark rings under her eyes, and about her an air of utter despondency and grief. She merely bowed her head in response to Lysette's salutation.

"You are going to mass, Gavena?" continued Lysette.

"No, why should I?" was the sullen reply; "I have nothing to pray for. It is all well enough for you, but for me, bah! it is folly. When Andrea was ill, did I not pray night and day until my brain reeled and in sleep I muttered ayes. What did your God do for me then? 'Come,' she said suddenly, taking Lysette by the hand and pulling her in the direction of the village graveyard, "come and see for yourself that Andrea is dead. It is your God that killed him. He could have saved him, but he would not. O Andrea, alma mio," she sobbed wildly.

Lysette put her arm around Gavena's waist and drew her gently to her.

"Come with me," she said, coaxingly. "Let us go together to the shrine of Our Lady, and together we will ask her to drive the bitterness out of your heart. It is her feast day, Gavena, and surely she will not refuse us."

"No, no, I am going to Andrea, to my husband."

"Take these, then," said Lysette, pressing into the woman's hands the flowers she carried. "For Andrea," she added softly.

Gavena caught her hand to her lips. "You are good, so good," she sobbed as she turned away.

"Ah," sighed Lysette, pityingly, "may the Holy Mother comfort her. Wife and widow in three short months; it is enough to break her heart, poor girl."

Lysette entered the church just as the bell pealed forth its last note of summons. Reverently she knelt and bowed her head. A scene of peace and quiet stole over her. The incense was sweet, the candles burned brightly. The songs of birds without, and the perfume of jasmine stole in through the open windows.

"Domine vobiscum," chanted Father Benedictus, and as he blessed his people his face was good, to look upon.

The mass concluded, the congregation slowly filed out at the little church. Usually they went out reverently and silently, but today there was a murmur of suppressed excitement. At last the church was empty, save Lysette and two old women who knelt directly behind her. Lysette bowed her head; one more ave and then she would go. Francisco, perhaps, would be waiting. The old women rose to go.

"What," said one, "you have not heard what happened near the Great Rock yesterday. Don Pedro is dead. He and his horse were found lying on the stones in the gorge below the Great Rock."

Lysette shuddered with horror.

"Jesus Maria," exclaimed the other old woman, "it is a judgment upon him for his sin."

"That is not all," replied the first, with a mysterious look at the other, the Señor Americano—"

Lysette's heart beat wildly for a moment, and then stood still.

"Lies with a knife in his back at the foot of the Great Rock. God grant him rest."

"Hush," exclaimed her companion, as they went out into the glad summer sunshine, "what was that?"

A cry of mortal agony had rung through the quiet church.

"I heard nothing," it may have been the boys in the street."

At that moment a wan, white face was lifted up to the Crucified One on high above the altar.

MARIE DAISY RHODES

... of Kansas City has trained the carrier and get her to feel the dog, refusing to paper out of a box five feet to his mistress.

... of Orange, N. J., had a dog named Snake, but not checked to death. ... by Mrs. Margaret ... the cat spied the snake ... of the house. Kitty crept ... stance, and with a spring ... striking her sharp teeth into ... her uncoiled and made ... finally dislodged the cat. ... an effort to pick up the cat, ... but Kitty eluded her and ... The older succeeded in ... the neck and almost strangled ... cat broke the snake's hold ... of the head, killed it after a ... feet a 1-2 inches in length. ... [New York Mail and ...

... grizzly. The grizzly when ... to do one of two things. ... from the stranger, and if ... by a case of doughnuts to ... the stranger. In this ... yearned for a closer acquaint- ... would probably have been ... delivery of the United ... that Hamilton is something ... horse under him. ... had for the time being ... hands of a subordinate with ... some straying cattle. He ... home, and was standing ... way to turn next when there ... head of him. It looked to ... w, but he thought it might ... to investigate. He was ... then a big grizzly stood on ...

... to catch the kiss, but made ... as had seen Mr. Bear and ... as did his master, and it was ... between him and the postman ... Hamilton caught the post- ... himself aboard just as the ... A pair of spurs went ... animal leaped forward with ... and that his meal of man was ... shed himself up into a ... after his intended victim. ... door of the postmaster's ... turned about and made ... to escape. [Denver Times

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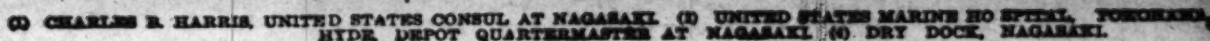


*From a Special Correspondent.*

Nagasaki, with its 80,000 inhabitants, sixth Japanese city in size, Tokio, Kyoto, Osaka, Yokohama and Kobe each outnumbering it in point of population, is the most central point in Japan for all points in China, Korea and Siberia. It is the most cosmopolitan coaling station in the Far East, for here are frequently seen the warships and army transports of Great Britain, Germany, Russia, France, America and Italy, as well as those of Japan, the United States and other countries. The great merchant ships of the different nationalities plying between China, Japan, the United States, India, Australia and Europe all touch at Nagasaki for coal. This gives the globe-trotting passenger a chance to get two or more meals in Nagasaki at one of the three European hotels, and take his choice of a dinner-room conversation in plain "United States," Cockney or Colonial British, French, German, Russian or Italian. Here, too, he can hear the Russian, the German or the French band concerts at the Nagasaki Hotel, or en-

The determination of the war widow is irrevocable, with

There has never been a white woman, who has attempted to make a residence in the. The Spanish army officers never dared take there. The savage Moro had on more than appeared to death the sentries, the horses, and thing the Spanish had attempted to take them. There has been living at Nagasaki, for some ladies, two of them having children with the



**MRS. KIPLING KEEPS THE**  
Secret Journal:] "Yes, I have  
again this summer," said one  
it is a practice to visit that  
summer for the past ten years  
know Kipling, as of course you  
he went back to England. I vi-  
daughter of which family the as-  
Kipling has no more regard or re-  
more than a baby. His wife, who  
a business head of the Kipling  
when he goes with publishers  
and plans, and her decision in a  
kind out to the letter by her  
sufficient to be infallible, and th-  
address in her. Kipling keeps  
suddenly having to turn to  
slightest personal questions.  
little incident which occurred  
few a few years ago. Kipling  
morning. After dinner—he t-  
Verment—he went to his w-  
dramatists where his wife sat  
to her in a pitiful little way  
come to be gone."  
Kipling felt for her pocket.  
she said, "How much do you w-  
give a quarter will be con-  
give him the quarter and be-  
to buy another package of to-  
has a funny about Mrs. C.



have been permitted to only a small percentage, for transportation receive the army officers are opposed to transports at all.

These ladies naturally want to join their husbands, but never there here than they at the troubles of Col. J. M. at Nagasaki, begin. He is from Nagasaki by the order of his life here is not

of the American war with the missionaries from China has as the little Japanese have advanced until the high prices in Nagasaki.

American officer, with his his flunkies man a \$5 (the regular price is a

had become so accustomed to the advent of Americans here than the \$5 he had received Americans are not a civi-

States Consul here, the He, and is consequently. He good-naturedly and gladly extends his of ladies here in property. It may be remarked, American Consulate at in the Far East, and of the office, making this a coffee responsibilities be-

of the Sulu Islands.

been a white woman, her residence in the Sulu officers never dared take there had on more than one countries, the horses, and attempted to take there, at Nagasaki, for some having children with them,

probably living at Jolo, Sulu Islands. They are the of army officers stationed there. These ladies have at a number of the army posts in the home and are the wives of army officers widely known of the States.

They are the wife of Capt. Febiger, quartermaster of the Twenty-third United States Infantry, and four children; Mrs. Sage, wife of Capt. William Sage, adjutant of the Twenty-third United States Infantry; Maj. William of Capt. Nichols of the Twenty-third United States Infantry, and Mrs. W. A. Kent, wife of Lieut. Kent, of the same.

These ladies left Nagasaki several days ago, and are probably living at Jolo, Sulu Islands, but will probably have to stick very close to the regimental garrison, as it is unsafe to venture into the interior of the islands among the New savages.

Many of the Japanese at Nagasaki.

When the refugees, missionaries and others, began to leave China, the Japanese merchants at Nagasaki they must do something for them. They at once a committee and raised a subscription of 3000 in cash, to pay for boats to make daily trips to a bathing beach on Takaboko Island, at the Nagasaki Island. All refugees from China, as



J. MARTIN MILLER IN TOKIO.

and all other foreigners at Nagasaki, were offered the of these both.

Nagasaki is particularly interesting to the Christian for it was here that the Christian religion in the seventeenth century, and grew to be. There is a tradition that less than three thousands of native Christians were precipitated from the high cliffs around Nagasaki, because they refused Christianity from the country.

and Coal Mines.

Several coal mines around Nagasaki are at Takaboko, at the entrance of the harbor. Some of the are as deep as 3000 feet below the level of the sea. Many of these shafts are tunnels extending distances under the bed of the sea.

The United States army transports are now purchasing 15,000 tons of coal monthly, or 500 tons a

Department of War sent Col. Hyde to Nagasaki last

quartermaster. Col. Hyde has employed an

to watch the coaling of all transports and to

the government interests are properly protected.

He was formerly stationed as United States

Quartermaster at Boston, Mass.

He is a corps of clerks for Col. Hyde, the United

Department has sent a clerk here to look

postal matters, and now much of the mail

and China is handled by William E.

has but recently arrived here. Mr. Phillips

the first United States postmaster to be sta-

design had. Within the past few weeks sev-

postal clerks have gone through here to

J. MARTIN MILLER.

THE HUNTER KEEPS THE POCKETBOOK.

["You, I have been down to Brattle-

the other day who has

to visit that charming Vermont city

in the past ten years

of course everyone in town did be-

in England. I visited at the Balaclava,

the family the author married.

more regard or knowledge of the value

of the Kipling fiction foundry. It is

to go with publishers' offers and his half-

and her decision in all matters of business

to the letter by her husband, who knows

to be infallible, and therefore has the great-

in her. Kipling keeps no track of himself

having to turn to his wife for answers

personal questions. I remember distinctly

which occurred while I was at the

few years ago. Kipling had been out trans-

after dinner—he used to eat noon din-

to want to his writing-room. Coming

when his wife sat, a few minutes later,

in a pithed little way, "Carrie, all my to-

to be gone."

for her pocket. Drawing out a little

to you want, "Endyard?"

a quarter will be enough, Carrie," Kipling

like the quarter and he went away, radiantly

any other package of tobacco. I never knew

a penny about Mrs. Carrie's life outside."

## SUNDAY ON THE TRAIL. HOW A PARTY OF GOLD SEEKERS SPENT A SABBATH IN THE NORTHWEST.

By a Special Contributor.

THE boat drifted in an aimless sort of way, gathering momentum from a few spasmodic strokes of the oars or a desultory dipping of canoe paddles. Even these being interrupted by a remark by one of its occupants, the boat came to a gradual stop, or wandered to the other bank of the narrow slough. It was nearing evening, and little progress was being made, but the speed was great enough to suit the fancy of the light-hearted crew. They were just returning from their bathing place. In this slough, or dead channel reaching inland from the swift, muddy river, the water was clear and quiet, and the sun's rays having a chance to act, the water was much warmer than in the river. The scene was picturesque. Behind, the curving channel was lost to view in the endless forest, the banks overhanging and screened from view by drooping trees. Before, was a small clearing by the main river, in which were the log house and warehouse of the fur trader. Through the opening of the slough was visible the main river rushing by and bearing occasional clumps of driftwood on its bosom.

It was Sunday, and a day of rest, among a few days of rest before and after a period of great unrest. For months the prospectors had been toiling along the trail, and on reaching Fort Graham, a lonely Hudson Bay Company trading post in the Northwest Territory a thousand miles from the nearest frontier postoffice, were forced to pause until accurate information was received regarding further progress. And so, around this trading post were grouped a dozen or more tents, and this number was constantly being increased by the arrival of more parties over the trail. The boat contained five or six young men from different parts of the world, and from different stations in life, who were banded together not only by the common ties of youth, but from the fact that they represented the singers of the camp, and they took advantage of the harmony-producing influences of the water, the forest, and the early twilight to gratify the soul's longing for music, which it had been denied during the busier days preceding. It was such an occasion, too, remembered as having no place in the busy world, but similar in nature to a fleeting dream—a tranquil eddy in life's fierce current,



THE ABANDONED CHURCH.

where events make their quiet turn before being caught up again and hurried on.

"Let's try another verse of 'Baby' before we come in sight of camp, and give them 'A Hot Time' as we are coming in," suggested one.

"They are going to hold services up there tonight, and as this is Sunday, suppose we sing 'Weaver My God To Thee,'" amended one whose superior knowledge of music gave him the leadership.

"Is Jamieson going to preach tonight?"

"Yes, and they want us to sing for them."

Mr. Jamieson was only another on whom the popular gold excitement had taken a strong hold. In former days, it was said, he had been a local preacher, and later a missionary among Indians and backwoods men. Certain it was, he was accustomed to frontier ways, and acquitted himself favorably on the trail. There had at first been some unfavorable comment among the trappers regarding a man who should attempt to carry orthodox teachings into a life that had little in common with the churches. This mode of life had been a revelation to them, and they could call to mind no code of moral laws that would fill all the emergencies of the trail.

"Jamieson is not such a bad fellow," one member of the camp had declared. "His partner says that if things do not go right he 'blanks' things in true trail style."

"Yes," supplemented another, "and one time when one of his horses bucked its pack off and broke its pack saddle into kindling he called it a blank-blankety blank, and threatened to break its blanked neck if it ever did that again. I always thought a good deal more of Jamieson after that," he concluded.

It was to recommendations like this that the preacher owed his growing popularity. Nor is this remarkable, for tried by a hundred variations, they were impatient of any one who added to them by advocating impossible conduct, or pretending to smile as "for the best" if a horse reared down

hill or ripped open a sack of beans by scrubbing his back against a tree. They knew too well what the feelings were at such times, and not to give expression to them in the customary vociferous manner was to stamp a man as deceitful and not to be trusted.

"I always like to hear a man swear when he's mad," said one who represented the moral character of the trail, "and then you know he's not keeping anything back."

In a short time the boat had rounded the curve, and came in sight of the camp. The Indians were standing in front of their teepees, and conversation about the camp lagged then ceased, as the words of the hymn, softened by distance fell upon ears of late unused to music. It may not have been good music from a professor's standpoint. There may have been overtones, or undertones, or tones entirely wanting, but at this time and place, it was irresistibly sweet. As the boat approached, Mr. Jamieson, in his shirt sleeve was seen walking toward the landing.

"Boys," he said, as the boat touched shore, "we're going to have a short service, and we want you to come over and sing for us."

"Oh, we don't know anything to sing," came the inevitable protest of one who must ever be coaxed.

"We have a hymn book up there, so that objection is overruled. Come up as soon as you can, for we're ready, now."

"Wait till I get my shoes on," said one whom experience had taught to defer this part of his dressing until he reached dry land. "Who knocked my socks into the water?" a moment later.

"Socks! Do you wear socks?" in incredulous tones.

"Never mind your shoes. Come over in your bare feet."

"Strange! I little thought a year ago I would ever go to church in my bare feet, or without socks—and sing in the choir, too! Are you going to dress?"

"Dress? How? Why? Certainly not. You don't see those hobos over there dressed, do you?"

The "hobos" were certainly not dressed very fashionably. Those who had gathered in the open space among the tents were clothing in every stage of dilapidation. Blue overalls were worn out at knee and patched with white, eight ounce canvas. Shirts had a sleeve torn off, and were otherwise mutilated beyond recognition. Trousers legs were of unequal length. Buttons had long since disappeared, and piece of wood served to hold the single suspender to its duty. There were hat brims without crowns, and crowns without brims, and footwear that exposed the feet. Or two who had black coats packed away in their dunnage bags, had brought them out for the occasion, and the heightened the grotesque appearance of the whole. Such is the negligence of attire and habits manifested by white men as soon as they leave the refining influences of the world that it is small wonder the Indians refuse to believe that they represent a higher state of civilization.

A church, teepee-form, had been erected years before at this trading post. It was eighteen or twenty feet in diameter. The sides were thatched with slabs of bark. The door consisted of an opening which was now covered up with more slabs. As these children of the forest find the ground their most comfortable seat, the interior was entirely devoid of furniture, and instead of art-stained windows, sufficient light came through the opening which served as an entrance, or filtered through the numerous cracks between the bark slabs, for the Indian has no fear of drafts, nor the lady of the tribe of having a new hat ruined by a chance shower.

Formerly one who assumed the office of priest had made a visit here once a year and held services in the building, but of late years he had failed to make his appearance, and the trail to the place of worship now led over fallen trees, and was choked by raspberry bushes. For this reason the service of the day was called in the open air. There was a further reason for this action, and that was that it was indefinitely easier in the present instance to bring the service to the men than the men to the service.

The tardy singers have arrived and take convenient seats on a carpenter bench where some one had been engaged in making pack-saddles. The solitary hymn book, which somebody's mother doubtless insisted on being taken along, is produced, and the choir crane their necks over each other's shoulders to catch a glimpse of the words.

The preacher then calls the attention of the congregation to the front. In answer to the summons they shift their positions somewhat, and some few remove their hats. The most devout are seated reverently before the speaker with an expression of solemn gravity. Others are seated in the background on some pack-saddles beside a tent; some are thoughtfully smoking; a number of men are strung along the fence at the back of the speaker; one with elbows on his knees and legs spread out is meditatively whistling on a piece of wood. One man, an old trapper, who says this is the first time in ten years he has been to church, gravely kindles a mosquito smudge, and at times while the service is in progress, adds to it a further supply of rotten wood. He is as attentive to business as the church official who is intrusted with the ventilation. At times when the breeze shifts and envelopes the speaker in the thick smoke cloud, an unwonted moisture comes to his eyes, and something more than emotion chokes his utterance. Ever and anon throughout the congregation is heard the sharp slap which carries the news of fatalities in the mosquito world. There are two or three, exceptionally rude, who are seated with their backs to the preacher, and, as if to carry the impression that they do not deem themselves part of the congregation, and do not feel it their right to move their seats, talk among themselves. The most attentive listener is a big St. Bernard dog, who lies in the foreground with his head between his outstretched paws, not in the least drowsy, but blinking his approval at suitable intervals.

The speaker has a hard task from want of cooperation and sympathy, and cannot find a steady flow of language, but talks in halting and patched sentences. He calls upon them to be thankful for the many dangers safely passed, and points out even in their apparently hard lot the work of a merciful Providence.

The few Indians in camp attracted by no unusual proceeding, look curiously on.

The dusk has now set in. The choir sings the doxology, the benediction is pronounced and the service is over. The congregation again shifts itself, and the restraining force gone, they again group themselves into conversational order, but conversation is forced and unnatural, and remarks are spasmodic. Perhaps they are thinking of home.

The St. Bernard dog arises, and pausing toward the tent, curls himself on a pile of horse blankets and goes to sleep.

Seated in front of one of the tents and illuminated by the faint flames of the campfire, the late officiating choir is entertaining a coterie of loungers with "Sweet Rosie O'Gandy."

SIDNEY CHURCH.



## To Go From America to Europe Under the Sea.

### MARVELOUS UNDERTAKING.

AN EFFORT TO REALIZE IN A MEASURE JULES VERNE'S WILD DREAM.

By a Special Contributor.

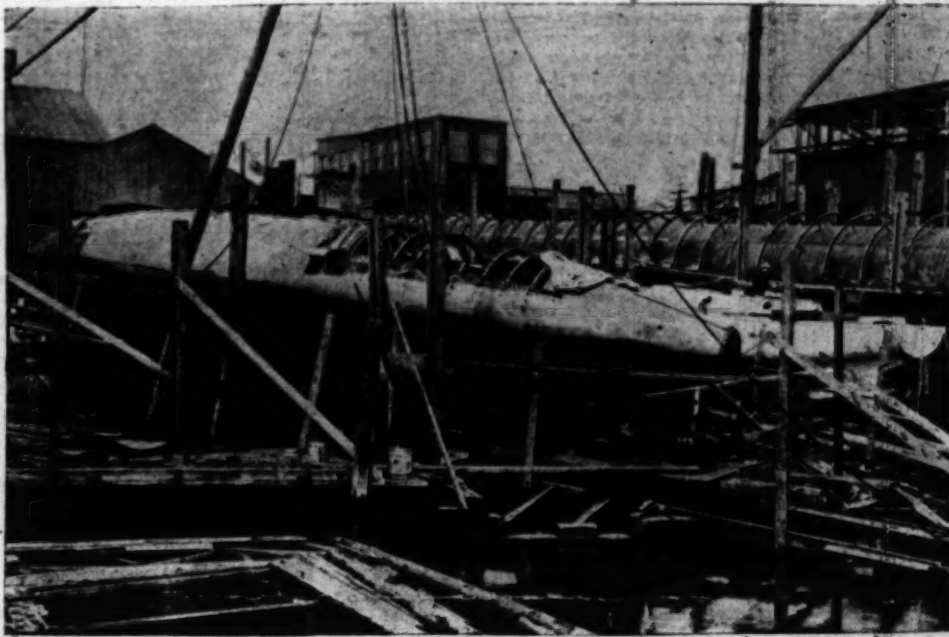
PREPARATIONS are making for the most interesting event in ocean travel since the first steamship crossed the Atlantic. A submarine boat is to be sent from America to Europe under her own power. She is the invention of John P. Holland, whose submarine torpedo boat "Holland," now the property of the United States government, figured extensively in the recent naval maneuvers at Newport, and is known for the present as "No. 7." She is now sitting out at Nixon's shipyard in Elizabethport, N. J., for the trans-Atlantic journey. For some years now submarine boats have pattered about the harbors both in this country and in Europe. But they have never ventured far from the coast. A boat of this type, built by Nordenfent, made a journey of 120 miles along shore on one occasion, and this has been the long-distance record. A tour of great oceans in a submarine, it has been generally supposed, would always remain a dream of Jules Verne.

"No. 7" to make the trip to Europe in safety. He himself will be in command. Including the inventor, there will be eight men aboard the little craft. Their quarters will be pretty close, but they feel certain that they will not be too close for comfort. Whenever the possibility has been discussed of navigating a submarine for a long distance it has always been asserted that it would be impossible for a crew to stand the confinement. The voyage to Lisbon is expected to determine this matter. As the projected trip is a first experiment, an extra crew will be carried in a tender that is to convoy "No. 7" to guarantee the men against actual hardship. This tender will be a small tramp ship. She will keep her little consort constantly in sight if possible, so long as the latter remains on the surface. But, as the stormiest period of the year is to be selected for the journey, it is more than possible that the two vessels will part company long before the end of the game. It is a pretty difficult thing to keep in sight such a small speck as "No. 7" will present, when the sea is high, and the wind is battering the convoy about.

#### Must Rely on Her Own Equipment.

But whether the consorts lose each other or not, one thing has been definitely determined by the Holland officials. This

placid. A boat built on the lines of our submarines much more easily than surface boats. She will be water-soaked leg when running awash. The water will come over and off of her, imparting little or no motion. The most squeamish person would not get seasick. We are amply provisioned against all possible delays on account of weather. I cannot well conceive how anything



"NO. 7" IN THE SHIPYARD.

The inventor of the Holland torpedo boat has now determined to make this dream a reality. His new boat will go to Bermuda, thence to the Fayal Islands, then to Lisbon, in Portugal. This is a trip of 3496 miles; New York to Bermuda, 676 miles; Bermuda to Fayal, 1880 miles, and Fayal to Lisbon, 940 miles. Just when the trip will be made is not yet definitely determined upon, but it will probably be some time in February. The boat will wait for propitious weather. To speak of waiting for propitious weather in February sounds like an absurdity; and in the case of ordinary craft it would be, but what Mr. Holland's diver is looking for is storm, high wind, and a heavy sea. A smooth sea and the absence of storm signs will be the signal for the postponement of the voyage. For this journey is to test, once for all, the capacity of the submarine to care for herself on a long trip, under the most unfavorable conditions.

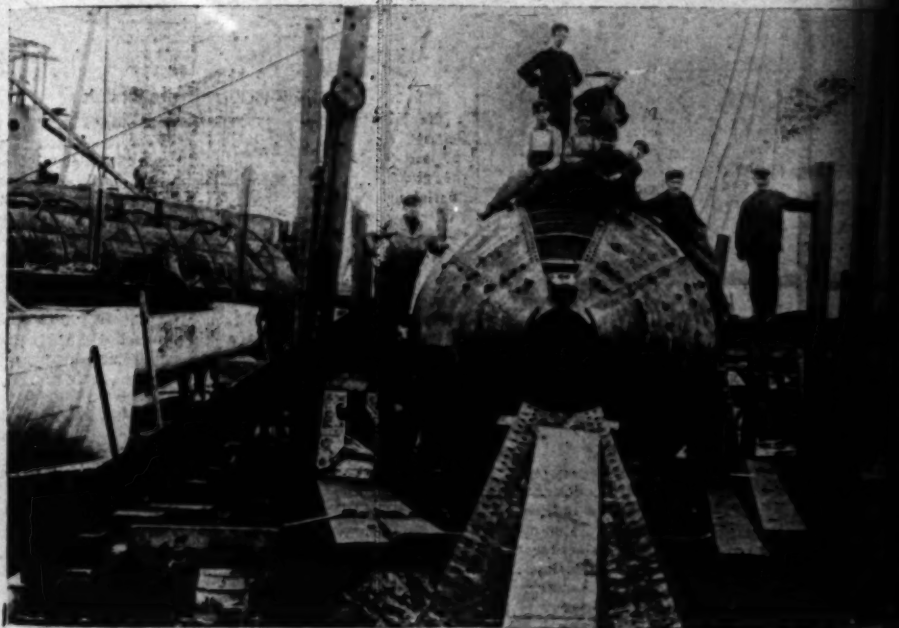
#### How the Submarine Boat will Travel.

To the lay mind such a journey will seem to smack decidedly of foolhardiness. To the minds of the men who are to travel in the submarine, the proposed journey ranks with a trip on the Kaiser Wilhelm or the Deutschland. They admit that they will go slower, but that is all. The voyage to Lisbon is to take sixteen days. "No. 7" will travel all the way under her own power. Her speed will be approximately nine and a half knots for the entire voyage. She will not travel at the bottom of the sea, as did Verne's fantastic craft. Most of the way she will go on the surface. Occasionally, however, she will go under, and remain for thirty or forty miles, at a depth varying from thirty to sixty feet. Her inventor claims for her that she can safely go 400 feet beneath the surface and maintain herself there, resisting successfully the terrific pressure of the water. No such depths will be attempted on this trip, however, and except for purposes of scientific investigation or exploration for sunken vessels, no object would be gained by diving very deep. At thirty feet beneath the surface the craft is as secure against discovery as if she were a hundred times as far down, and can pass safely beneath the keel of the greatest ocean liners. Now and then in shallow places she will touch bottom, just to show that she can, and to see what she will find.

The plans for the voyage have been very carefully and thoroughly laid out and no fear of failure is entertained. The trip is taken for a twofold purpose. It is to demonstrate, in the first place, the fallacy of the opinion still entertained in naval quarters that submarine boats cannot sustain themselves far away from a base of operation; that they are useless as offensive weapons against a country on the other side of the sea, and that their mission, if they have any at all, is for coast defense merely. The second object of the trip is to present the boat in foreign harbors to foreign governments.

Mr. Holland has the utmost confidence in the ability of

is that the submarine shall travel the entire distance under her own power, that she shall carry all her own fuel for the trip, and that she must subsist on her own provisions. No tow line is to be thrown out at any time. If it is, the trip is to be considered a failure and the experiment will be tried over again. Comparatively little submarine traveling will be done in mid-ocean should the weather be pleasant. During storms, however, "No. 7" will remain much of the time beneath the waves, only her turret showing.

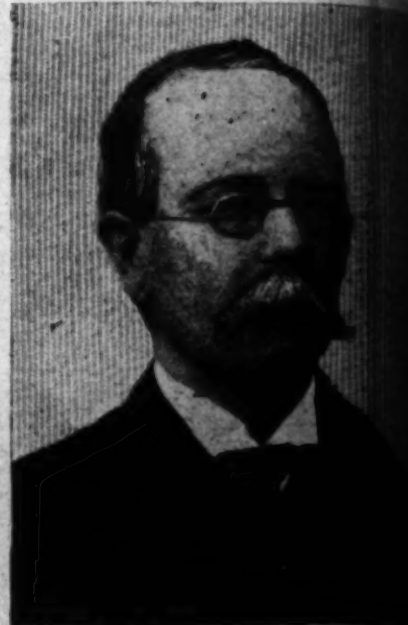


BOW OF THE SUBMARINE.

This will add very much to the comfort of her crew. Should it prove desirable, she may dive into the absolutely still waters below the region of wave disturbances.

"The fellows on the other ship will wish they were with us when it comes to blow," Mr. Holland said, in describing his storm tactics. "While they and the other unfortunate who may be aboard on the surface, are being knocked about by the waves, we will calmly sink to where it is still and

pretty one. In the kitchen arrangements of the problem has been fully met. The utensils are of completeness and compactness. The electric model. The lighting, too, will be done by electricity. Such heating as may be required is similarly provided. There will be little need for heating, however, as the temperatures are so close. The ventilation will be perfect than could possibly be found on the land.



JOHN P. HOLLAND.

be much better off or any safer against accident, forward to an easy journey."

"How will you rest at night?"

"In hammocks swung from the ceiling. When we not have room enough to take exercise on a high, we are able to get our sleep about as comfortably as men, and we will not have to eat our meals in the

#### Motive Power and Interior Fittings.

The vessel will be driven by a gasoline engine, Daimler pattern, which Count Zeppelin uses in his dirigible. Five tons of gasoline carried on board will be all the fuel required to take her across the ocean at a half knot speed, and leave a safe margin. When she is traveling on the surface she will generate an electric engine that drives her below the waves. The electric engine is cut off entirely when she dives. The stored power will carry her under way for fifty miles at an eight-knot speed; then she comes up to recharge.

The cooking will be done by electricity. The arrangements for this department are such as would average flat dweller with delight. When you have an inch of space to spare for anything except the problem of fitting in your domestic

November 18, 1900.]

ocean grayhound, and this on the surface with her hat everything battered down to arrangement for discharging tanks that are always kept in a result of this arrangement usual stickiness found in the Like the Holland, "No. 7"

The dimensions and form of "No. 7" are much greater, however, than the earlier boats. She is 54 feet 4 inches long, 10 feet 3 inches in diameter, and weighs 75 tons. Her engine is a 100-horsepower engine, and her interior arrangements are about twice as much room as the men in the Holland. Her maximum speed is 10 knots and submarine

Though a 10-knot and a 10-knot "No. 7" is much livelier and more maneuverable than the extreme type in class. A larger vessel he declares will be more comfortable. One of the earlier boats, the "Holland," was so cramped that she could never be placed regularly in command. She is awkward to handle in variable conditions, and she has with clumsy machinery and a narrow room to get about in. A unique arrangement has been made for handling the water ballast in submarines. Near the bow, thus allowing her turret to be used for observing the enemy. The tank is again filled with water, and she pops up and then dives, giving her captain in the process a full view of whatever is in the enemy's line of sight. The most striking quality peculiar to shipbuilders, is that she

water, as well as in salt. She has never been able to do. She can dive freely in either river, and dives freely in either. More remarkable, she can operate at the point where the fresh water property is due to a new arrangement that enables her to overcome the difficulty in diving where the specific gravity of the water is so low. It gives the new boat a much more comfortable and safe operation in such harbors as New York, where fresh water is so common. Holland was severely handicapped by the failure to meet the approval of the navy at a trial on April 1, 1900, and the absence of the fresh water property.

Throughout this article the new "No. 7" is at present being the seventh vessel built from the very beginning. Before the trip across seas, the little vessel will be thoroughly tested. She will probably be commanded by the man who operated the "Holland." The boat will be in shipyard for a month. It is the intention to make trial trips up and down the coast, and will be thoroughly tested before she is sent to sea. If she proves as satisfactory as her builders expect, the final trial will be as soon as foul weather comes. He has such about the conditions at the very outset. The Holland company's year the boat has been very quietly

Special







## CAMERA AND WHEEL.

INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS OF LOCAL AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

By a Special Contributor.

A BICYCLE, a camera and the glorious climate of Southern California—a combination to delight the heart of the average amateur photographer. Nowhere in the world, possibly, can both camera and wheel be put to such good use as in and about our City of the Angels. Scarcely a day in the entire 365 when the light is not favorable for picture taking, while a wheel can be used throughout the year.

Given a blue dome which rivals the far-famed skies of Italy, beautiful natural scenery and balmy air, together with the finest atmospheric effects to be had anywhere, what wonder that the photographer-bicyclist can be found at every turn.

Singly and in parties, large and small, the members of our local Camera Club (which numbers many wheel enthusiasts on its roll) frequently meet for a day's outing. Luncheons are packed, cameras and accessories strapped on the wheels and, with a merry jingling of the bells, bells, bicycle bells, the party is off.

To the snow-bound easterner, waiting impatiently for great steam plows to clear the track that he may be at home for his Thanksgiving dinner, we extend our sympathy. November brings to him "the melancholy days, the saddest of the year," and he shivers beneath gray skies and leafless branches, while the fortunate dweller on the Pacific Coast basks in a summer atmosphere tempered by mild sea breezes.

On one of these beautiful November mornings, a delegation from the Camera Club left its special train, which had been sidetracked at San Fernando. Summer waists, straw hats and sombreros were everywhere in evidence as the joyous party, numbering nearly one hundred, wheeled its way out to the old mission.

With the exception of San Juan Capistrano, these historical ruins lend themselves more readily to artistic reproduction by the camera than any of the others left us by those great souls who, more than a century ago, sacrificed comfort and plenty in the Old World to bring glad tidings to the benighted inhabitants of the Far West. As we look at the dilapidated walls and neglected burial ground, our hearts are filled with loving veneration for the dauntless souls which wrought so well. Would that our long-focus lenses could pierce the past and bring before us the Mission Fathers surrounded by the dusky people whom they had rescued from ignorance and superstition, the flower-decked altar and stone baptismal font. Alas! The place which once knew them knows them no more. The fathers have gone to their great reward, their loved children of forest and plain are scattered, and the chapel from

which the "Gloria" used to swell is now but a heap of crumbling adobe.

Shaking off with an effort the spell of sadness which had unconsciously crept over us, we turned our attention to the business of the day and worked steadily until the noon hour, securing beautiful pictures of the ruins from all points. The principal building has been restored to much of its original beauty through the efforts of the Landmarks Club, and this proved the center of attraction, although most interesting views were also taken of the old fountain, chapel, bell and palma. By 12 o'clock all were glad to retire to the grateful grate of the mission, where lunch boxes and baskets of all sizes were unpacked and the contents discussed with the relish which comes only from appetites sharpened by hard work in the open air.

The wonders of a neighboring cañon having been extolled by certain members of the San Fernando Club, the more enthusiastic artists determined to visit the place, and a couple of wagons were soon filled with merry photographers, the grade having been deemed too great for wheels on so warm a day. Just as our rig was ready to start, one of the ladies who had elected to remain behind, made the startling discovery that there were just thirteen people in our wagon and insisted that the fatal number be either reduced or added to, that nothing ill might befall us. There being room left in the vehicle for not a single person more, and none of those already there being willing to give up a pleasant trip for the sake of escaping that horrible, nameless something which might happen to us, the superstition was laughed to scorn and, with a crack of the whip and creaking of heavily-taxed axles, we started out with a flutter of handkerchiefs and flourish of hats to prove our fearlessness.

Our wagon had proceeded some distance when it was discovered that the left hind wheel was badly dished. It was then too late to turn back, and, concluding that the vehicle had been used in that condition many times before and would be again, our journey was resumed, with instructions to the timid one, who was seated directly over the disabled wheel, to "keep an eye on it." This she did until she was on the point of jumping to the ground at every lurch of the wobbly wheel as it came down ker-chunk into deep ruts or scraped against the boulders. Arriving at the cañon in safety, all descended from their lofty seats, some gracefully and others—well, we all reached the ground in due course and the wheel was humbly apologized to for having been wrongfully suspected of a weakness to which it could lay no claim. Our pictures having been secured, we climbed back and prepared for the return trip, a gentleman of the party this time falling heir to the anxious seat. Amid laughter and badinage the company forgot the unsteady wheel, until a loud "Whoa!" from the man on the rear seat, was followed by a sickening crash as the wheel gave way and the wagon lurched over on its side.

Camera, tripods and excursionists were mixed together in great confusion ere the restive steeds could be brought to a standstill, but all answered to roll call when order had been partially restored, and the ruling passion coming uppermost, the entire thirteen made an instantaneous dive for thirteen cameras. Before the horses were unhitched the vehicle was surrounded by tripods and snap-shot machines and views of the wreck were taken from all sides. After

a short wait, the other rig, which had been sent to look for the defayed party arrived, and all were ready for the extra team being hitched on behind. It took but ten minutes of train time and our new team was town at a lively trot, only to be drawn up at a first turning when it was discovered that one of the horses had broken loose. Another delay ensued, the kindly-disposed young man endeavored to ride the untamed beast. Failing in this, the driver agreed to let the team back. The precious ten minutes had been lost, but trusting to luck and the good nature of the horses we hoped our train would be held for the missing driver was instructed to "Let 'em out Jim," and the instructions to the letter. As we drew up to the station we were greeted with a volley of questions, and the who had first counted the unlucky number, triumphantly, "I told you so."

An accident occurred on one of our beach outings proved fully as exciting to a couple of the ladies as least. Venturing out on the rocks somewhat against their comrades in the endeavor to catch a view of the surf as it broke against the cliff, an immense breaker up noisefully behind them and ere the foolish couple perceived their danger they were engulfed in the churning waters. The spectators held their breath, expecting searchers after spray effects to be washed out to sea, the best swimmers were preparing to dive in after them when the breaker receded with an angry roar, baffled of its prey, leaving a pair of dripping photographers clutching cameras and tripods with the grip of people. The momentary strain being over, the couple were greeted by peals of laughter by the less daring members of the party. The ladies were heard to make sundry brilliant remarks about the process of photography and the advantages of the dry-plate method over the simpler dry-plate method generally. Wringing out their dripping garments and dripping themselves quite refreshed by their surf bath, the couple proceeded to eat their luncheon on the beach while sun and sea breeze dried their garments. When they returned to the charge and secured some more pictures of the beach and restless sea.

On the outing to Eagle Rock one member, while finding cloth and lunch box carefully strapped on her bicycle hurriedly joined the others as they passed her after pedaling about half the distance, discovered a great disgust that she had forgotten her camera. She was greeted by her associates with a shout of laughter which woke the echoes and still rings in her ears. On this day she is accused on every outing by some member who inquires solicitously if she has brought camera.

On another occasion one young woman, while on her new wheel, rode out to Laurel Cañon, the other members of the car. She reached the meeting place first, so her bicycle against the fence, she sat down upon a rock to rest. Reclining there "in maiden meditation," (presumably,) enjoying to the full the fresh morning and beautiful scene spread out before her, she was to feel a splash on her face, another on her head, and being about for the cause, found that what she had taken for high fog had resolved itself into rain clouds. No shelter near and, as the morning had been so

solitary, she had brought out a camera to roll by, when a camera or enthusiasm was later taken to take a graph of that unusual rain.

The women of the of the numerous incidents of the day last beach one day last camera on a cliff from had. Wrapping his feet the bright sunlight, he wave to break on the caught the cloth and over that something besides and no more pictures were at that time. The general careful since as to when the wind is blowing.

Another aspiring genius to town, was hailed by pictures taken. Delighted to be in groups, he graciously photographer for the day, he inadvertently tried up had laid down beside him, he kicked the rum for pictures. After making quite satisfactorily, he gave them remembered that clutter, on, taking them to camera. Getting warm original effects as to light the plates he had with him would have the pictures of addresses and orders, agreed to cents each. Mountain find up a temporary dark There was only a dense waiting and wondering what pictures, and the amateur not collect in advance.

## "DAMAGE"

[London Mail:] In the to the London Dock are to be devoted to the cause of one-going vessel, and to hearings bear "Contractor for damage" For an elucidation of it is necessary to stroll over ground are concealed by glass at which reveals the The "damage" contractor is dispatching his agent, who the insurance companies for wood which the ravages of known as "damage," is an owner, owing to its adapt dampness. The floors of the with the "damage," perme may then be safely stored a tree, an absolutely dry floor invariably stacked at least a few inches of space between them. Were not the intervention of the contractor, the oscillation of the vessel, for the ship's pitch a hole in the ship's side, not in the least discount the demolition of house furniture for his calling. This was the vicissitudes of an ordinary appearance, thereby a height of six inches to reach named "quoin." The "quoin" oscillating effects of a of a pond of casks or barrels. A such oak to insure the stability thus defying all the efforts of or steam-towed vessel. The peculiar industry is very

## FACE THE

In spite of gloomy darkness light. Keep a-looking for the sun's year night. At the dawning of a morning Sunshine will melt away t

In spite of every sorrow let y To the sun that's always shining There's a brighter morn a-c and by— Sunshine will melt away t

There's a balm for every trouble; On every grievous and stricken heart; In the midst of every trial we Sunshine will melt away th

In the beauty and the bright land, Where with loved ones we w draw afford, Every doubt and fear will van understand Sunshine will melt away th

For the golden light is breaking day, A bright, immortal morning stay, Day a-facing toward the sun's roll away— Sunshine will melt away th

[E. A. Reinhold in Chr





A vertical strip of a book cover, likely from a leather-bound volume. The right side features a light-colored, cracked leather texture, while the left side is a solid dark color. A vertical crease or hinge is visible in the center.

... is Christian Survivor World.

and now as to the relations of the sexes. Women of repute keep infidels—are kept in, if you please. The ordinary women roam freely about as they will. Kissing is regarded as a vicious and an unspeakable act, yet our ordinary women kiss their husbands and brothers in the arms when they meet after being parted for a time. In those cases when a bride is about to be carried in her "dowry" (bridal chair) to the bridegroom's house she has to be taken to the chair by her father. No other male relative ever touched even her hand for years, not since she was a child and played with her brother. If she has no father, a brother or an uncle may take the dowry and participate in the office of lifting her up and carrying her down—

9 o'clock Mrs. Bloker discovered the engine tearing  
 a cornfield straight for her home. She was unable  
 imagine what kind of a creature it was, and with her  
 men headed rapidly for the village. When the men  
 took the engine it had traversed the cornfield, knock-  
 ed down two fences and reached the fence of Mrs. Bloker's.  
 It is supposed that some boy started the mischief.—  
 (U.) Correspondence Cleveland Plain Dealer.



## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

## A Cottage, Colonial Style.

**O**K, Los Angeles: To sift your letter it reads thus: You have a cottage, low colonial style; it is painted a beautiful, dark red outside; you think it would be pretty to curtain all of the windows next the panes with ruffled white muslin. I would do this if I were you, for there is no prettier treatment for a dark-red house. You have a wide porch with pillars, and you wish to have chairs, plant boxes, stand, mail box, etc., of rustic work. This idea, too, is good, I think. Personally, I like the new rustic work that has been sold through Pasadena and Los Angeles this summer. The plain chairs, rockers, seats and tables made of oak twigs, partly stripped, and varnished with a coat in which there is a slight brown stain, are extremely good on porches. Being dark in color, they stand out well in the rather colorless background of a porch, and, having a varnished surface, they do not readily catch dust and become shabby looking. Do not make the mistake, however, of having a superfluity of this stuff. When you get too much of things of this sort the artistic effect is lost, and the whole becomes eccentric. I believe you will like the result better if you intersperse a piece or two of plain, strong wicker with the rustic, and use blue and white cushions. You would like plants which "give a back-East-woods effect." This being your object, you must, of course, avoid all tropical-looking plants and broad-leaved things. There is a plant which looks like a young water maple (I do not know its name,) and for low shrubs I would use some of the many varieties of foliage plants. Make your little screen-porch conservatory tropical in effect, as a contrast to the front porch, and you could utilize the stationary washbasin by putting a Chinese rice mat over it, using this to rest your plants on. Your next question is in regard to curtains. You say that you would prefer something inexpensive. As you have the muslin curtains everywhere, I would use draperies inside corresponding with the individual rooms. Your hall is terra-cotta in coloring, use plain silk of a terra-cotta shade in here. The parlor is light green. I believe that I would use a handsome cream-colored fish net for it. Blue and white curtains in Delft blue would look well in your terra-cotta dining-room. Use the handsome chenille portieres by all means, if they correspond so well with your wall tones. I should think you might find some artistic piece of furniture to fill in space opposite bay window. Your bedroom will look well done in the colors of the chrysanthemum silk. Put the cushions in a wicker rocker, and cover a little window seat with the blue denim. It goes all right with the piece of silk, you could use two cushions, of the lighter blue and yellow respectively. Do not use cream color in your bedroom in place of white. Nothing gives the fresh, crisp look to a bedroom that snow white gives, and I am very sure that you would tire of the other effects. Blue and white in trimming for your dressing-table will be charming, but I think I would cover my boxes, etc., with thin silk, instead of tissue paper. These silks can be bought now as cheaply as paper, but do not look cheap. Nothing is daintier for a dresser than covers of linen, embroidered with blue forget-me-nots. You can frill them under the scallops with inexpensive lace and lay them over the silk-covered things. A blue and white ingrain rug, in a pretty indistinct pattern, would be the thing for this room.

For your library, I like the idea of the green ingrain carpet, Flemish oak furniture, etc. Use a red lamp shade and a pot of scarlet geraniums. Curtain the windows with cream fish net and green denim, all hung straight together. Your back bedroom, if you handle it carefully, should be very artistic with your grandmother's counterpane, blue denim on the floor, blue and white rag rug and valanced bedstead. I would use a fine white dimity with the small cord for the valance and dresser cover. As to your reception hall, I believe I would not use the shell and bead work just at the front door, I am afraid you would become very tired of it. Use it at a side window or in some corner where it will get a good light. If your hall is done in terra-cotta color, use the terra-cotta silk at your front door in flutes caught back or, which will be handsomer still, a lace-bordered white net with border running across the bottom.

I think I would prefer a handsome colonial arm chair to a Roman seat, as your house is colonial in design. It should be mahogany by all means.

## A Crimson and White Bedroom.

**K. E. B.** of Los Angeles says: "I should like your advice on the furnishing of a bedroom. The walls have a crimson vine on a cream ground. The woodwork is rather a dark red. I thought of having a white iron bed and white dresser, although, as the room is not very large and as I would like to use it as a sitting-room as well as bedroom, would you be able to suggest anything that would take the place of the bed. Anything but a folding bed, that I detest. What would be pretty and artistic to use on the shelves? Below the shelf is an ugly chimney hole, covered with a piece of tin. What could I use to hide it? I thought of getting a neat, little pattern of ingrain carpet, red and white. I have a pretty pastel picture of soft-toned colors, framed in a bright-red frame; also a red poster. I forgot to mention that I have a big, comfortable, willow rocker, which is now a dove color, and I thought of painting it white. How must I cover the dresser?"

I would advise you to use the white iron bed and white enameled dresser. A fresh-looking neatly-made bed with a top cover for dress occasions, of white, dotted muslin, with a ruffle falling almost to the floor around three sides, is an object of real beauty, and if you make your room dainty and attractive in its furnishings it will be a pleasure to sit in it at any time. I have a horror of make-shifts, and cordially agree with you in your detestation of the folding bed. If you have a pretty toilet table or

dressing bureau in evidence, your room will look incomplete without a bed. An iron single bed takes up very little room, and I would have it and all of its furnishings snow white. Use curtains of white muslin, dotted, ruffled, and tied back at your windows, and hang curtains of crimson denim from a brass rod in place of your four shelves. I would put books on these shelves and set some photographs, a fancy basket tied with a ribbon, and perhaps a ginger jar holding red roses on the top of all. Put a little crimson shade on your drop light, but do not use red on your bureau. You might use a little delicate green, with the white trimmings here. Can you afford a pretty fern on a little wicker stand by the window? Hang a Japanese paper panel over the chimney hole, your red poster should be stuck up higher on the wall. Instead of a red and white carpet, I would buy one in which the small and indistinct pattern formed two shades of red. This would give the general effect of a plain, red-floor covering. Paint your willow chair ivory white, and tie a red-and-white flowered cushion in it. If you had a

walls. For your bookshelves you will find the Madagascar matting will make stunning curtains. You can find it striped, with the fern or dried-grass colors, dull shades of red and green. The stripes are of equal width and tack it in little pleats to small, brass rods. For your cushions, a dull, cold blue, orange and the color of your walls would go well together. Use no lamp shade. Hang a kiskillim in the doorway of the room, you can find a small one, probably, which would be expensive, and it would give the required touch of rich oriental softness to your pretty, green library. Do not buy a carpet for this room until you can afford a cashmere, with a good deal of ivory white and a strong green in it. As your brown tones in all right in your oak woodwork, you can use it without spoiling the room.

## A Living-room at Verdugo.

**Mrs. J. C.** says: "Could you give me an idea about



WELL-DRAPE WINDOW.



A PRETTY TEA TABLE.

canary bird in a gilded cage to hang over your fern your room would be quite complete.

## A Library with Oak Woodwork.

**B. C. A.** says: "Would you kindly assist me in the furnishing of my library? It has a south exposure, oak woodwork, bookshelves and furniture are of oak. Plain olive-green paper and full curtains of white Swiss in the bay window. I would like the straight drapery over the white. Would you advise raw silk? If so, what shade would be best? What material would you advise for curtains for the bookshelves and what color? What colors shall I select for my cushion covers, and what shall I get for a portiere at the single door leading into my bedroom? My carpet is a dull-brown affair, but I cannot change it now. When I do, what would you suggest? What color must I use in my lamp shade? I want this to be a cheerful, cosy, living-room, and will be grateful for any suggestions you can make."

For your window draperies I would advise the use of the raw silk, in a shade of green corresponding with your

to make a living-room look cheery and bright with expense? It is raw silk, with a ten-foot ceiling. You the color of alabaster used on side walls. What expensive material could I use at windows? Would Japanese matting look well on the floor? If you suggest something to look cheerful I would be obliged."

As your walls are a sort of creamy pink, you get a better effect if you use the plain white matting that with black figures on your floor. Hang white at the windows and straight lengths of denim in a shade of red. Tie red cushions in your rocking chairs and paint a plain, square pine table black, the red denim over the top, leaving an inch or so of border to show beyond the brass tacks. This will be enough to lay your magazines on, to set your lamp basket, etc. A wrought-iron lamp with a glass shade would make your room decidedly more cheerful.

November 18, 1900.

A Strange City.

**T**HE little city of Galesburg, Iowa, is a strange place. It is a city of contrasts. It is a city of contrasts. It is a city of contrasts.

Many centuries ago, on the banks of the Mississippi, a small settlement was founded. It was a city of contrasts. It was a city of contrasts.

The belief arose that St. Louis, and the city of Galesburg, was a city of contrasts. It was a city of contrasts.

Thousands many of the city of Galesburg, Iowa, is a strange place. It is a city of contrasts. It is a city of contrasts.

The coming of an insane man to Galesburg, Iowa, is a strange place. It is a city of contrasts. It is a city of contrasts.

When you visit Belgium, don't forget to visit Galesburg, Iowa. It is a city of contrasts. It is a city of contrasts.

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# Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

## A Strange City.

THE city of Gheel, in Belgium, is a resort for mad and even at the present day still has, much more than the peasantry of Belgium, the city started

many centuries ago, on the site where Gheel now stands, the town of St. Dymphna particularly favored the mad, and did miraculous things for them; in consequence, thousands of insane people were yearly brought to the city, and she might intercede with God for their

many of the unfortunate lingered around the city for months at a time; finally it became a permanent resort for many, and gradually a city came into existence. It now has a population of about ten thousand, and about every fourth resident is insane.

The insane that come to them are not lodged in asylums, but are easily managed are taken care of in private cottages, and the mildly insane board with the families of the city. Very few of them are of any nature, and they are met with everywhere in the city, walking about with entire freedom.

The coming of an insane boarder into a Gheel family is a daily affair. Every member of the family is a doctor, and the house is beautifully decorated with a sign, bearing the word "welcome," in large, bold letters, is placed in a conspicuous place. The head of the family introduces the newcomer as "friend" or "brother," and after a warm greeting there is a banquet and a good time.

But the boarder goes to work with other members of the family, he is to keep the insane employed in a part of the town. However, they are never compelled to do any work, and are coaxed into doing what they like to do for them. Under no circumstances is an insane person ever dealt with harshly in the city.

They are given an abundance of plain, substantial food, and are treated with kindness, and are in every way treated as human beings. As a result, the statistics show that about 90 per cent. of the patients go away cured, and the remainder are almost invariably greatly improved.

When you visit Belgium don't fail to see the strange city of Gheel. It is but a short distance from Antwerp.—*London Times.*

## Don's 35-Year Old.

THE case of kidnaping occurred in Belfast the other evening, in which Don Robbins was the victim. Don is known as being one of the smallest men in Belfast. He is 35 years of age, about three feet in height, and weighs about forty pounds. He is unusually intelligent, and has had many offers to go to America and to appear in museums. His father, though poor fisherman, who live in East Belfast, never permit him to leave home. During the last three months Don has been employed at the city hall, doing errands, blacking shoes and performing light work. He is very popular and interesting. He not only supported himself, but gave money to his folks. Recently Don has been offered money to purchase a new suit of clothes. His father refused the money. So Friday evening the father and the family hung around the Windsor Hotel and a favorable opportunity, when they grabbed Don and carried him home, struggling and howling. Such a case of kidnaping of a man 35 years of age is unique, to say the least.—*[Lewiston Evening Sun.]*

## Clark with a Chimney.

THE young Clark of Nipponese Valley was riding on his bicycle through Antea Gap, Sunday night, when he fell into the road directly in front of him. He was killed, and Clark went sprawling on the road.

The wheel of the wheel scared the animal so badly that it reared up and it plunged into a wire fence of the road in its efforts to get away. Meanwhile Clark had pulled up his wheel and rode out of the road's mouth.—*[Jewey Shore (Pa.) Correspondence.]*

## Results of Grafting.

THE results of grafting that it has been known for a long time to show the modern method of grafting. Hitherto it has been customary to assume a spirit of determined resistance to be implanted in plants—that, in fact, the graft will take unless it be of the same plant. The ingenious Belgian has changed this. He has, he declares, grafted the sugar maple on the French bean on the castor-oil plant, and the tomato.

Mr. Carter's grafter whether these things might be possible. An expert said that he would not go so far as to say that they might not, but if they might be done. And again, if they might, what then? The results would be a species of sweet lilac that might be used for a French bean with medicinal

properties attached, nor a cross between a cabbage and a tomato.

The graft preserves its own character. Its habit of growth may in some cases be modified, but the fruit remains as before. Moreover, these freak plants do not seed. You may get the first step, but not further. The sugar maple would remain a sugar maple, the French bean would continue to be a French bean, and the cabbage would not cease to be a cabbage—only that and nothing more. It is therefore very clever of the Belgian, but rather unnecessary—unless, of course, he could manage to graft mint upon green peas and broad beans upon parsley and melted butter.—*[London Mail.]*

## Curious Aegean Sea.

IN THE Aegean Sea a vessel may sail into the top of a crater, and, though it is hard to find an anchorage there, yet a mere sail through is appreciated greatly by captains, because it cleanses the bottoms of the ships from marine growth. More than two thousand years ago the island of Santorin was split in half by an earthquake, with the result that what was once the crater of a volcano is now a crescent-shaped harbor. Two glistening white towns of Thora and St. Nicholas are perched on the summit of the steep cliffs, whose dark and dismal hue is similar to that of the top of Vesuvius. Between the main island on the east and the smaller, Thersia, on the west, are the three small Kaumene Islands, all of which have come into existence since the original earthquake. The water in the harbor into which the sulphurous streams from these volcanic islands drain has a peculiar property which completely cleans off growths of every kind from the bottom of any ship.—*[Minneapolis Journal.]*

## Recovered the Bullet.

A CURIOUS effect of a bullet wound has just been observed in the Boer war. An English soldier in the storming of a position at the beginning of February last was struck in the face by a Mauser bullet. The projectile lodged in the head somewhere, but all attempts to reveal its precise position by the X-rays were futile. The soldier was discharged from his hospital as cured, and participated in several other battles. The only ill effect he experienced from the wound was a slight impediment in his speech. On July 11 he was seized with a violent attack of sneezing, and during his exertions disgorged what proved to be the missing bullet. It has been firmly imbedded point downward in the lower part of his jaw.—*[Army and Navy Journal.]*

## Culm Banks Afire.

CULM is curious stuff and there seems to be an abundance of it. People who travel through the mining regions always inquire about the great mountains of coal dust that rise in every direction, some of them 200 feet in height. These piles of culm often catch fire either by accident or spontaneous combustion, and it is almost impossible to extinguish them. At night the red glare is visible all over the valleys. Near Wilkesbarre a culm bank has been burning for twenty-five years. Various attempts have been made to quench the fire, but it is just as bright and vigorous today as it was a quarter of a century ago, and the company, having abandoned its efforts to put out the fire, feeds it regularly by dumping fresh culm upon the flames. If this was not done the fire would eat its way into the great bank like an ulcer and, ultimately break out in several places; but as long as the surface fire is fed with fresh fuel it does not burrow into the heap. Formerly culm was considered dead waste, but some years ago a furnace was invented in which it can be utilized for steaming purposes after water has passed over it and foreign substances washed out. Therefore most of the mining companies have erected washeries at their culm piles, and, as I have said, many manufacturing establishments have come into this neighborhood solely because they are able to use it as fuel.—*[Chicago Record.]*

## Train Goes Over a Boy.

A DNEY EDMONDS, 9 years old, had a miraculous escape from death yesterday. He fell between two freight cars of a moving Big Four train, and after fourteen cars had passed over him he emerged unhurt.

Adney's mother witnessed the accident, and as the big train of cars flashed past the spot where her boy had fallen she almost became hysterical.

As she was begging piteously for some one to save her son, the daring youngster staggered to his feet and began wiping the dirt off his face. Mrs. Edmonds ran to him, and the sight which greeted her eye was beyond her belief. Adney cried and whimpered to his mother that he was "all right," but this she refused to believe until the family physician pronounced him uninjured. Then she gave way in a paroxysm of nervousness which required the attention of all present.

In company with Adney and her two little daughters, Mrs. Edmonds started to walk into Granite City in order to gratify her boy's desire to see a match game of baseball.

As they neared the town a passing freight train came in sight. The engineer reduced the locomotive's speed, and Adney, who, his parents say, has always been an adventurous child, sprang from her side and attempted to board the thirteenth car ahead of the caboose.

He succeeded, though the jump was a dangerous one, and climbed up the ladder to a seat on top of a brake handle. Mrs. Edmonds started in pursuit. Before the boy was out of her sight she experienced the harrowing sensation of seeing him tumble feet first from the dizzy perch he had occupied, between the two cars.

Her screams for help were drowned by the roar of the

train as it again got under full sway. It was soon past and the mother hurried ahead, expecting to see the mangled form of her boy.

Instead, the little chap jumped up like a jack-in-a-box and rubbed the dust out of his eyes. He owed his life to his own coolness and bravery. But Mrs. Edmonds wouldn't have it that way. Such an escape appeared to her to be miraculous and impossible. She put her cape around him and sobbed as though he would soon be beyond the sound of her grief. "I'm all right, mamma; I'm not killed; don't hold me so tight," put in Adney.

Mrs. Edmonds was too terrified to hear his talk. She made her way to the doctor's office, and when assured that the boy was not hurt the shock was too much for her. She required more attention than Adney. Upon recovering she made her way home in a farmer's rig that chanced to be going in her direction.—*[St. Louis Republic.]*

## The Only Gold Mine in the Kingdom.

UP IN an obscure corner of North Wales the only gold mine in the United Kingdom is being worked. It is known as "St. David's." Here a profitable plant, covering 730 acres, is in active operation. Eight or nine lodes outcrop on the property, three of which have been tapped. One of the "reefs" averages one and one-half feet in width, another two and one-half feet and the broadest of the trio five feet. The total results from all sources show a recovery of fourteen and one-half pennyweights gold per ton of ore, and the total cost of mining, milling and concentration is placed at the extremely low figure of 8 shillings (\$2) a ton. The use of water power and the hydraulic mining system, combined with a low-wage scale, enable this abnormally cheap cost of production, and the £60,000 (\$961,990) of the company's capital stock is paying out dividends of 8 shillings (\$2) a share. The "St. David's" mine is said to be still undiscovered as far as its ultimate possibilities are concerned.—*[London Letter.]*

## Seized the President's Armchair.

POLITICS is responsible for a curious incident which has just taken place. A Parisian tried, through a bailiff, to seize the armchair of the new President of the Municipal Council, M. Grebauval. The facts are these: An obdurate rate payer named Rey won a lawsuit against the city, which was ordered to refund to him £200 (\$320.00), which he had paid in illegal taxes. Being unable to obtain payment, he could think of nothing better than to seize the President's armchair.

The seizure was not effected because of the law which shelters any object used in the public service. Still the initiative taken is none the less original in a country where individual initiative is not common, especially when against the administration. Recognizing the city's liability involves the refunding of the sum of £4,447,000 (\$889,400) for taxes illegally collected on alcohol. The example of Rey will stimulate imitators.—*[Paris Correspondence New York Herald.]*

## A Lovers' Trust Formed.

A LOVERS' Trust has been formed at Wapakoneta. The parties to the combination are twenty young business and society men of that city. They term their society the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Worthy Young Lovers.

The avowed object is the mutual benefit and protection of all young lovers, and the constitution contains provisions for the discouraging and punishment of goings, "knockers," "kidders" and all other classes who interfere in love affairs at home or abroad.

Business meetings are held every Sunday afternoon before the lovers make their Sunday evening calls, and all grievances are reported to the meeting. If it be decided that there is ground for complaint, the report is handed over to the Executive Committee, which adjudges punishment and provides for the carrying out of the sentence. The society is proving immensely popular, but the idea is to keep it rather exclusive.—*[Toledo Correspondence Chicago Times-Herald.]*

## A Rat Showed Him the Mine.

THE actions of a trading rat led N. R. Ingoldby to the discovery of a rich gold mine in Arizona. He named the property the Rat Hole mine.

Mr. Ingoldby is in Denver on the way to his home in England. He has been spending several months near Mammoth, on the San Pedro River, in Arizona. His purpose was to enjoy the hunting and make a collection of the animals and minerals of the Southwest. He pitched his tent in the cañon of the San Pedro, in the Santa Catarina Mountains.

He had no neighbors, and was for a long time unable to account for the disappearance of small articles that he left lying about his camp. At last he noticed that when anything was taken, something was always left in his place. This was usually a bit of stone or wood. The culprit he found to be a large rodent of the species known as the trading rat. The habits of the animal made an interesting study for Mr. Ingoldby, and he often lay awake at night to watch for his visitor.

A silver spoon was missing one morning, and in its place was a piece of quartz carrying free gold. This still more excited Mr. Ingoldby's curiosity, and after several attempts he succeeded in following the animal to its hole. Nearby was the ledge from which the gold-bearing quartz had been taken. Mr. Ingoldby made an examination thorough to prove that his discovery was of considerable value. On his return from England he expects to open the mine.—*[Denver Correspondence New York Sun.]*



## Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

## Romance in Italy.

**FICTION.**

**THIS** novel is not so much a story of dramatic interest as a vehicle for the author's esthetic, political and religious ideas. The hero, Manisty, a literary man of irritable temperament, who has lost his hold as a diplomat in the world of English politics, gives up his career of his country and retires to Italy. The story opens with the coming of Lucy Foster to pay a visit to the family of the hero, in a villa not far from Rome, where he lives with an elderly relative, Aunt Pattie, and his widowed cousin, Eleanor Burgoyne. Lucy Foster's friends had met with a series of accidents which debarred her of their further companionship in a foreign land. The Manistys owed a social debt to the family of the young American girl, who had showered attentions on the English guests in America.

Aunt Pattie received the shy Lucy Foster, who comes to the house of the dilettante English gentleman. Lucy is unaccustomed to the social world, but has a bright mind, well stored with American ideals of patriotism and conduct. Manisty, who is disgusted with the corruption of Italian politics, is attracted to the Pope, and begins writing a book which is to deal with the fate of nations. Here Mrs. Ward is at home, and has the opportunity to bring on those observations which so peculiarly suit her literary tendency, although this book has not so polemical an atmosphere as filled her novel, "Robert Elsmere." Eleanor Burgoyne assists Manisty in his work, and is his critic, and drifts into loving the man who for some time is unaware of her sentiments. Eleanor is described as having been haughtily dumb and patient during her married years, proud morally, socially, intellectually. She had been proud in her loneliness and grief, now she, who had never begged for anything, was in the mood to see her whole existence a "refused petition, a rejected gift." Eleanor has received Lucy Foster in the loveliest spirit, has instructed her in ways of making her toilets attractive and by many gracious and womanly attentions, helped to "rub off her angles, and drill her into beauty." Both women love the same man. It seems a mystery if one reads of him. Nothing seemed more amazing to Eleanor than the lapses in mere gentlemanliness that Manisty could allow himself. He was capable on occasion of all that was most refined and tender in feeling. But once that central egotism of his, and he could behave incredibly.

A mad woman is introduced, it seems, for the object of providing a crisis by which Manisty sees the real state of his regard for Lucy, who is the object of the mad creature's fury. This reminder of Jane Eyre's experience is not, however, as graphically presented as by the pen of Charlotte Brontë. Manisty, the hero, is not a specially adorable creation. He seems like a man in a tableaux of ancient Italian art, a little too conscious of his picturesque appearance. Eleanor, for all her intellectual force, is a somewhat shadowy outline. Lucy does not offer any very winsome justification for being Eleanor's rival. The book, however, contains conversations about the political troubles of Italy. One likes to see the names of Garibaldi, Cavour, Mazzini, and hints of the striking figures and immortal names which are associated with Italy's great epic, in her deliriums of aspiration for freedom and unity.

The Italian sunshine lights every page of the story, but the human interest throughout is sad. All the conversational tone is either in a minor key or has a serious meaning. There are no pages of humor. The book abounds with earnest thoughts. One perseveres in reading it, finding the last chapters of Eleanor's renunciation almost too deep an insight into a woman's heart to be given to the public. The book is long, but the reader will continue until he finishes it, skipping no chapters.

[Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Harper & Bros., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

## Fables of Recent Life

The writer, who wishes a quick impression of this book, may read the following page, which, in the original, is freely interspersed with capital letters: "The prosperous farmer lived in an agricultural section of the Middle West. He commanded the respect of his neighbors. He owned a section, he had a raft of big horses, farm machinery, and money in the bank. Of course he was married. Years before he had selected a willing country girl with pink cheeks, and put her into the kitchen to serve for her natural life." The book has twenty fables, with morals appended. In spite of its slang and many capitals, the book deserves a place by old Aesop, whose fables amused Socrates in prison.

[More Fables. By George Ade. Herbert S. Stone, Chicago and New York.]

## A Romance of Exmoor.

The illustrations which come with this edition are fascinating pictures of Exmoor and the land of the Doones. There are glimpses of the rocky cliffs where the robbers and smugglers used to hide. There is the shadow and glen which was their stronghold. There are many beautiful glimpses of the heather plains and the bogs and rocks of the Doone Valley. There is the wizard's slough and the shore at Watchett. The book has a short introduction by Clifton Johnson, who makes the heretical intimation that Lorna Doone was pure fancy. He should betake himself to Exmoor and look again. In the words of Blackmore, he should see:

"Dark hills that wend in russet waves away,  
Green valleys melting into vapors gray,  
The sun that walks the golden heights, the bloom  
Of velvet shadows sleeping down the comb."  
Then he would not need to be told that Lorna Doone is a reality, and will remain a young and lovely maiden so long as blue bells and heather haunt the valley of the

Doones. This story, which is one of the most endeared romances of this time, has, in addition to the drawings of W. Small from photographs taken expressly for this work by Clifton Johnson, a special introduction by the author. The book also has a representation of the interesting face of the author.

[Lorna Doone. A Romance of Exmoor. By E. D. Blackmore. Harper & Bros., New York.]

## Savage Chivalry.

The story of pagan Hawaii is written by an author who has resided in the region which he describes. He is familiar with the musical language, where the vowels have the European sounds and, as in Italian, there are no silent letters, each vowel being pronounced. Thus he says the word Wahine is pronounced Wa-hi-ne. The outward appearance of the book, with its surf and sea birds, indicates the spirit of wild life which pervades the novel. The heroes encounter sharks, explore volcanoes, and go on dangerous missions. The surf-rider is much beset with the attentions of barbarian women. A fanciful maiden, Pu Aloha (Flower of Love), is introduced in contrast. She believes that the Diety of the volcano will only be appeased by death. She prays the goddess to take her own life and spare her beloved.

The author depicts social customs, and tells much of the folk-lore of the people. The natural scenery is carefully described and the impression by numerous illustrations. The writer asserts that one of the characters introduced later becomes the Queen of Kamehameha I, and had much to do with the overthrow of paganism. The writer has also published a work on the history of Hawaii, and his contributions concerning Hawaii must have the merit of a knowledge of the subject, and the details of the life.

[Kele. The Surf-Rider. A Romance of Pagan Hawaii. By Alex Stevenson Twombly. Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

## Beyond the North Pole.

Far away beyond Nuwuk there came an Eskimo to Point Barrow, whose skin boat had a part of its covering made from the vanished cover of a balloon. The whaler told the story in 1897. Investigations were made and among the curiosities found, the writer states that the following narrative was unearthed: In the annals the story is told of



MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.

John Heath Howard, who was carried away from Epsum, Eng., by an Indian aeronaut. He tells in his diary how he arrived at the home of King Olof, where Astrid, his lovely daughter, asserted that he was the god Balder. The after adventures of John Heath, and his unsuccessful attempt to reach his own country, with Astrid in his balloon, is one of the romances of aerial navigation which is probably a precursor of the trend of new romance. The book has imaginative interest.

[Rainarland. By William Hutton Wilson. Harper & Bros. Price, \$1.50.]

## Morning Time.

"Three hundred and sixty-five days to dust, ornament and interview the cook! What a jog trot along the same way every year!" Hilary was looking out on the first day of January. She was one of the three sisters, who make the life of this story, in which are some bright days, happy adventures, and chapters of home life set to wedding bells. The story will interest young hearts.

[Sisters Three. By Jessie Mansergh (Mrs. G. de Horne Vaisey.) Cassell & Co. For sale at Fowler's. Price, \$1.25.]

## A Vacation Awheel.

The young schoolmaster with his wheel met with many adventures. They were principally occasioned by his cavalier spirit to damsels in distress, maidens whose horses were running away, or were alarmed by a bear. Mr. Stockton's tales are always entertaining. While this one does not quite reach the mark of some other specimens of his hu-

moristic spinning, the book—which is illustrated by Lowell—is bright and well-constructed.

[A Bicycle of Cathay. By Frank R. Stockton. & Bros. Price, \$1.50.]

## GEOGRAPHICAL DATA.

## A Twenty-Five-Thousand-Mile Journey.

The United States knows comparatively little of South America. A new reference work is therefore a contribution to the subject, especially when the work is made acceptable for the use of business men and others where in this country. It goes without saying that the ever opinions he may offer concerning South America be of value. Mr. Carpenter went from New York with government introductions which greatly assisted him. The author gives his impression of the country, road, and describes the colossal work of the Pan American. He graphically portrays the land of the equator, the Ecuador and Peru; he saw the unexplored land of Bolivia; he made a study of the gold and silver of the Andes; he caught impressions of the climate of Chile. He calls Valparaiso the New York of the Pacific. He writes an interesting chapter on the island of Juan Fernandez—Robinson Crusoe's island. The Chilean government proposes to colonize the Tierra del Fuego, the Falkland Isles, and many pages concerning the social and commercial of the Argentine Republic. He saw much of the great cities of the Amazon. The work is truly a sociology of the various strange lands which he has studied the ethnology of the races of South America with the keen interest of a student. The writer of the city of La Paz: "There is no place in the world this. Away back from the Pacific Ocean, beyond the highest mountains of our hemisphere, on the highest plateaus of the earth, it lies in a little rounded by natural walls. I have seen the walls of Jerusalem, and of Seoul, and the capital of the greatest of them is not over fifty feet high. The walls a thousand feet high and on one side of it is a snow-capped peak of Illimani, one of the three of the Andes, which kisses the morning and evening an altitude of about four miles above the sea. The walls of other cities. God made the walls of At La Paz the great Bolivian plateau, which stretches to the north and south, almost as level as the Lake Titicaca, abruptly drops so as to form a great pit deep. In this pit the city is built, its walls sloping almost precipitously upward on all sides. It has about sixty-two thousand people, and is the chief city of Bolivia. There are no wagons, heavy traffic is carried on by mules, donkeys, and pack animals." Every page of the work is educating and interesting.

[South America. Social, Industrial and Political. Frank G. Carpenter. Akron, O., the Southland Publishing Company. W. A. Carney, Santa Paula, Cal., publisher for California.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

## The Emperor in Exile.

The author asserts that only very recently has been possessed any adequate material for a true life of Napoleon. He asserts that Napoleon's history has been written on dubious and inadequate material. The author's bibliography which he offers is unreliable data, a careful study of his subject. This biography is a record of Napoleon's triumph, but opens the eyes of the time when the fallen monarch was a prisoner of war. We learn of the books which beguiled his captivity, were his friends, and something of the manner of his thought. The writer gives the opinion that the factors of his downfall was the "supreme personal help to destroy the balance of his judgment of common sense. His overbalanced individuality was his fall. He had no check or assistance from advisers; ministers were ciphers."

The work is an important addition to the literature of the Emperor's life. So much biographical material follows the lives of great leaders, so many chapters that have no claim to interest save merely that this work can be recommended for its dignified of the conditions of the time of Napoleon's last days. [Napoleon. The last Phase. By Lord Randolph Churchill & Bros. Price, \$3.]

## Illuminating Essays.

Twelve clergymen of literary distinction have these exquisite sketches on the women of the Bible page plates by F. V. Du-Mond, W. P. Sawyer, and others. Illustrate the faces of Eve, Sarah, Deborah, Ruth, Hannah, Jezebel, Esther, Mary, Martha and Mary, and the Blessed Virgin Mary. The writers of the sketches include those of Dr. Abbott, Dr. Newell, Dwight Hillis, Bishop Doane, Gibbons and others as eminent in the theological work has a richly-ornamented binding in purple. The work is a beautiful contribution to the literature.

[Women of the Bible. Harper & Bros. Price, \$1.50.]

## FOLK-LORE.

## "Tell Another Mammy."

This contribution to negro folk-lore comes from the quarters. The cleverly-illustrated stories of powers of hoodoo, the undoubted influence of the devil's little fly which buzzes in the ears of the children. They are the literature of the cotton field.

and make the gold li...  
world forces no one is more...  
ness, with their natural love...  
[Devil Tales. By Virginia...  
Price, \$1.50.]

Legends of Fur Trappers.

These folk-lore tales of...  
trappers, in the Northwest...  
men gathered from the lips...  
around the campfires. The...  
life and movement and the...  
life.

[Moons and Others of the...  
Charles Scribner's Sons. Pri...

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## National Sport.

There is no game in Englan...  
cricketers are reputed...  
advent and courage. The g...  
ship. This edition cont...  
authors. The book th...  
game.

[Cricket. By T. C. Clingan...  
Price, 1...

Thoughts for Social Improvement.

The writer of this book exte...  
world of selfishness, egoism...  
society, held together by t...  
merits thoughtful reading...  
[As It Might Be. By A. A. V...  
Company, Cincinnati.]

## POLITICAL SCIENCE.

## The United States a World Power.

The author has collected in th...  
contributions which had appea...  
view, the Forum and the At...  
which he expresses the convic...  
now to enter on its destined...  
race. Before this time the...  
same, but now wider influence...  
as "the result of a natural...  
development." He believes that...  
civilized peoples to create a...  
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sight and patriotism. As ill...  
United States the old issues are sh...  
to the lumber room of the pol...  
a strange new light by the flash...  
of Manila." Then follows the...  
new issues in the perpetuation...  
civilization, "where the swe...  
in behalf of the free...  
world."

The United States in the Orient.

economic Problem. By Charles A...

and Co. Boston.]

and Life in the United States.

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of three. The first volume...

with the political philosophy of...

Jefferson, Monroe in France...

Alabama. The work is a thoughtf...

of present interest.

History of Political Parties in t...

Curry. Second edition revised...

and New York. Price, \$1.75.]

## JUVENILE FICTION.

## The Emperor's Journey.

The writer says that soon after he...  
made a trip around the world w...  
of her journey is entertainingly...  
book has numerous oriental illu...  
an American Girl's Trip to the Ori...  
By Christine Colbran. Rand...

Life of Long Ago.

This story for boys deals with Span...  
holds, and has a little glimpse of a...  
Diaga. There are deeds of daring a...  
warfare which illustrate the perils...  
of the Hands of the Cave-Dwellers...  
& Bros. Price, \$1.]

Early Times.

This story the author has told some...  
time when Paul Revere saw the last...  
of the old North Tower, and carri...  
village in Middlesex. The book is...  
which will interest boy readers.

The First Chapter. By Harry Castle...

ing Company, Akron, O. Price, 75...

My Rhymes Grown Venerable.

The table of contents of this collectio...  
new versions. "The Commendable C...  
Hubbard." "The Judicious Judgment...  
"The Opportune Overthrow of H...

C. LOWE KILWA...



# Reviewer.

book—which is illustrated by  
well-constructed.

## GRAPHICAL DATA.

and-Mile Journey.

knows comparatively little of

work is therefore an

subject, especially when the

use of business men and

and to journalism are popular

It goes without saying that

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water went from New York to

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of the gold and silver

impressions of the nitrate

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Robinson Crusoe's Island.

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the Falkland Isles, and

the social and commercial

He saw much of Brazil, and

the work is freely

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strange lands which he

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of a student. The writer

There is no place in the

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of our hemisphere, on one

earth, it lies in a little

aila. I have seen the walls

and, and the capital of Korea

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high and on one side of it

Illman, one of the three

the morning and evening

four miles above the sea.

God made the walls of

active plateau, which stretches

almost as level as the

drops so as to form a great

the city is built, its walls

ously upward on all sides.

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There are no wagons

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social, industrial and political

Alonso, O., the Salfeld

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NO BIOGRAPHY.

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after given the opinion that

all was the "supreme

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balanced individuality

back or assistance from

November 18, 1900.]

and under the gold light on forest and plain, whose  
more ready to study than the colored  
with their natural love of poetry and song.

(Small Tales. By Virginia Fraser Bayle. Harper & Bros.  
New York.)

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and the "Quixotic Quest of Three Blind Mice" are among  
the number. The amusing versions of this classic of child-  
hood may be illustrated by Jack Horner's pie:

"Undagging pertinacity, and technical sagacity,  
Long nights of sleepless vigil and long days of constant  
care,

Had been involved in making it, improving it and baking it,  
Until of other pies it was the wonder and despair."

The book is cleverly illustrated by Peter Newell and  
Gustave Verbeck.

[Mother Goose for Grown-Ups. By Guy Wetmore Carryl.  
Harper & Bros., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

## RECENT MAGAZINES.

The November Cosmopolitan contains among its illus-  
trated contributions, Eleanor B. Caldwell's "A Woman's  
Experience in Cape Nome," which gives a pathetic insight  
into the struggle there. John Fay writes of the Galveston  
tragedy, and adds new chapters to the heroic incidents of  
the hour. A problem in army transportation is contributed  
by Capt. A. W. Butt.

Mathilde Marchesi writes her singing lessons for Harper's  
Bazar, and Margaret Deland adds a sketch of Cleopatra to  
the "Studies of Great Women."

Donahue's Magazine for November has an illustrated  
sketch by Mary B. O'Sullivan on "The Boston of the Other  
Days." Gerald F. Stephens contributes a sketch on Sir  
Charles Russell.

Prof. Simon Newcomb fills the first twenty-seven pages  
of the Popular Science Monthly with his "Chapters on the  
Stars." Some of the illustrations were photographed with  
the Crossley reflector of the Lick Observatory. Contribu-  
tions on China, and reports on the progress of science add  
to the value of this number.

"Some Literary Memories of Cambridge," by William  
Dean Howells, is an important contribution to Harper's  
Magazine. "A Little Tragedy of Tien-Tsin," by Francis  
Aymes Mathews, would do credit to the pen of Chester  
Baily Bernal. A sketch on fruit growing in America gives  
the history of fruit growing in this State. The writer  
says that California produces more of almost every common  
fruit than any other State in the Union.

"The Chaucer Garden," by W. H. Thompson, is continuing  
to be reprinted in the Living Age. A sketch of "The Mis-  
sionaries in China," is an earnest contribution selected  
from the Spectator. The writer considers that the ques-  
tion to be settled with China, concerning the missionaries, is  
the most difficult one before the world.

Good Cheer, a monthly magazine for cheerful thinkers,  
is gotten up in the cheerful strain of optimistic authors.  
Nixon Waterman, who edits it, is an optimistic poet, and  
for over twenty years has been identified with journalism.  
The little magazine dates its initial number November 1,  
with contents which include a sketch "Poets Who Were  
Laughed At," by Henrich Buterworth, in which there  
are some statements of interest in the history of the slow  
appreciations of poetic power. Opie Read writes con-  
vincingly of the "Value of Mirth." Nixon Waterman con-  
tributes "Redactional Radiations." The local color of the  
magazine may be illustrated by a quotation from this de-  
partment.

"Joy will not wed herself with wrong,  
The birds of prey possess no song."

The Optimist has a large number of contributors for so  
small a magazine. When the editor sees his way to en-  
large the print, use less decoration of red ink on the mar-  
gin and less ornamentation around the poetry, he will not  
need to announce that his magazine represents a small  
western town. One of the best contributions of the num-  
ber is Frances A. Shaw's "Victor Hugo." Eugene Secor's  
"Law of Variability" is a vehicle of thought expressed in  
good English vernacular. A tender and suggestive little  
story, "Love's Child," is written by Egbert W. Fowler.

John Gilmer Speed, in the Criterion, writes of Theodore  
Roosevelt, scholar and statesman. An excellent portrait  
illustrates the sketch of "the man whose literary work  
would have given him a name even though he never com-  
manded the Rough Riders nor had been Governor of New  
York." "He was not seeking public place," says the Crit-  
icon, "the place sought him." This number also contains the op-  
inions of distinguished authors and their comments on Gov.  
Roosevelt's latest book, "The Strenuous Life." Strenuous  
is used in the sense of the Greek word "strenos" (strong).  
and Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur says Roosevelt by his  
wide fame as an author and the quality of his political  
work is his own superb illustration of the "strenuous life."  
The editorial corner calls attention to the fact that by  
an error in its October number the portrait of Frederick D.  
Bridgman appeared with the title John S. Sargent.  
Book Lore says that "Charlotte Bronte seems to belong  
to a far-off age, but her husband, Rev. Arthur Bell Nichols,  
is still alive. He is turned 80, and has a quiet country  
home at Bangor, Kings county, Ireland. Among the  
many treasured relics in the house is the desk, with its  
nest of drawers, on which she wrote most of her work."

On the 2d of October, just two weeks after its publica-  
tion, 40,000 copies of "Alice in Old Vincennes," Maurice  
Thompson's story of American life, had been sold. From  
Canada came one order of 10,000 copies, a very unusual  
order from that colony, where the sale of books is neces-  
sarily limited. In this city the retail distribution con-  
tinues brisk, the McClurgs alone selling an average of 100  
copies a day. The publishers report that they are send-  
ing out a steady average of 3500 copies a day.

The Continental Publishing Company have in hand for  
early publication a collection of Mrs. Atherton's best  
short stories of the old days in California. Some of them  
appeared in the magazines. "The Splendid Idle Forties"  
is to be the title of this book.

## MEN AND THINGS LITERARY.

In a recent issue of the New York World, in an article  
on "Babism," a new oriental sect, the statement was made  
that Miss Lillian Whiting, the author of "The World  
Beautiful," is a believer in "Babism," and one of the  
latest to return from Syria. As the publishers of Miss  
Whiting's books, Little, Brown & Co. desire to state that

this assertion is absolutely unfounded. Miss Whiting had  
never even heard the name of "Babism" until her return  
from Paris, and she has never been to Egypt or Syria, but  
divided last winter between Rome and Florence. She was  
born and bred in the Episcopal communion, to whose faith  
she is unfalteringly allied. About four thousand people  
in Persia believe in Babism. The leader, who is supposed  
to be Christ reincarnated, is Abdul-Beha, who lives in  
Syria. He is represented in this country by Ibrahim  
G. Kheir, D.D., and Abdul Karim Effendi. The word  
"Bab" means a gate, and it is claimed that the religion  
is a channel or gate of grace. It is stated that the teach-  
ing is only a form of esoteric Mohammedanism, modernized  
to conform to occidental ideas. The leader, Kheir-Allah, is  
reputed to have secured quite a following in this country.

Dr. William Elliot Griffith has written a new story,  
of the life of "Verbeck of Japan," of which the Literary  
news notes says: "Dr. Verbeck was a Hollander by birth.  
America claimed his early manhood, while Japan was the  
scene of his life work. In point of fact, he was a citizen  
of no country." Verbeck was one of the makers of Japan.  
He probably did more than any other one man to spread  
civilization in this progressive little empire. The book  
is illustrated handsomely and suggestively. Through it  
one can understand Japan better than by almost any  
other means.

An exchange of recent date says that "a remarkable  
presentation of the fateful problem of womanhood in In-  
dia is contained in two books just published by Fleming  
H. Revell Company. 'The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood,'  
by Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller, is an American woman's state-  
ment of the case. Mrs. Fuller's volume might almost be  
called 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of Indian women. It is a  
thrilling plea for their rescue from the bondage of awful  
customs."

There is some speculation as to whether the heroine  
of Margaret Blake Robinson's novel of New York life,  
"Souls in Pawn," is Mrs. Ballington Booth. Miss Robin-  
son was interested in work among the slums by Mrs.  
Booth. A friend writes to Miss Robinson of her book:  
"Isn't the heroine Mrs. Ballington Booth? You have  
made her live. I think when I was down to Chinatown  
that I met Katie Finnegan, didn't I? Wasn't she the  
girl that said all these uproarious things about Roosevelt?"

The picture of the water front of early San Francisco  
which Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has presented in "The  
Prodigal," concluded as a three-part serial in the Novem-  
ber number of the Atlantic Monthly, is interesting not  
only in itself but as compared to that other picture of  
San Francisco furnished by Robert Louis Stevenson in  
"The Wreckers." Mrs. Foote's story is of an earlier day  
by nearly a decade. It is the story of a New Zealander  
sowing his wild oats and stranded on the Coast, and of  
his thorough-going reformation by means of a woman's  
love.

The Rev. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, the famous missionary  
to India where he has been for forty-one years, author  
of "A Cobra's Den" and other missionary stories (pub-  
lished by the Revells,) sailed from New York on October  
31. He came to this country in the spring to attend the  
Ecumenical Missionary Conference. He goes first to  
Southampton, sailing thence to Havre, from there by train  
to Marseilles, on November 16. Dr. Chamberlain leaves  
France by the steamer Persia, expecting to land at Bombay  
November 30. He will arrive at his former station,  
Madanapalle, two days later. Henceforth Dr. Chamber-  
lain will reside on the Nilgiri Hills, where he is to have  
charge of the mission work and the church connected with  
the Arcot Mission of the Reformed Church in America.  
Dr. Chamberlain is also to give much of his time to the  
completion of his new Oriental Bible Dictionary in the  
Telugu and Tamil languages. Dr. Chamberlain is accom-  
panied on his present long journey by his wife.

Christian Brinton, in a recent sketch on "Slavonic Lit-  
erature," says: "It is not as an artist nor as a stylist,  
but as an evangelist, a friend of his 'Poor People,' that  
Feodor Michailovitch Dostoyevsky stands Russia's typical  
novelist. Born in a charity hospital at Moscow, his eyes  
opened upon scenes of misery and suffering. Through life  
he was fated to see and to know little else, to share the  
lot of drunkards, thieves and murderers, to learn the true  
use of bitterest adversity. Yet pity, tenderness and com-  
passion were all that brutal circumstances or the starkest  
misery could wring from his agonized heart. With him  
love of humanity never soured into hatred for society.  
Years in Siberian prisons could not shake his faith in  
Russia, political, social or spiritual. 'Memoirs from the  
House of Death' and 'Crime and Punishment' are flooded  
with sympathy for the poor in spirit, for those blackened  
by crime or shattered by sorrow. Despite their prodigious  
analysis, their profound psychology, the novels of Dos-  
toyevsky are indifferent works of art. They are rich in  
pathology, but devoid of rhythm, harmony or proportion.  
This Dostoyevsky realized, for of 'The Humiliated' he  
wrote to his brother: 'I know what I wished to produce,  
but a rough, wild piece of work is all I have succeeded in  
turning out.' Yet through their terrible sincerity, their  
tense humanity, these Dostoyevsky pages transcend mere  
aesthetic considerations; they are the fulfillment, the em-  
bodiment of a spiritual message which is its own justifi-  
cation, which bears a beauty, a splendor above anything art  
can confer."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

From the publishers—the American Book Company—have  
come Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," edited by Mary F.  
Willard of the John Marshall High School, Chicago. The  
work has valuable notes, bibliography and introduction. "The  
Elements of Latin," by William R. Harper and Isaac B.  
Burgess. The work is a commendable text-book. "Ele-  
ments of Spoken French," by Maurice N. Kuhn, is a book  
intended for pupils who have some progress in French and  
wish to improve their vocabulary and pronunciation.  
"Physical Culture," by B. F. Johnson, gives directions to  
mothers and teachers in the physical care of young chil-  
dren. This book is one of the useful publications of the  
B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va.



*Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.*

**LINGERIE LUXURY.**

**SILK PETTICOATS HAVE RETIRED IN FAVOR OF  
SNOWY COTTON UNDERSKIRTS.**

*From a Special Correspondent.*

**N**EW YORK, Nov. 11, 1900.—If any bread-winning woman desires to earn a modest fortune, she should lose no time in establishing a laundry, where delicate feminine underwear can be washed, starched and ironed to perfection and by hand. No labor-saving devices can be relied upon in the laundry of up-to-date lingerie. To the deft and gentle fingers of the most skilled French blanchisseuse should the webs of finest cotton, silk and linen be intrusted, when the cleansing process is gone through with; else, the filmy mesh of this garment, that Cleopatra herself would have been flattered to wear, will be reduced to shreds after a couple of trips to the washtub.

**Immaculate White.**

White and always white is now the demand of the purchaser, and oddly enough cotton of the finest quality takes precedence of linen and linen of silk. Would you seek an infallible test of the prosperity of the times, just watch the women cut shopping, calling, hurrying to the theater matinee and you will see the flit and flutter of snowy white embroidered frills about their high heels when they lift their dress skirts at the crossings. What have become of the silk petticoats? you ask, and echo answers, "They are all on the bargain counters, marked down and neglected." And so they are, for it is possible, at this writing, to purchase for \$6 a charming silk underskirt which would have sold for \$10 three years ago. In proportion as the stock of the silk, cotillon (so-called in Paris) has dropped, the price of the white skirt has risen sky high. Women who scorn the graceful chemise, wear two white skirts.

One a short affair extending but a trifle below the knee, and a second falling to the heel.

## A Chapter on Petticoats.

It is not good form in dress this winter to wear long lace-trimmed underskirts on the street, and because a white skirt that is allowed to touch the dusty pavements is a revolting sight in ten minutes, the well-bred and well-dressed women have their white walking and carriage petticoats cut to escape the ground on all sides.

It is with the evening, reception and dancing dresses that the peerless splendors of the new under-pipe can be fully appreciated. There is absolutely no limit to the baby tucks, the lace and needlework that these garments will accept, and the pity of it is that so much artistic loveliness must be hid. With the ball gown of the moment the debutante wears a skirt of the silkiest white Paris lawn, or sheer Swiss muslin, cut with a habit back, and the shaped flounce is set on with broad insertion of lace or a lace beading, through which a white ribbon runs. Below that insertion ripples frill after frill of lace, and so full is the shaped flounce cut that it measures six or seven yards at the very bottom.

Now a Swiss or a Paris lawn petticoat is too bodyless a thing to be sufficient foundation by itself so that a soft nainsook or lusterless china silk skirt is worn beneath it, and its edge is decked with lace frills.

Just a shademaker and newer than the above-described evening underskirt is the Princess, of which an effective sketch is given. The Princess is made of batiste that is almost as thin as Swiss and is cut to play double role of corset cover and petticoat in one. It fastens in the rear with embroidery buttons, and the snug fit of it, over bust and hip, is due to the multitudinous baby tucks that run down from the shoulders. Lines of lace follow the tucks, and where the fullness of the skirts flower out, lovely lace figures are set into the fabric. A soft white silk or cotton skirt is worn under this.

**Cotton Has the Preference.**

Cotton is the preference always with the women who

have so eagerly taken to white underclothes woven in a finer, softer web than flax, it is warmer than silk, and the best and finest of the shierest English nainsook are no cheaper or linen. Strangely enough, while it is a sign of good taste now prevailing to overtrim the corset cover, the drawers and night dresses in lace and cut on the most complicated pattern, waist must, of course, have no skirts, but have made very coquettish with solid tucking at the hem and small revers turning back from the darts, a small double ruche, formed of Valenciennes, following the edges of revers, armholes, etc.

The handkerchief cache corset has almost  
for use with very loose negligee, and a Sat-  
urday is invariably used for the chemise.  
series of handkerchief corner revers, soft  
line of this garment, and the women who wear  
and most elegant fashions in underwear use  
or pastel-tinted wash ribbons, threaded in  
jeweled stay hooks, gold tags for laces, be-  
tween the studs for corset covers or night draw-  
ers are reckoned the rightful property of the  
if one may be permitted to feminine and  
that expresses pretty clearly the overdone  
rejoice in the exaggeration of every mode.

**Gorgeous Night Dresses.**

The consciousness of being well dressed prompts the women who have adopted the dresses, which are now crowding out the Full-gathered skirts, yokes finished off with undersleeves, trains, and full hanging fully all been adapted to the glorification to the though it is very well understood that a vast of even rich women buy and use these gaudy dresses. They serve only too delightfully as a ing gowns, over which in cold weather a flimsy wadded silk Japanese wrap is cast, allowing

face-bung fronts and sleep  
empty and effectively expo  
Combing jackets.

Of the coughing jackets a much can be said in their praise made, when short, in 2 Empire style. A truly lovely water, is of cream white with many silk threads seem mingling over the shoulders and is fast brilliant and flexible as a cut in points and borders elegant wrapper, and the threads from the interior of about the waist.

Charmingly pretty, as well as smart flannel petticoats made of white. They are cut with a full, but thin enough, ruffle beneath and with which the flannel are fastened together at the top of the skirt, at which is placed foundation frill of a white skirt, and the corset and waist, are the only ones that the smart woman makes. The flannel jacket is made with a series of little ruffles, it is very warm, it adds to the smart woman.

## VEILS WITH

**OREAN WOMEN WEAR THE  
OF THEIR HEROES**

*By a Special*

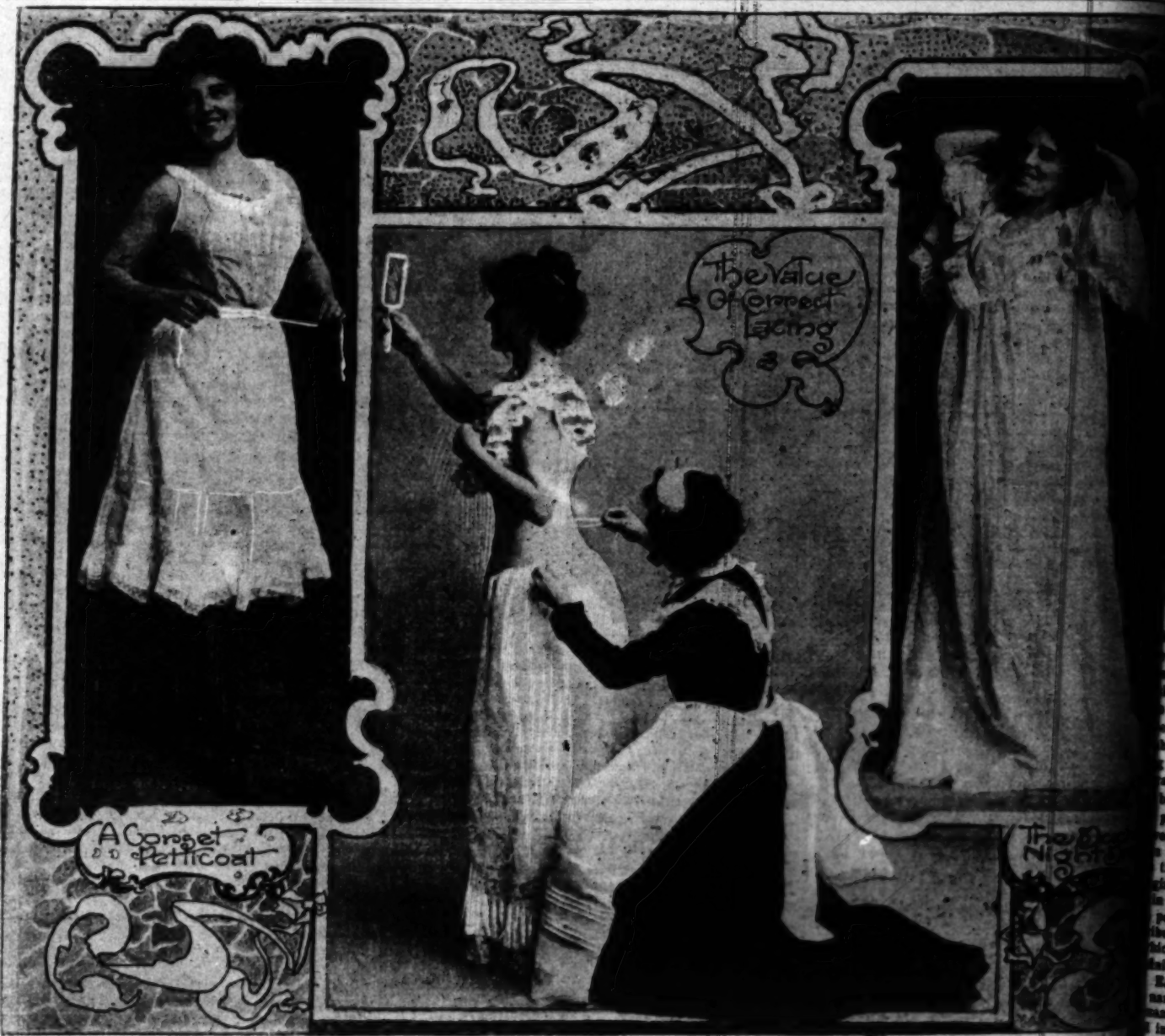
In Korea, where Chinese customs account for the origin of the tal-do-to-do middle and upper sleeves—sleeves which are jealously guarded. The latter are worn at all, and then only at night. A curious tale is told to account for this. This consists of a story of a woman who had only useless sleeves with cuffs. One day she was out in the sun. This is not a proper way of wearing, for it is of thick material—and it would be impossible to wear it in the sun. It is always white, to match the dress. As a notion—from coolness—she took it off. The woman is obliged to wear it, however, to keep away from her eyes so that she can see. The tale concerning the tal-do-to-do sleeves goes back several hundred years ago, when the entire Korean army of Seoul had marched out to meet an attacking force toward the north. The attacking force, another force, unknown to the Koreans, came from the south. Since evidently the Koreans were going to go to the attack, the attacking force was threatened with disaster. The Koreans, however, like their sisters in Japan, had a plan which they had devised a long time ago. They donned their husbands' sleeves, and then they put on the wide sleeves, and gathered them up, and then they turned toward the foe who, appalled by the sight of the attacking force of Koreans, fled. When the army returned, the women had done what they should wear men's sleeves as a mark of honor and a national pride. The tal-do-to-do sleeves are more uncomfortable than the head-dresses of the woman who wears them. The rules of the wedding demand that she shall be dressed in the tal-do-to-do sleeves. The thought of questioning the custom is "switchen," as we call it in Japan. The woman who is to be married is the unfortunate woman who is to be married. The tal-do-to-do sleeves are obtained.

**ANNA NORTH**

## A POST-ELECTION

**TAINTMENT.**  
A woman who lacks leisure or is  
evening affair for post-election day  
(this plan for a delightful one  
others.  
copy it in detail, build your own  
or contents which can be part  
ber of persons, although best adapt  
of fifteen to thirty people.  
scape the drying-room for the occas  
blue banding. Fill tall cut-glass va  
purple chrysanthemums for the  
n. Tie back the curtains with ri  
and swing broad bands of it down  
the chandelier or central point of t  
the evening by a general convoi  
five minutes, draw from imaginal  
portrait, the best likeness of the gr  
ate colored chalks and blank card  
back the sketch is to be made. The  
sketch should be announced by the  
each artist signs his sketch with  
name, and bears his number in m  
determined and decided upon by some  
the game. The maker of the b  
three points to count toward the  
warded at the end of the party.  
sketch receives two points.

ately after the decision regard-  
draw their chairs together, form  
of their knowledge of the Presid  
each person present receives a st



### A CORSET PETTICOAT.

This coquettish little corset petticoat, with the pretty underwaist accompanying it, adds nothing to the size of the wearer, and they are dainty details of the wardrobe. Fine mainbock with masses of insertion and lace edging used in this form, give an air of extreme elegance to a woman's underwear.

## THE VALUE OF CORRECT LACING.

Up-to-date corset makers insist that one-half the value of the new stays depends upon their lacing. The above picture shows that all pressure and regulation of the strings should come from the waist line up and down. This prevents any distortion of the lines of the figure and discomfort in wearing.

**THE DUCHESS NIGHT**

In spite of the very many styles of nightgowns, the exceeding charm of "The Duchess" renders it a superlative favorite in women's wardrobes. The low cut about the throat, has flowing sleeves from the elbow, with a long, ample skirt of softest fabric of comfort.

mediately after the decision regarding  
draw their chairs together, forming  
front of their knowledge of the Presid  
each person present receives a sh



[November 18, 1900.]

long fronts and sleeves of the chemise gown to be simply and effectively exposed.

### Combing Jackets.

Of the combining jackets and morning negligés hardly too much can be said in their praise. With few exceptions, they are made, when short, in Zouave form, and when long, of simple shape. A truly lovely affair, brought across the body, is of cream white wool crepe, in the body of which many silk threads seem mingled. A wide collar falls back over the shoulders and is faced with pure white broad tulle, so brilliant and flexible as satin. A band of the broad tulle is cut in points and borders the bottom of the long, loose capelet wrapper, and the lining is of white chiffon, which shows from the interior of the sleeves to form full undergarments about the waist.

Charmingly pretty, as well as pleasantly useful, are the chemise gowns put on for winter wear with delicate details. They are cut with habit backs and the flannel is of pure white, but this enough to borrow a tint from a soft pink or blue, and with which they are lined. The silk and flannel are fastened together at the belt and again at the waist, at which last point a frill of lace upon a foundation frill of silk forms the finishing touch.

These chemise gowns, and the corset covers knitted of white silk, and the corset covers knitted of white silk, are the only concessions to winter weather which the chemise gown makes in her wardrobe of undergarments. The chemise gown is knit of ivory white yarn and has a series of little ribbon bows up the front, and is very warm, it adds scarcely a shade to the bulk of a very woman.

MARY DEAN.

### VEILS WITH SLEEVES.

WHEN WOMEN WEAR THEM IN REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR HEROIC ANCESTORS.

By a Special Contributor.

In Korea, where Chinese customs predominate, it is hard to know the origin of the veil. The women of the middle and upper classes are kept most carefully guarded. The latter are seldom allowed to go out at all, and then only at night.

A custom is told to account for a certain feature of the veil. This consists of a pair of dependent and evidently useless sleeves with cuffs, of another color, at the ends of the veil. It is not a proper word to use for this head covering, for it is of thick material—cotton, linen or grass—and it would be impossible to see anything through it. It is always white, to match the other Korean garments. As a notion—from coolie to mandarin—they all wear it. The woman is obliged to push the folds of the veil from her eyes so that she may look through the veil.

The tale concerning them is this: Several hundred years ago, when Korea was fighting the Chinese, the entire Korean army and all the men in the land of Seoul, had marched out in defense of that capital against an attacking force toward the north. At the same time, another force, unknown to the Koreans, approached from the south. Since every able-bodied man had gone to the attack, the city and the remaining forces were threatened with destruction. The Korean women, however, like their sisters in other parts of the world, decided a plan by which they might frustrate the attack. They donned their husbands' long white garments and, with wide sleeves, and gathering together, marched toward the foe who, appalled by the sight of such a vast force of Koreans, fled in haste, and the city was saved. When the army returned and it was made known that the women had done it, it was decreed that they should wear men's sleeves hanging from their waists as a mark of honor and a badge of their bravery.

How uncomfortable than the veils must be the women of the woman who acts as a bridesmaid at a wedding. The rules of iron-clad Korean etiquette demand that she shall be dressed in this way, so that she may be questioned the custom. Huge masses of white "sleeves," as we call them—are piled in a fan-like shape on the unfortunate woman's head, till a woman is obtained.

ANNA NORTHEAD BENJAMIN.

### A POST-ELECTION PARTY.

HOW TO MAKE A JOLLY THANKSGIVING ENTERTAINMENT.

For women who lack leisure or inspiration to design their own party for post-election days will perhaps welcome the plan for a delightful one to be given shortly in the future.

To begin with, build your evening upon a series of games or contests which can be participated in by any number of persons, although best adapted to a small gathering of fifteen to thirty people.

Decorate the dining-room for the occasion with red, white and blue. Fill tall cut-glass vases with red, white and blue flowers. For the table and mantel place a long white cloth with ribbon of the three colors and hang broad bands of it down in graceful loops from the chandelier or central point of the ceiling.

Begin the evening by a general discourse to decide who will be the winner, draw from imagination, or memory of the past, the best likeness of the great first President. Then, to add to the fun, draw from a box of white cards with which and which the sketch is to be made. The moments of start should be announced by the ringing of a little bell. Each guest signs his sketch with a number instead of a name, and juries his number in mind. The sketches are then decided upon by some one who has not been in the game. The maker of the best sketch should receive three points to count toward the prizes which are awarded at the end of the party. The maker of the best sketch receives two points, and the third one

After the decision regarding the points, the guests draw their chairs together, forming a wide circle, and then, from their knowledge of the Presidents of the past, each person present receives a sheet of paper, on

which the following questions are written, with blank spaces opposite for the answers:

What President had a son who became President? John Adams.

What President died with the now-famous words: "This is the last of earth. I am content?" John Q. Adams. Who was the fifteenth President of the United States? Buchanan.

What Vice-President became President by the death of Taylor? Fillmore.

By the death of Garfield? Arthur.

What President fought the last battle of the war of 1812? Jackson.

During the administration of what President did the Louisiana purchase and Burr's treason occur? Jefferson's. Under what President was the war of 1812 begun? Madison.

What President outlined a famous foreign policy? Monroe.

What two Presidents died the same day? Adams and Jefferson.

What two Presidents were assassinated? Lincoln and Garfield.

What Presidents served as generals in Mexican war? Taylor and Pierce.

During what administration did the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war take place? Polk's.

Presidential Emblems.

Allow fifteen minutes for answering this list. Award, as in the first contest, three points, two points, and one point, respectively, for the first, second and third best set of answers.

The third bout may be even more unique. For this collect a series of small objects, each one of which represents the emblem of some political campaign of the past. The emblems should not be taken in historical succession, as this would give too good a hint toward the answer. They should be so thoroughly jumbled that the emblem of Washington, had his electioneering had an emblem, might come last upon the list.

Thus the first object passed might be a toy bank in the familiar design of log cabin. If this cannot be procured it could be replaced by an illustration of the same thing dwelling to form the rally-mark of William Henry Harrison's Presidential race. For the second symbol a small toy rooster of the kind that can be had in the shops for a penny, might be chosen. This stands for "the cock that hasn't crowed in thirty years," a favorite banner with Cleveland's supporters during one of his campaigns. The third could be a small piece of wood cut to represent the rail which was Lincoln's coat-of-arms. For the next puzzle, roll upon the scene a plebeian-looking keg labeled "Hard Cider," which will give another popular insignia of William Henry Harrison's campaign; while a big, uncouth "beaver," borrowed for the occasion from amateur theatrical supplies, should suggest the "Grandfather's Hat" of his descendant. Little bows of white and gold ribbon will be readily recognized as the fight-marks of the recent coinage issue. A dinner pail, having the word Full upon it in capital letters, would hint very cleverly at an emblem of the Republican party during the first McKinley-Bryan struggle. These are but a few of the many that can be employed and among which each giver of an election party can choose to suit her fancy and convenience. Points toward the prizes are given here, as before.

Let the nicknames of our Presidents form the difficulty at the fourth stage of the entertainment. These should be written one at a time upon a blackboard and numbered. One minute is allowed in which to guess and write down the name of the Executive to whom the title was applied. The list of nicknames is as follows:

Who was called—  
Rail-splitter of the West? Lincoln.  
Hero of New Orleans? Jackson.  
Old Man Eloquent? J. Q. Adams.  
Canal Boy? Garfield.  
Northern Man with Southern Principles? Buchanan.  
Tippecanoe? W. H. Harrison.  
Honest Abe? Lincoln.  
Rough and Ready? Taylor.

Let the best lists of answers count here for the prize as in the foregoing games.

Six famous quotations from the oratory and writings of our Presidents are next produced. Only speeches which are perfectly familiar to the average American are available for this purpose. Write them one below the other upon sheets of paper, having as many sheets as there are guests. The six quotations given here would make a good foundation for the choice:

Who said—  
To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace? Washington.

The God that gave us life gave us liberty at the same time? Jefferson.

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our liberty and our sacred honor? Jefferson.

This hand to tyrants ever sworn the foe,  
For freedom only deals the deadly blow.

Then sheathe in calm repose the vengeful blade  
For gentle peace in freedom's hallowed shade?

J. Q. Adams.

Our Federal Union. It must be preserved? Jackson.  
With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right? Lincoln.

Fifth Handicap.

Follow the quotations by twelve questions about past ladies of the White House. This cannot fail to prove interesting and enjoyable. Do not attempt anything abstruse or of purely antiquarian interest, but base the questions somewhat upon the following plan:

What first lady of the land fled from Washington to escape the British? Dolly Madison.

What was Mrs. Lincoln's name before marriage? Miss Mary Todd.

Name three early Presidents who married widows? Washington, Jefferson and Madison.

What early President married a New York girl? Monroe.

Whom did John Q. Adams marry? Louisa K. Johnson of Maryland.

What President had a troubled love affair and marriage called Martha? Jefferson.

For the sixth and last handicap prepare a set of cards having the names of the Presidents in anagram painted and pasted upon them. A soap advertisement of a woman bending over a washtub, if combined with a sketch of a coal wagon full of coal, will suggest Washington to the alert player. One link of a chain with the word "On" written beside it, will give Lincoln (link-on) in an unmistakable way. A tailor cutting cloth, clipped from a magazine or simply a tailor's advertisement, can figure as Taylor. The word Eve alone on a card would create much merriment when discovered as Adams (Adam's.) A picture of a parchment will, with the words "I do hereby bequeath," could be detected to mean Grant. Two mows of hay could stand for Hayes. A photograph of a meadow cut in half and pasted upon the same card, would give Cleveland (Cleave-land.)

Many of the other Presidents could be worked out in the same way if a longer list is desired.

This game brings the series to a close, the player to who account most points are set down, winning first prize. The award might be an art photograph of one of our picturesque lawmakers—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison or Monroe. A well-written book on the making of our Presidents would be very appropriate as a second prize, and one containing short biographies of the ladies of the White House a good third.

### AIDS FOR INVALIDS.

WHAT MODERN INVENTION IS DOING TO HELP BEDRIDDEN AND FEEBLE FOLKS.

By a Special Contributor.

Of all the admirable comforts and conveniences, evolved in this day of progress for the special benefit of invalids, nothing quite equals the pivoted bed that enables even the most handicapped individual to lie flat on his or her back and yet enjoy all the effect of a change of position. This new invention is just an ordinary lightly-built metal bed with a springy wire mattress that, by a touch of the nurse's hand, can be raised or lowered, tipped this way or that, giving the invalid prisoner all the delightful sense of movement and change without really altering the position in the least.

This is a blessing to persons with broken limbs or injured backs, who are booked for an ever-long holiday in bed and who dare not move as they hope to grow well and strong. This delightful bed is fitted with special springs and castors so artfully adjusted that it can be pushed about a room without ever so slightly jarring the occupant, and yet affording a constant variety in location. Even the relief of occupying different rooms from time to time is now possible, a relief which means so much in cheerfulness and strength to sick folks who have to endure a long seige of invalidism. While the pivoted bed has been made especially for those who are forced to a prolonged rest on their backs, there have been many improvements put forth lately in behalf of the invalid who need suffer no such test of endurance and patience, but can sit up a little, for meals and friends.

The old method in giving a patient an erect position in bed was the liberal use of pillows to form a back rest, else a hard board, with an easle support was placed behind the sick person, a pillow put on this and the body was propped into just the posture that threw all the strain on the base of the spine. Now an excellent appliance has been brought out that does away with pillows entirely. The new back-rest, for use in bed, is cushioned, built high enough to afford a head supporter, has tufted projecting ears, like the cosy granny chair, to cut off any draughts, and well-cushioned arms extend on both sides to give the patient comfort for her elbows. Better still, this back-rest is so arranged that the invalid can sit or partially recline at any angle and govern the position herself by merely working a small lever at one side, which throws the broad supporting board backwards or forwards as the need may be.

These details in mechanism may not seem important to the strong and sturdy, but they mean everything in the comfort of a sick person who will also find the greatest contentment in the use of the four-legged, smartly-ornamented meal tray that is now perfected for invalid use. There have been meal trays in use before this time, but none so cleverly provided with conveniences nor so cheerfully and artistically ornamented as these now purchasable. Really charming ones are made of mahogany, inlaid with lighter woods in Chippendale patterns, others are treated with decoration done with hot irons and the design then colored and excellent ones there are for use both as meal trays, card, chess, backgammon and checkboards.

Exceedingly pretty dinner stands are now being made of wicker, stained green, brown, or a cheerful cherry red, with pockets at the corners and along the sides, into which the salt, pepper boxes, etc., will fit and prevent that irritating restlessness with which inanimate objects are sometimes possessed.

For the bedridden invalid, who creeps out to the comparative freedom of sofa life, there are possibilities of great relief in the new tufted spring couch, the long seat and head-rest of which is artfully hinged to admit of many changes in the sick person's position. It can be adjusted to support a weak back, to raise or lower the head and the whole cushioned top of the sofa can be also lifted off to slip into a wheeled spinal chair that the patient occupies while stretched at full length.

Excellent as these contrivances are, they pale, however, almost into insignificance beside the value and virtue of the invalid's motor carriage. These were first built in England, but are now being made in this country. The carriage itself is built very nearly on the lines of an ample easy bath chair, or yet more nearly on the model of an exceedingly small, low-swung phaeton. There is a hood to pull up protectively above and about the invalid chauffeur, a large wool apron draws up and buttons smoothly over the knees and the motive power and steering gear are stored forward under the gracefully curving dashboard.

Enough gas or electric power can be stored in one of these little carriages to last for ten or twelve miles, and what with specially tempered springs, rubber tires and carefully-considered cushions, the occupant of such a vehicle is free to come and go at will about a garden or park roads without the least jolting or discomfort from the weather.

FANNY ENDERS.



**T. LOWE RAILWAY.**  
SPECIAL



Girls.

...but he tried to hide his face. He laughed and teased him. ...the leaves hung motionless. ...a big, black balloon, at the ...a big, black cat. ...Then he heard a ...he was whirling through ...and furniture he could ...

...up with the twisting ...he could ...

...AN HOUR AFTER THE ...

...landed on the ground in ...he jumped out of the water ...hearing it sweeping toward ...tearing away houses, barns ...of his pony, then of ...he could find neither pony ...and horses were to be ...and his bare feet ...he hurried along to tell the ...people were killed and ...

...and his father went ...him in a low, marshy ...in mud and water. ...he was at home ...unusual had happened.

SARA HARRIS

ONES BY THE POUND

DIVIDE AMONG THEMSELVES

KNOWN DIAMONDS.

Special Contributor.

...are the Czar of Russia, the ...Emperor of Austria, the ...Persia, the Khedive of Egypt, ...the Queen of England.

...their weight, are: ...is the only one uncut, and ...weighing 367 carats.

...and Duke, 139 1-2 carats. ...weighing 138 1-2 carats. ...136 3-4 carats. ...1-30 carats.

...40 carats. ...to the King of Portugal. ...worth, and about the size of ...\$25,000,000—over \$200,000,000 ...invested in one gem. There ...to its genuineness; by ...a white topaz. It is not ...but belongs to the crown ...the fifth largest diamond ...carats. It is not known ...

...of the Czar of Russia. It is cut in rose ...with a flat face below, resembling the half of a ...It was once one of the eyes of an idol in ...of Persia. It came into the hands of the ...from whom it was stolen by a French ...and sold to a Jew for £12,000. In 1772 the Em- ...of Russia purchased it through Count Or- ...in cash, an annuity of £800, and a title ...of Russian nobility being the consideration.

The diamond next in value in the Czar's collection is ...the Czar, one of 85 carats. It was given by Chosroes to ...of the Czar of Russia. A third one of the world- ...also belongs to Russia's ruler—the ...weighing 55 1-2 carats. It belonged to Charles the ...of Hungary. It was bought in 1495 by Emmanuel ...of Portugal, and was sold in 1580 to the Saint de Saucy, ...whose family it remained for a century, after which it ...with many adventures as the heroine of a three- ...novel. It was security for a loan; entrusted to a ...who, being attacked by robbers, swallowed it. It is next ...in the possession of James II of England, who car- ...it with him in his flight. Louis XIV bought it of him ...Napoleon I was another owner. In 1805 it ...to Prince Paul Demidoff for £80,000. He in turn ...the purchaser failing to fulfill his part of the ...the gem became the subject of a lawsuit, which ...in favor of the Prince.

...turns up in Bombay. In 1857 it is in Eg-ant, ...it formed part of "the crown necklace" worn ...of Sachsen Altenburg on her marriage with Albert ...Three years later, in the investiture of the ...of India by the Prince of Wales in Calcutta, it was ...a Maharajah. It now belongs to the Czar of Rus- ...What further adventures await this much-traveled ...remains to be seen.

The Peter Star, a brilliant gem, also belongs to the ...the Russian stone which is well known is a red ...a rare stone. This cost £15,000.

The Diamond, or Grand Duke, is the property of the ...of Austria. This gem, too, belonged to Charles ...by whom it was lost at the battle of Gransom, ...by a Swiss soldier, who sold it for half a crown, ...it was only a piece of rock crystal. It was next ...to an Italian Grand Duke, from whom it ...the hands of Pope Julius II, who gave it to ...of Austria.

The Pitt, or Regent, before it was cut weighed 410 ...The fragments cut from it were valued at some ...pounds. It is considered the most brilliant ...in Europe, and belongs to the German Emperor, ...It is the property of the Prussian crown. Its ...is somewhat romantic. It was bought in 1702 in ...by Mr. Pitt, who was Governor of Madras. He paid ...£5000 for it. He took it to London and had it ...cut out of £3000. In 1717 he sold it to the Regent ...of Orleans—hence its name, the Regent—for Louis ...It is now valued at twice that price.

It was at one time owned and worn by Napoleon I. ...the Koh-i-noor—"Mountain of Light"—the property of ...of Persia, or rather of the British crown, ...before cutting, 793 5-8 carats. It is valued at ...According to the Indian legend, it was found ...and worn 5000 years ago by Karna. It passed ...many hands to Baber, founder of the Mogul ...in 1519, and the stone is often spoken of as "the ...the Mogul." It next passed to Nadir, Shah of Persia, ...to have named it the Koh-i-noor. The Nadir ...to possess by a shrewd trick. Aurangzeb's great- ...son seized the stone and kept it hidden in his tur- ...Nadir invited him to a feast, and insisted on ...him, "to cement our love," and thus it fell ...hands. The Shah Shuja was the next possessor, ...it in a bracelet. It finally was deposited in the ...treasury, and after the annexation of the Panjab ...to Queen Victoria. This was in 1850. It ...at the London World's Fair the following year. ...another diamond called the Koh-i-noor, also a ...and beautiful gem, belonging to the Shah of ...of Egypt, renowned not for its size but its ...cut, £10,000, and belongs to the Khedive of ...

AN IMPORTANT COMMA.

[New York Times:] Vice-Chancellor Stevens, at Jersey ...the matter, heard testimony in a disputed will from ...the estate of a comma may change the ownership ...John Mohl, the testator, died in Jersey City ...at 81. He left an estate valued at about ...He will, which was drawn by William McAtee, ...Assistant Secretary of the Navy, divided the property ...will. This followed this clause: "I give and bequeath to my beloved grand- ...son, my son John Mesow, the house and prem- ...on New York avenue."

It was argued when the will was probated that the ...testament was John Mesow, one of the grandsons, and ...he was one of age the house was conveyed to him by ...the commission, and he sold it to Joseph Hollerith, now ...of the legacies left by Mohl were never ...because there was nothing found to meet them, all ...and estate being specially devised. One of the heirs ...John Mesow, to whom Mohl left \$1000. She did ...house of age until a year ago, and when she applied ...her legacy she was told that, as Mohl had left no ...personal property, the legacy could not be paid. ...she brought suit to have the bequest to John Mesow ...her lawyer, John Bowen, contends that, as there ...comma after the word "stepson" in the clause con- ...the house, it did not mean John Mesow the grand- ...but any grandson of John Mesow, the stepson indi- ...the grandson being really John Mesow, Jr.

...hearing the testimony of the relatives as to the ...belief that Mohl meant to give the house of ...John Mesow, Jr., who received and sold it, the Vice-Chan- ...connected the lawyers to submit briefs as soon as ...

BOB, THE WILDCAT.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN he was first brought into the world, away ...down there in a rocky gulch of Carbon Cakon, he ...looked like any other little-kitten, only about three ...times the usual size. There were two more of him there ...on the sandy floor of the little cave, but all he realized was ...that there was always something warm and furry against ...which he could cuddle up and go to sleep. He knew rather ...vaguely that whenever he felt mused or dirty there was ...always a moist something ready to lick him into shape. ...Later, when his little, round eyes were opened and he be- ...came accustomed to the dim light of the little cave, he ...learned that this was his mother's tongue. After one or ...two taps on the ear he learned that she had paws also, and ...he had a sort of dumb desire in his heart to retaliate upon ...his lesser brother and sister, but when this brought on more ...pats from his mother, he wondered if this was the only use ...to which he would put his strong little paws and sharp ...nails when he grew up.

Then he began to notice that when he woke up in the ...morning there was always something lying in the den with ...a smell that he instinctively loved upon it. Whenever this ...odor came to his little pink nose he would crouch flat on ...the floor of the cave, his short, stubby tail would wave from ...side to side, and his long claws sink into the sandy floor. ...He soon learned that these things were to be eaten, and ...often his mother would roll the dead partridge or rabbit ...over to him with a low growl, and he would roll it back. ...Sometimes his brother and sister would join in and all ...would wind up with a bit of rough play, in which their ...mother took an equal hand, until the three kittens were so ...tired that they could do little but sleep.

By and by, as she began to wean the youngsters from ...their babyhood food of milk, their mother taught them to ...strip the feathers from the bird, or the skin from the ...rabbit, so as to get the tender pink substance beneath. At ...first the most Bob got was a mouthful of feathers or fur, ...as the case might be, but he soon learned to tear off the ...skin and to growl and spit at the same time, just as his ...mother did.

At the end of about the second month of his history, ...Bob's coat began to change from the gray colors of his ...kittenhood to the beautifully-striped and spotted dress of ...the full-grown cat, such as he had so often admired on his ...mother. Then, one day, she took all three of the young- ...sters, now well trained in all the theory of cat-life, out ...for a sun bath on the big flat rock a few feet from their ...door. A big bush hung down over the den so that when ...little Bob turned round to look back, he could see nothing ...of the hole from which he had just come. But his little ...heart was stout and he, like all young animals, had un- ...bounded faith in his mother, so he followed her. She rolled ...and played with them a while and then in the midst of ...one of her frolics she sat up with a low growl. Her sharp ...ears had detected a noise in the underbrush on the side of ...the cañon. It was evidently a sound which she did not ...fear, for she drew herself slowly along the rock, sending ...Bob back with a slap when he attempted to follow her, and ...disappeared among the brush on the opposite side of the ...cañon. A solitary rabbit, one of the little blue hermits ...of the brush, went scurrying up the hillside, but she was ...not after rabbit, so she kept on until she reached a point ...in the cañon just opposite to the place from which the ...sound came.

Then little Bob's eyes swelled with surprise, for out of ...the brush on the side hill walked a whole band of those ...birds which his mother had so often brought to the den. ...More of them followed, until the sandy bottom of the ...arroyo just below his mother's hiding place was filled with ...their waving plumes and dark blue bodies.

She lay perfectly quiet until the covey was all gathered ...together in one place—then she gave one leap, and, clear- ...ing the underbrush, landed squarely in their midst. Before ...they could more than flutter away, she struck down two ...with her strong forepaws, and, holding one under each ...front foot, she looked up at the cubs, as if to say: "There, ...see how that's done?"

After this, day by day, she led them farther from the ...home nest, teaching them something new, something of ...the forest life on every trip. First, she took them down to ...the spring and taught them to drink water as a cat does; ...then she showed them all the tracks about the pool. ...Partridge, rabbits, squirrels and even the rats and mice ...came there to drink, while over at the upper end were funny ...double tracks which his mother taught him were those of ...deer. The coyotes, too, and the 'coons and other lesser ...animals had left the footprints in the soft mud about the ...fountain and she taught him to distinguish each one by ...its smell.

But one day, in one of their long rambles together, (for ...they went hunting both by day and by night, there being ...no difference between the two to forest-folk,) they came ...suddenly upon a great tree still green, but broken off at ...such a height that Bob, by standing upon his hind legs, was ...just able to see the top of the stump. His mother sniffed ...the earth about the tree and noticed how hard it was and ...how packed by the tread of the wood-cutters.

Here Bob learned something new—the odor and track of ...the man-animal and ever in after years, when he was ...hard-pressed by the hunters, he remembered that place and ...his mother's low growls of distrust as the breeze brought to ...her this familiar smell. Farther on they came to a new ...road cut where a few days before she had lain in wait for ...the hand of grouse and borne one home to her babies.

Carefully and with slow and watchful steps she led her ...family down this aisle in the great trees until the wind ...told of the proximity of her old-time enemy. Then she ...carefully surveyed the newcomers, the old man, the half-

grown boys, and last, but not least, the one or two half- ...breed curs that lay in the sunshine before the rude cabin. ...All this she saw from the edge of the clearing—but more ...than this she saw the few chicks scratching about the yard. ...That night she took the three again and gave them a les- ...son in the gentle art of enticing two green dogs away ...into the forest and then stealing back for the silent theft ...of a chicken, which she carried back to the little old den.

The next night, and the next, and the next, she left her ...kittens in the den, and, slipping out about midnight, would ...return before sun-up with a fat young fowl for her family's ...breakfast. But the fourth morning she did not return, and ...after waiting in vain for some time, Bob and his brother ...and sister crept cautiously out to look for their mother. ...Down the new road they went, around the little clearing ...and out under the big trees behind the house—and there ...they found her with something bright fastened to one of ...her front legs and running to a log lying near-by. Not far ...away was a square sort of object from which came the ...discontented cacklings of a chicken.

When the kittens came up, they did not realize the fate ...that had befallen their mother, and all rushed up to her. Her ...foot pained her cruelly, but she licked and caressed them ...all in her poor dumb way until the sound of dogs and ...men warned her to send the youngsters back. Try as she ...would, she could not free herself, the steel jaws clung ...tighter and only bit the deeper into her swollen foot.

So from behind the underbrush at the edge of the clear- ...ing, Bob watched the three great, hulking man-animals as ...they dragged his mother away, leading her by the cruel trap ...chain, so that she hobbled along after them on her three ...sore feet forever bidding good-by in her dumb, mother's ...heart to the three half-grown kittens back there in the ...wood.

For three days Bob stayed around the old den, neither ...caring in his grief whether he lived or died. Then the old ...love that had kept him up in his first sorrow turned, as it ...does with men, to uncontrollable anger. One night he stole ...silently back to the hated house and, finding one of the ...dogs alone, he leaped upon him and with a strength born of ...the sorrow of a true grief—though not voiced by ought save ...his fiendish little yellow-green eyes—he tore and bit the ...beast until at last he felt the red blood spurt from the ...dog's throat beneath his powerful white teeth.

Then he left him as silently as he came and, traveling ...night and day, he crossed the divide down into the head of ...the big San Gabriel Cañon, where he made him a new den ...and, as the years wore on became more and more morose ...and ugly, until only the other day I heard old Billy Fergu- ...son say to Frank Johnson, "Wall, I reckon that old Bob- ...cat'll hev to be done away with. He's got seven of my ...chickens already and it looks as if I'll hev to poison him."

HARRY H. DUNN.

"YELLOW PERIL" OF INSECTS.

CHAMELEON SPIDERS KILL BUTTERFLIES, SAV- ...ING FORTUNES TO AGRICULTURISTS.

[New York Journal:] No more marvelous chapter in ...the story of insect life has ever been written than that ...describing the experiments of the entomological department ...of the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington—in common ...language, the Department of "Bugology."

How to combat the ravages of scores of insects injurious ...to man or the plants he requires for ornament or food is ...the constant study of the bugologist or entomologist.

Take, for instance, the chinch bug, a small bug, only ...three twenty-fifths of an inch in length, yet he made a ...great stir in the world some years since. The amount of ...injury done by this insect in Illinois alone in the year ...1864 was estimated at \$73,000,000. But now we seldom ...hear of it.

The chinch bug went out of business after the bugolo- ...gists got their microscopes on him, and learned that he ...was infested by a small parasite which was not only ...harmless, but was readily cultivated in such numbers as ...to destroy the host, as an infected animal or plant is ...called.

It is such a relief as one sees the metallic glitter of the ...wings of our friend, the dragon fly, "mosquito hawk" ...or "snake doctor," to know that he is avenging us in part ...for the sting and song of the mosquito.

But among all the forms recently experimented with ...none is of such absorbing interest as a certain chameleon ...spider, every changing color. It is hoped that he can be ...multiplied to the point of destroying certain moths and but- ...terflies whose ravages in the larval stage are the plagues ...of the gardener and the florist.

This new spider is unusual. It is likely, though fully ...a third of an inch in length, that thousands of people who ...have lived in the country their whole lives have never ...seen a single one. For the color of this animal is the means ...of its securing its food, it being a poor web spinner, and ...hence compelled to lie in wait for its prey.

Its entire body is a beautiful creamy golden yellow in ...color, the exact shade of the yellow petals of the "black- ...eyed daisy."

Sitting between the petals of the daisy this enemy ...incarnate of the butterfly kind will rarely be noticed, ...looking as it does like a petal curled up and motionless, ...absolutely the color of the flower in all except the tiny red ...claws at the end of its outstretched arms.

But presently a butterfly comes lazily flitting along and ...apparently alights upon the flower, and appears to remain ...resting. If the observer was unaware of the presence of ...this "yellow peril," he will have noticed nothing unusual. ...For the butterfly, often of large size, remains locked mo- ...tionless in the embrace of those yellow arms, whose red ...claws have given the death stroke quicker than the eye ...can follow.

As these spiders are always hungry and consume large ...numbers of butterflies of injurious species, it will at once ...be seen how increasing their number will be a practical ...method of getting rid of the latter, the spiders being ab- ...solutely harmless to plants of any kind.

The life of a spider is a tragedy from beginning to end, ...and no more so than during courtship, which is decidedly ...the gristliest lovemaking of which there is any record. ...In many species the female is the larger and more pow- ...erful of the two, and frequently maims or even kills and ...eats her suitors.

In one case the female kept snapping at the legs of her ...suitor, occasionally snapping off one when the latter got ...too close. But he, ardent and forgiving lover, persisted ...until he had lost four of his eight legs, when he was at ...last accepted.



## The Development of the Great Southwest.

### IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

#### Big Flour Shipments.

ONE of the important manufacturing enterprises of Los Angeles is the McDonald Grain and Milling Company. In a circular recently issued by this firm, the following particulars are given in regard to the remarkable growth of the business recently:

"For the past few months we have only kept up with our orders with the utmost difficulty, and October capped the climax with our flour sales, over one thousand barrels more than our maximum day and night capacity. This, of course, dips into our reserve pretty deeply, although it has always been our aim to carry sufficient stock for all contingencies.

"With the condition of more sales than output staring us in the face, you may be sure we are bending every possible effort towards the completion of our duplicate mill, which will just double our capacity, giving us a daily output of 500 barrels instead of 250, as heretofore.

"All of the machinery (which is of the most modern and expensive in the world) is already set up and we are now only waiting to receive the big 100-horse-power electric motor from the Westinghouse Company of Pittsburgh, to start every new wheel turning. This motor will arrive about December 1, and we hope to have our mills turning out flour at the rate of 500 barrels per day by December 10.

"In about one month, therefore, Los Angeles can boast, not only of the largest flour mill south of Stockton, but of the most complete, up-to-date milling plant on the Pacific Coast. In fact, there is no milling plant in the country which more nearly reaches perfection than the Globe Mills.

"The next thirty or forty days will be a very trying period for us, as it will be only by running our present mill to its full top capacity every minute of the time, that we will be able to keep up with our orders from our regular trade."

#### Tile Factory.

THE Santa Ana Blade announces that the drain-tile plant owned by John R. Raine at Westminster, has been given a trial and worked satisfactorily. The machinery, however, will be at once moved closer to the railroad at a point south of Winter Station, in order to get close to the clay which is said to be there in almost inexhaustible quantity and of the finest quality.

#### San Diego Coal Shipments.

SAN DIEGO does a large trade in coal. The San Diego Union says:

"Specifications for about five hundred additional hopper coal cars are being prepared by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.

"A few weeks ago the Santa Fe placed an order for 300 of the same kind of coal cars with a Chicago firm. The road has had heavy coal hauls this fall, owing to increased consumption of its own factories, and like business enterprises in general.

"The Santa Fe loads on an average of 700 cars of coal per day and a large equipment is required. The new equipment expected would represent, therefore, a little over one day's load.

"The 'hopper' style of car is higher than the ordinary gondola and not as long. The floor slopes sharply from either end to the middle of the car, so that the coal can be unloaded by gravity, having the advantage over the flat-bottomed gondola, which had to be shoveled out.

"Partly through the press for coal-carrying equipment and partly as a car service economy, the patent dumping dirt cars that are to be used in cutting down grades have been utilized in hauling coal as they were sent out from the manufacturing shops to their destinations. They were loaded with coal in Illinois for Argentine and Topeka. These cars are not closed up at the ends, but they loaded and carried 50,000 pounds each. They are of especially solid construction for the work that is cut out for them. Some dirt cars laden with coal are now moving into Texas also."

#### Riverside Rock.

RIVERSIDE paper notes that the demand for rock from the Riverside City quarry has been so great of late, owing to the building boom, that it has been found necessary to start up the crusher again. The rock supply is used in the making up of the concrete, which is now largely utilized in that city. Hundreds of tons of rock are used every month for the manufacture of cement walks and curbs alone, besides which much of the rock is used for foundations and other building work.

#### Whittier Water Development.

THERE has been some important water development in the section this side of Whittier by a company known as the Paso de Bartolo Water Company, in the organization of which Mrs. H. W. R. Strong has taken a leading part. The Whittier News says:

"This company has seven wells in the bottom between the rivers and not far from the old mission, with a fine pumping plant for forcing the water into the big main which extends for four miles down the river and onto the mesa, where thousands of acres of rich land has been waiting for the husbandman, only needing the presence of water

to produce the finest of crops. One thousand acres of this mesa land has been leased by the Paso de Bartolo Water company.

"Much time and energy and a large amount of capital have been spent in bringing about this state of affairs, but a look at the results obtained convinces one of the soundness of the theory which caused this plant to be put in. About 500 of the 1000 acres has been leased at \$15 per acre for a term of years by different parties who are now engaged in raising vegetables for the Los Angeles market.

"By courtesy of the superintendent, W. Russell, representative of the News, was driven over the lease one day this week and was very much surprised to find crops to such a large extent looking so nicely in so short a time. The soil is rich and deep and, with the abundance of water which can be run onto any part of the property, the ranchers are in a position to grow anything in large quantities.

"An 18-inch steel main conveys about 350 inches of water from the wells to the mesa and there it is distributed in the usual irrigating ditches.

"Four of the seven wells flow, the remaining three being capped and pumped. They average about 300 feet in depth, although the last well is 530 feet deep and is flowing a bountiful stream. All are 10-inch wells and are connected by pipes which bring the water to the pumping station, where it is allowed to flow into the main for irrigating the lower parts of the land, and pumped to cover the higher parts or for the purpose of increasing the volume.

"The last well gives off large quantities of gas which has a sulphurous flavor and which, when confined, burns with a bright flame. The gas effervesces, leaving clean, wholesome water. It has a pleasant taste and doubtless contains medicinal properties. It will be analyzed this coming week. In drilling this hole the workmen found pieces of petrified bone which, on being put together, measured about ten inches. The center of the bone is filled with beautiful crystals. These were found at a depth of 375 feet, and were evidently at one time the personal property of some bird or animal.

"Without doubt, the flow of these wells could be greatly increased by using compressed air, but at present it is not necessary.

"The land irrigated is on the old Repetta tract and is situated about one-half mile south of the country road, near the river bank, just south of the town site of Montebello.

"Mrs. Strong is to be congratulated on the success of her plans. It was her own idea and has been carried out thoroughly and carefully."

#### Simi Valley.

THE Southern Pacific Company is actively pushing work on the Chatsworth cut-off, between Montalvo and Burbank. The line is now completed, with exception of a big tunnel. This will bring into prominence the Simi Valley, regarding which section the Santa Barbara Independent says:

"The Simi Valley lies between Ventura and Los Angeles, thirty-three miles distant from the former and forty-three from the latter. The new Chatsworth line of the Southern Pacific crosses the valley, the tunnel now being constructed through the Santa Susana Mountains being its exit. Its climate and scenery, Simi Valley is unsurpassed, and nowhere is there richer farming land, though this community has suffered with others during the dry seasons. The Simi Valley has resources enough, if money and enterprise rightly expended were used, to make a beautiful health resort. The climate is highly beneficial to lung troubles, there is excellent hunting, a good hotel for the accommodation of tourists, a live oak park that would make an ideal camping ground, and now that the railroad is completed, it is easy of access. Abundance of pure water is had from artesian wells. The people have come to California seeking health or a fortune, and have reached the ideal spot for its attainment."

#### San Jacinto Valley.

THE San Jacinto Valley is becoming one of the most flourishing productive sections of Riverside county. The Riverside Enterprise has the following in regard to the annual fair and exhibition of the San Jacinto Valley Horticultural Association recently opened at San Jacinto:

"Local interests were everywhere paramount. It was wisely assumed that the stranger within the gates, the casual visitor, or the settler or investor by intention, would prefer a first-class exposition of capabilities of the land and the people, than a fourth-class exhibit of odds and ends begged and borrowed from the four quarters of the earth, and having in the main no special reference to that locality. The most progressive Chambers of Commerce, those permanent fairs whose advertising value was first realized fully in California, long recognized the value of this idea of strict localism, and the San Jacinto fair seems to have profited by their experience.

"There were fewer exhibits than last year, but in reducing quantity, quality was raised. A high standard was applied to every department. What was lost in bulk was gained in quality. And no one found fault with the change.

"The showing of poultry was pronounced by competent judges the best ever seen in the valley. The Belgian hare was also exploited in all his glory, and it was apparent that during the past year breeders of that animal had devoted time and money to the improvement of the stock to no idle purpose, if visible results count.

"A center of attraction was the exhibit of the Perris Indian School. The examples of handicraft shown—fine needlework and exquisite embroidery, indicated the wonderful adaptability of the Indian girl to the arts of her white sister, despite the drawbacks of heredity. There were, too, sofa pillows, rugs, shoes, Sloyd work and the examples of what may be accomplished by one generation of training that were well worth the study of the ethnologist.

"Of flowers, it was claimed by some, in view of last

year's profusion, that there had been a fallow. Those shown were exquisite, and, after all, in the line of a flower show in Southern California, of carrying coals to Newcastle."

#### Dehesa Valley.

THE Dehesa Valley in San Diego county is famous for its fine raisin grapes. Of late a considerable amount of water for irrigation has been developed in this valley, in the line of a flower show in Southern California, of carrying coals to Newcastle."

"There are few locations in the county where development could be more successfully accomplished. A large tract of land watered by gravity distribution on the premises of F. Starr Dehesa, who is prominent in all local affairs in that portion of the county, is owned by the family are widely diversified, and advantages with the return of the winter months be as remunerative as in former years. Their land is far from the Sequan Indian reservation. The tribe now number about forty, who do not engage in beyond gardening in the river bottom, but prefer for those in Dehesa and vicinity who have children attend the Dehesa public school, and are havel and studious.

"It is doubtful if one can find a more charming country than the M. P. Weddle premises, and the thoughtful arrangement of plants and trees, most pleasing landscape effects, in addition to the surroundings of mountain and valley, vineyard, groves, and speaking of olives, we heard a gentleman, who is an expert in olive culture, that the grove was a piece of property he would rather have anything in the county, because it never failed to crop. The valley of Dehesa is the olives' land."

"Gregg brothers, Dehesa Valley, have a two-horse Model engine in operation, which runs the pump, patent throw-off, raising thirty inches of water, when needed, runs a circular saw for cutting up on the ranch. The land is deep, rich, valley and supply of stock to feed, would be one of the most profitable ranches because of the independence of supply which they can furnish at a cost of 100,000 gallons. They find the white sweet potatoes remarkable, and their difficulty is to find a market for all they can raise in their rich soil, but concentrate by stock raising, as the extensive and eminently the locality for that purpose. They are successful with corn and there is nothing the produce in the line of vigorous vegetation.

"G. W. Sites has, all things considered, a ranch in the vicinity of the Dehesa pastures. The deep, permeable soil, close to stock and cheese years past he was able to cut six crops of alfalfa, and has a fine, young apricot, olive and vineyard has given fair returns, having sold to a local dealer. Since '93 he has raised them, his orchard got into bearing, has taken from it a net, even during the dry years. G. W. Sites is the independent California farmer."

#### A Bicycle Path.

WORKMEN on the much-talked-of bicycle path Los Angeles and Pasadena appears to be hastening for the present. Meanwhile, work is being done on a bicycle path around the bay of San Diego, which the San Diego Union has the following to say:

"Under the supervision of Mr. Swallow, the bicycle path is an assured thing, much to the satisfaction of San Diego cyclists. The money for the construction of this path is being raised by the sale of numbered tags, which entitles the owner to all the privileges of the path. These tags are for sale by all the merchants and by the Chamber of Commerce, to which they are delivered.

"The cost of these little aluminum tags is 10 cents, all of which goes toward the construction of the path. They are a neat little affair, and can be worn attached to any bicycle.

"That portion of the path which is already under construction, starts from the south line of the city, running through Nestor to Tia Juana on the Mexican road, and from Mr. Mason's place on the left side of the Coronado tented city, on the left side of the city, the path will occupy six feet at side of the road, rolled down will have a smooth top surface, and the entire course of the path will be 424 posts every 500 feet below and two feet above surface, and at every road crossing there will be three feet above surface, all of which will be painted white.

"Supervisor Swallow now has twelve teams of the major portion of the path will soon be completed. Supervisor Swallow, who has interested himself in work for several weeks, has spent the most of his time which has not been called to other duties, in the construction and completion. The aid of the wheelmen in that while the small tags cost but little to the wheelmen, the large number sold will form a good fund. The number of cyclists in this city and county is less than legion, and 50 cents from each of them, found sufficient to make the path a great benefit to the county and to the county officials who have been so mental in getting it up."

[Philadelphia Press:] (Mr.) For goodness sake, are you sighing about?

(She, behind the paper:) Oh, there are no sighs here in Jones & Jones's advertisement. Can't take advantage of them.

(Mr.) Bonnets, I suppose.

(She:) No; a complete line of pointed hats, reduced one-half, and there's not a blessed thing with any of us.

November 18, 1900.]

### CARE OF VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS AND PRESENTATIONS

Compiled for

#### Hard Water.

S. TIFFIN of Barstow, following inquiry: "Please answer under Magazine Section of next issue."

"The water in Barstow is there any of the small filters drinking purposes that will do any good to boil it?"

"Can you suggest any new way to make most of it? If this correspondent is using the best plan would be to boil it a short time, and then filter it in this manner, the hardness of the water removed, although not entirely."

#### System of the Ice Chest.

EXPERIMENTS in the making of a so-called "refrigerator," for storing food, vegetables, fruit, etc., should not be kept in the same compartments of the same. The surrounding atmosphere, to exactly the odors and emanations of the immediate vicinity has long been known, and butter, cream, etc., have the same absorbent power, does not seem to be applicable. A visitor to a restaurant called to the matter, tasted the food. An examination had been kept showed that the assortment of edibles, including that the entire stock of liquor of the odor of the ice chest. There was a temperature certainly not so high as the temperature of the chest, well stocked with daily supply of milk and cream, and the other in a pitcher, and fresh, sweet-smelling cantaloupes and let it remain shut for a week of this time the milk had a pleasant taste, not so pronounced as some freshly churned, unspiced, and some salted dairy but the chest closed for the night. We found to be so strongly impregnated with the odor of the chest, that it was quite unpleasant. The milk was also strongly contaminated. The salted butter, and the peculiar taste, both of which were on the surface, extending into the chest, a quarter of an inch in depth.

"When first taken out of the chest, and to have merely lost the flavor, and to have become more and more becoming soft, it gave a bitter and disgusting taste, and was upon the intestines, the effect of which was to swallow a quantity of it. It would have been produced by the chest with other fruits and vegetables, which only differed from the chest by itself, cucumbers, tomatoes, etc., were tried, and each was found to be contaminated. The products of the dairy products to a great extent deteriorated. Poultry, beef, and in a few hours, in a similar way, and cream kept in the ice chest until it was over more rapid and pernicious in its action."

"HUNTER just back from a diamond country gives a new cure for the bite of a native in Southwestern Arizona. He mentioned him to be on the look-out for the huckleberry bush, and came to feed on the berries. He was looking up, saw the snake, and struck him in the middle of the back. The snake was badly scared, and made two quick cuts on the hunter's arm, and began stripping his arm out of the cuts. Taking a piece of his pocket he bit off a piece as a cure, and chewed it up and swallowed it, and showed fine another piece of alfalfa cut finger, and tied up with the bottom of his homespun coat, and killed the snake and ate the berries. The cut was sore and healed up. There was no swelling of the guide was that the running of the snake from the cuts took out most of the poison, and the effect of what was



# CARE OF THE BODY:

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

## San Diego.

San Diego county is noted for its considerable amount of land developed in this valley. City Record says:

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A Tiffin of Barstow sends The Times the following inquiry:

"These answer under heading, 'Care of the Body,' in Magazine Section of next Sunday's Times, the following query:

"The water in Barstow is very strongly alkali. Are there any of the small filters or any means of filtering for drinking purposes that will remove the alkali and improve the water? Also, when not being able to distill it, does it do any good to boil it?"

"You suggest any means of improving it, as it is so strong it makes most newcomers sick?"

"The correspondent is unable to obtain distilled water, and the plan would be to boil the water, letting it stand some time, and then filter it, rejecting the sediment. In this manner the hardness of the water may be to a great extent removed, although only distilling will remove it entirely."

Evils of Coffee.

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that if a man would always cut through the bite and let the blood out and take alum, there was no danger from the bite of any snake.

Disease Germs in Bread.

DR. ERNEST F. KING of Washington, D. C., recently said:

"Granting that all pathogenic germs in the dough are destroyed by baking, and that the bread comes from the oven practically sterile, the loaves, after cooling, are packed in the wagons by the driver, and are later placed by him in the grocer's box, taken out and packed in a bin or stacked on a counter, handled by customers, and finally, perhaps, carelessly wrapped before they come in the possession of the consumer. When you consider the possibilities of contamination you will allow that there is abundant opportunity for infection after baking. The remedy for this danger is the wrapping of each loaf as soon as it cools."

This idea has led to a demand for hygienic wrappers for bread, and a Boston company has undertaken to supply the demand in the shape of germ and water-proof waxed paper wrappers.

Evils of Coffee.

DR. R. D. EMERY, writing in the Osteopath regarding the damages done by the excessive use of stimulants, and after referring to the evils of alcohol, goes on to speak about coffee as follows:

"As to the effect of coffee upon the system, the physician sees the deleterious results daily from the excessive use of coffee. The consumption of coffee in this country is something enormous, and is rapidly increasing year by year. We find whole families who have coffee with each of the three daily meals, and in many instances the various members of a family will drink two or three cups of extremely strong coffee with each meal. The effect of this can readily be understood. We cannot have nerve excitement in the body without interfering, to some extent, with the normal powers of the nervous system. If this nerve excitement is long continued, it must of necessity cause permanent changes of a more or less marked character in the system with the resulting injurious effects. How many lives have been practically ruined by the excessive use of coffee it would be difficult to say, for it is more difficult here to reason from cause to effect than in cases where alcohol has been used, but they are undoubtedly many. At least it is a matter which should be brought carefully before our thinking people."

"What has been said with reference to alcohol and coffee is also to a greater or less extent applicable to other substances which may be classed as foods or luxuries."

Carloads of Pills.

WRITING in a medical journal, Dr. William Clarke says:

"The patent medicine men in session here last fall, by their own report, spent \$20,000,000 yearly in advertising, and if they admit to that much it is safe to estimate half as much more spent by the smaller fry or unaccounted for. This is a great howl about the \$1,000,000 annual sop the Louisiana lottery is offering for the mere privilege of doing business, but it is safe to say that it returns to its customers more value than do the firms that take \$25,000,000 from the people yearly for patent medicines. The writer recently cut from our papers one day 317 inches of such advertising (eighteen feet) and that is not unusual. Is Indianapolis more gullible than other places? We think not. An item states that recent investigation has shown that the people of Great Britain swallow over 5,500,000 pills daily, or one pill a week for every person in the population. The pill consumption for one year would weigh 178 tons, and would fill thirty-six freight cars, which it would take two powerful locomotives to pull. Placed in a row the pills would reach nearly 6500 miles, or from New York to Liverpool and back again. One patent firm prints 25,000,000 almanacs every year, and many own and operate their own printing establishments, and the claim is made that the patent medicine men pay out more for printing than do all the shows combined."

A Hygiene Magazine.

HEALTH is the new title of a monthly magazine, formerly published under the name of Omega. It is a consolidation of Dr. Holbrook's Journal of Hygiene and Herald of Health, and is issued by the Health Publishing Company, No. 156 Broadway, New York, at \$1 a year. The November number contains a number of excellent articles on hygienic subjects.

The Ice Habit.

REFERENCE has been made in this department to the unhygienic habit of consuming large quantities of ice, in the shape of iced drinks, ice cream, etc., which has become so general in the United States and is undoubtedly one of the causes of dyspepsia, now so prevalent. In an article on this subject in Physical Culture, the writer says:

"We have heard much about the solar plexus of late years. It is a portion of the anatomy that was unknown to the layman until such scientific gentlemen as Messrs. Fitzsimmons, Corbett and other demonstrated its existence, and the marvelous influence it exerts over the nerves and heart. A system of nerves center in that strangely named part of the anatomy which controls the viscera and have potent and mysterious influence upon the heart. We all know the distressing effect of a blow delivered upon this vulnerable spot."

To Regulate Marriage.

RECOGNIZING the increasing millions of human defectives, degenerates and paupers that are making enormous demands upon the public treasures of the world for their support, efforts have been made in various lo-

calities to prevent the increase of these classes by more careful regulation of marriage. Joseph Wolf of Boulder, Colo., has recently issued, in pamphlet form, a bill for an act to regulate the granting of marriage licenses, and to provide for modes of procedure and penalties for the violation of these provisions, which seems to include most of the essential provisions for such a law. In regard to this proposition the Philadelphia Medical Journal says:

"Among other provisions of this bill, the appointment of physicians by the county judges is arranged for, 'whose duty it shall be to pass upon all applications for licenses to marry, and no such license shall be granted to persons contemplating marriage unless they shall have received from the board a certificate, setting forth that such applicants are free from the following ailments: Dementia, organic or true insanity, hereditary insanity, primary, secondary or tertiary syphilis, tuberculosis of the lungs, known as consumption, tuberculosis of other vital organs, hereditary asthma, gonorrhea, gleet, scrofula and epilepsy, and that there is no blood relationship between them nearer than the fourth degree. And in no case shall such certificate be granted to any person who shall have a notorious reputation for moral depravity, or who shall, at the time of application, be on trial, under bonds, or in prison, to answer for a felony. Full discretionary powers are given to refuse certificates for other manifest marital unfitnesses not enumerated, that would be likely to entail defectiveness or degeneracy upon the offspring of those applying, or prevent the applicants from living together in peace. And no such certificate shall be granted until after a careful professional examination by the Board of Medical Examiners of both the man and the woman making application therefor, except where the woman's age shall be over 45 years, who shall, therefore, be exempt from such examination."

"As desirable as the objects to be obtained undoubtedly are, it is questionable how much can be attained by legal regulation. In the first place, it should not be forgotten that many of the undesirable people that we wish to prevent from propagating their kind, do not marry at all; a large number of these are born illegitimately, and hence laws regulating marriage would have little effect on this large class. Another source of failure would be that such laws, in order to be effectual, would have to be enacted in every State, otherwise the candidates for matrimony would have only to make a short trip to the borders of some adjoining State, and could be married there. A third source of difficulty would be that the appointment of physicians, who should make the physical examinations, would probably fall into the hands of unscrupulous politicians, who would not hesitate to appoint men of questionable integrity and ability, and hence the law would become a perfect farce. Although these obstacles exist, we would not discourage the efforts which are being made for improved conditions in these respects. Probably, the ideal will never be attained in this, as in other things, but it is only through agitation and the pointing out of dangers, weaknesses and faults that progress can be made."

Cosmetics Out of Date.

FROM a pretty, up-to-date girl, says an exchange, information comes that society is to do away entirely with cosmetics this winter. A smooth, clear skin, brown, perhaps, or showing the effect of ocean breezes in some fine brown freckles that stretch like the milky way across the nose, is to be the vogue. Powder boxes and rouge pots are to have no place on the toilet table. This exchange says:

"The hygiene lecturers have at last persuaded us that a beautiful complexion is the result of good blood, active pores and absolute cleanliness; that the best skin in the world may be ruined by the application of powder and rouge, and that the worst may be made beautiful by careful diet, the vigorous application of the complexion brush and plenty of soft water. The poor skin may require some healing salves and lotions at first, but not for long, if attention is paid to diet and bathing."

"Women nowadays are taking the greatest care of their bodies. Those who are inclined to embonpoint, rheumatism or neuralgia, are weekly visitors to the Turkish bath parlors. Many women keep their skins highly polished by the use of coarse towels, coconut fiber and rough mittens. They use little sachets of powdered orris root in the bath, but object to scented soaps, claiming that the powdered orris root is the only perfume that gives the fresh, elusive fragrance of the open. Perfumes and toilet waters are falling into disuse, the fastidious woman of fashion objecting to any decided fragrance about her person more than that given by the sachet or orris powder in the bath and the tiny bag of orris root boiled with her."

THE "GRAPE CURE" IN SWITZERLAND.

[London Daily News:] Just now the tourists are flocking to Meran, and this little Tyrolean watering place is beginning to get crowded. The grape cure is at its height, or will be in a few days. It can scarcely be possible that all the grape eaters are actually invalids, as you meet all kinds of people eating grapes, and apparently eating them almost unconsciously. You buy your grapes in a little basket, and you carry it with you on your walk or saunter, and go on nibbling at the fruit until you have consumed your regulation pound or two pounds weight. A man without a basket of grapes would look as odd in the alleys round Meran as a man without a hat might look in Piccadilly or the Strand. So the Meran grape cure is very popular and is very inexpensive. The town fixes the price of the fruit, and you get more for 3 pence than you could believe it possible you could eat. Just now the place is full of Austrians placidly submitting to the cure. The Americans are also taking it with that characteristic adaptability which belongs to them in Europe. And the Meran doctors, with an almost similar adaptability of the remedy to the disease, are prescribing for dyspeptic patients.



## SOURCES OF SOME GREAT RIVERS.

FACTS ABOUT THEM THAT HAVE BEEN DETERMINED BY SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

[New York Sun:] There is usually more or less controversy as to the sources of important rivers until the region of their headwaters has been thoroughly explored. This has been the case with the Amazon, but, today, geographers are in accord as to the place that may properly be called the ultimate source of that river. A little to the northeast of Lima, the capital of Peru, about one hundred and fifteen miles from the Pacific Ocean and just south of the tenth parallel of south latitude, is the small lake Lauricocha, about four miles long and three miles wide, which floods a circular plain that is surrounded by steep cliffs. This is the birthplace of the Marañon River, whose waters, escaping from this basin, flow northward through narrow, winding gorges. The Marañon has come to be regarded as the main upper branch of the Amazon, not only because of its superior volume, but also because it prolongs farthest toward the Pacific the longitudinal axis of the Amazon Valley. Geographical considerations, therefore, properly fix upon Lake Lauricocha as the ultimate source of the Amazon River.

Scientific considerations also, based upon the most recent explorations in the Upper Congo Basin, have led this year to the satisfactory determination of the waters that may be regarded as the source of the Congo River. In the past few years there has been considerable discussion of this question. If the theory were admitted that the origin of a river is that source which is farthest from its mouth, then the source of the Congo would be the headwaters of the Mallagarazi, whose drainage basin extends far toward the Indian Ocean and mingles its waters with Lake Tanganyika. There is another theory that the source of a river is that which contributes the largest volume of water to it, and if this view were accepted, the Chambesi would be named as the ultimate source of the Congo.

But in these days of scientific geography, geological considerations decide the question of river sources. The Congo occupies the central and lowest part of an enormous area. On all sides the basin falls to the Congo trough by a series of terraces, and the rivers that drain them are, of course, affluents and not parts of the main stream. It has lately been discovered that the Lualaba River is the prolongation of the Congo trough, extending in the same general north and south direction as the Upper Congo, and hence is the master branch of the Congo, and still more recently it has been discovered that the Lubudi ranks first among the branches of the Upper Lualaba, and hence is the source of the Lualaba and the Congo.

In the same way, the long-mooted question whether the Mississippi-Missouri should not bear the name Missouri below their confluence has probably been finally settled. Those who contended that the Mississippi should be known merely as a tributary of the Missouri lost sight of everything except distance from source to mouth, which is a fact of subordinate importance. The Mississippi, from Lake Itasca to the Gulf, flows in the median depression of the great central plain, following the main continental axis. The Missouri descends obliquely to this axis. From source to mouth the Mississippi is the main artery. In it all the waters of the great central depression unite, and it properly bears the name Mississippi from source to sea.

Some years ago Dr. Baumann named the fountain head of a little river, rising near the northeast corner of Lake Tanganyika, as the source of the Nile. At that time, however, our knowledge of the waterways tributary to Victoria Nyansa was not sufficient to form any basis for an exact conclusion as to the ultimate source of the great river. For two and a half years past, Dr. Richard Kandt has been studying the rivers that empty into Victoria Nyansa. He has returned to Europe, but whether he has obtained any information that justifies fixing upon any one of these rivers as the main source of the Nile does not appear in that part of his report thus far published in *Le Mouvement Géographique*.

The facts given here show that neither volume of waters nor length of course is now regarded as matter of first importance in the classification of rivers. It is the facts of geology that determine the lay of the land, and consequently the course of the main fluvial artery in any river system; and these arteries the world over have been the routes of human migration and the great channels of river transportation.

## MONTANA SAPPHIRES.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE MINES IN THE WORLD—PRECIOUS STONES IN VEINS.

[Helena Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] Fergus county, Mont., possesses one of the most remarkable mines in the world—the Yogo sapphire properties—in that the precious stones are found in regularly-formed veins, like gold, silver and other valuable metals, whereas in other communities, diamonds, sapphires, opals and the other buried treasures are found in pockets or clusters. Consequently a description of this unique mine and its mode of operation will prove interesting.

The sapphires are found scattered all along the lead or vein, and, as in any kind of mining, there is much "dead" work, as well as frequent rich strikes. Last month, for instance, five blocks of ground were worked; from one 10,000 carats were extracted, while from another of equal dimensions only 74 carats were taken, and the cost of working the block from which the 10,000 carats were secured was only about one-tenth that of working the other four blocks from which 8000 carats were realized.

The sapphires are found in a perpendicular lead of dry clay, with wall rock on either side, and, as this clayey formation is mined, it is thoroughly washed, and the gems extracted and picked over. They are of all sizes and various degrees of excellence, but the amethystine gems continue very rare. So far the company has worked down only fifty or sixty feet, but prospecting has been done to a depth three times as great, and there are sapphires all the way down. The deeper they go, the harder the formation becomes, requiring greater exposure to cause disintegration. All dirt that is worked over this year will be exposed through the late fall and winter to the action

of the elements, causing disintegration, and next year it will be washed over again in the sluice boxes, and there may be extracted as many gems as were found this year.

Through the summer many gems are thrown aside as culls, but men are left at the mines all through the winter, and they devote their spare time to sorting over the culls. There would, however, be no danger in leaving the mines unguarded through the winter, for nature protects them. After the water freezes no one can extract the sapphires from their hard, clayey bed.

The company secures its water from a point twelve miles distant from the mines, conveying it by ditches and flumes. The supply of water this season has been smaller than usual, owing to a light snowfall last winter, but it was not necessary at any time to suspend operations. About forty men are constantly employed at the Yogo mines.

The output for this season will be very large, and some particularly fine stones have been secured. The largest stone yet found at the mines was discovered early in June of this year, and it weighed 19 carats. The demand for the sapphires is constantly increasing, and the supply is insufficient, despite the fact that many individuals are also engaged in mining them at various spots along the Missouri River, in addition to the Yogo mines. All the stones are shipped direct to London, where many of them are cut, while others are sent to Antwerp for that purpose. But about half of the product finds its way back to the United States, several large American companies having contracts with the English firm to which the mining company sells its product. The duty on the cut gems is only 10 per cent. The actual mining season is from April 15 to October 31, or until the water freezes.

There is no indication that the mines are playing out; on the contrary, they seem to be getting richer. As a by-product, considerable corundum is being mined, but this will be valuable until a railroad shall have been built to the mines, Fergus county being the only one in the State unacquainted with the iron horse. Corundum is worth £10 per ton in London, and is used in the making of emery wheels, etc. Thousands of tons of this mineral are now lying on the "dump" awaiting cheap transportation, and, even should the sapphires become exhausted, the railroad would make the mining of the latter a most profitable undertaking.

## JOURNALISM IN GREENLAND.

FIRST IT WAS ALL CUTS, NEXT CAME HEADS AND AFTERWARD WHOLE SENTENCES.

[Philadelphia Press:] One of the most amusing skippers visiting Philadelphia is the genial commander of the British bark *Calcium*, one of the fleet of Greenland cryolite traders which has just discharged her cargo here and loaded coal for Demerara. A fine specimen of the real old-time sailor, Capt. Smith possesses a fund of knowledge gathered through years of rough experiences, the record of which would form the ground work for an up-to-date sea novel.

For years this picturesque skipper gained knowledge of the high altitudes that has been of great benefit to him in his present trade through service aboard one of the old Peterhead whalers, a fleet once famous, but now almost extinct. Capt. Smith has been one of the most successful of the Arctic traders, his only mishap being the loss of the British bark *Argenta*, which he commanded in the fall of 1896. This vessel was actually crushed to atoms by the Arctic ice. All were rescued after a thrilling experience, and made their way to Fredericksahab, where they were housed and fed by the Danish Governor.

Capt. Smith has a greater knowledge of Greenland than any other man in the merchant service. When he can be induced to tell of the bleak settlements surrounded by the polar ice his stories are always appreciated and he is sure of a large and highly appreciative audience. Several days ago, just before his departure for Demerara, the skipper told a most interesting story of journalism in Greenland. Journalism in Greenland, he said, is represented by a single paper and to its proprietor, Mr. Moeller, is due the credit of educating a large number of the natives, because he not only printed the paper for them, but also taught them how to read it.

This wonderfully energetic man performs single-handed the functions of editor, reporter, proprietor, printer, distributor and business manager. The entire paper, which is printed in Godthaab, is the product of his own pen.

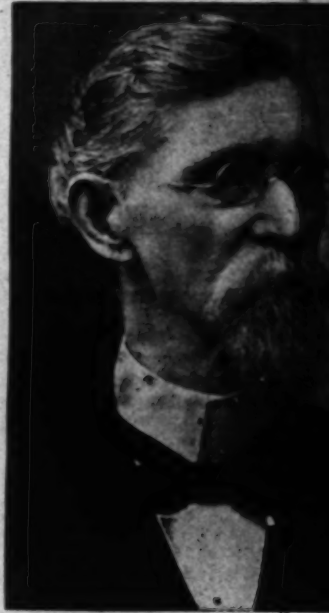
Some time ago he set up a primitive printing establishment, and every two weeks he performs a long journey on skates to dispose of his journal.

Originally it contained only a few crude illustrations, but gradually other matter was introduced until now it contains articles on the affairs of the day. This man actually taught his subscribers to read his paper, first introducing words, then sentences, and now articles on the topics of the day.

Mr. Moeller is a Dane, and has lived in Greenland for many years. He takes a deep interest in anything calculated to make lighter the burdens of the natives, and is beloved by all who know him.

## AN UNHAPPY QUEEN.

[London M. A. P.:] Perhaps there is no more desolate and pathetic figure in Europe than the Queen Regent of Spain. Her daily life is as simple, as austere and as regulated as a nun's in a cloister. She is without a friend, so to speak, in the royal courts of Europe—save, perhaps, the Pope, and, in a lesser degree, the Emperor of Austria. And now to her isolation is added the haunting and dread specter of anarchy. Her son, over whose childhood she watched with what might be called, even for a King, an extravagance of care, and whom she has guided to manhood with a solicitude and devotion rarely equalled, bring her, with his Kingship, only new causes for anxiety, new reasons for protection. Under such circumstances, it may well be imagined what a loss the earnest soul and vigilant spirit of a friend and statesman like Marshal Martinez Campos must be to the poor Queen, whose mother's nervous heart threatening dangers; who, indeed, has aged a decade in weeks since the assassination of King Humbert of Italy.



GEO. C. PITZER, M.D.

Late of St. Louis, where he has practiced his profession for the past twenty-eight years, is now located in Los Angeles. Dr. Pitzer successfully treats people suffering from all kinds of acute, chronic, nervous and organic diseases, by SUGGESTION alone, and without medicines. It is the knowledge of the law of suggestion that enables us to control and cure disease. By proper suggestions, under favorable conditions, we lift people from conditions of despair and distress, exhaustion and disease, and start them to living new lives. People who are usually sick, no matter what their ailments may be, how long they may have existed, if a cure be possible, can be certainly and radically cured by suggestion. *Suggestion alone*; no drugs of any kind employed. And habits and vices are corrected under the operation of this same universal law of suggestion. Suggestion, as acknowledged, taught and practiced by me, is this science, is a peculiar method of cure, unlike any other. That it is a success is no longer a question, it is an absolute victory, and takes rank as a leading method of cure among the highest scientific authorities in America and Europe.

Send for our 16-page Booklet, No. 2. This contains a partial list of diseases we successfully treat, and explains our methods of curing people by suggestion, here in our office and at a distance, with terms of treatment. All sick people should read this booklet. FREE TO EVERYBODY.

We also teach this science of healing to others. Hundreds of good men and women have been sent from our school of Suggestive Therapeutics, and are now doing successful work at this practice. Send for our School Announcement for terms. Sent free. Booklets or School Announcements, address:

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935 West Washington Street, Los Angeles.

## CURSE OF DRINK

Drunkenness Cured by White Ribbon Remedy.

Can be Given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee Without Patient's Knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the desire for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed drunkard, a "tippler," social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for stimulants after using White Ribbon Remedy. Los Angeles—Orl Drug Co., 321 South Spring Street. Trial package free by writing Mrs. T. C. MOORE, W. C. T. U. Ventura, California.



D. BONOFF Furrier.

241 A Broadway, Opp. City Hall.

Furs made to order, remodeled and repaired. Squirrel skins guaranteed reshaped a specialty.

A full line of skins of all kinds carried in stock. A prompt service guaranteed. D. BONOFF, Furrier, Formerly with Marshall Field.



Parquet Floor.

WOOD CARPENTRY STRIP FLOORING.

All work guaranteed.

Grill Work and Cabinet Making.

JNO. A. SMITH.

707 South Broadway.

TELEPHONE 1000.

Now that "The Cr...  
Editorial .....  
Baggageless Luggage  
Big Money in China.  
Argentina's Schools.  
Ancient Altar Stone.  
An Honest Thief. Fr  
Our Daily Bread. By  
Australian Pioneers.  
Glimpses of Bird Life.  
Good Short Stories. (C  
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DEFECTIVE ENGLISH.  
EVIDENCES OF DETERIORATION  
AMONG THE ENGLISH IN GREAT  
BRITAIN.

[New York Sun:] According to a recent issue of the *British Navy* and other authorities, the English race is going down hill. Formerly Americans heard of the robust health and fine physique of the English women. The English could outwalk, outstake, and outstart their American sisters in every way. Within a few years comparison with the English race has become a thing of the past. The English are now much less robust than they were formerly. This fact alone is sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of those who stay in Great Britain, suggesting the possibility of a similar fate for the American race going down hill. Formerly Americans heard of the robust health and fine physique of the English women. The English could outwalk, outstake, and outstart their American sisters in every way. Within a few years comparison with the English race has become a thing of the past. The English are now much less robust than they were formerly. This fact alone is sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of those who stay in Great Britain, suggesting the possibility of a similar fate for the American race going down hill. Formerly Americans heard of the robust health and fine physique of the English women. The English could outwalk, outstake, and outstart their American sisters in every way. Within a few years comparison with the English race has become a thing of the past. The English are now much less robust than they were formerly. This fact alone is sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of those who stay in Great Britain, suggesting the possibility of a similar fate for the American race going down hill.

...a grade higher than the 'Am...  
...the young clerks and...  
...they will be found to...  
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...and elsewhere in the kingdom are...  
...any on this earth can show, w...  
...and golden hair. They are...  
...children on the average. But



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## DETECTIVE ENGLISH PHYSIQUE.

### DETERIORATION REMARKED BY AMERICANS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

[The York Sun.] According to an official report recently made, the number of deaths in the British navy since 1883, in spite of the fact that they are now much less exposed to the weather than they were formerly. This fact, in connection with other facts that cannot fail to strike an American who makes any stay in Great Britain, suggests the question: Is the English race going down hill physically?

Many Americans heard and read a great deal about the robust health and fine physique of English people, particularly English women. They were told that English women could outwalk, outskate, outrow and generally outdo their American sisters in every form of physical exercise. And within a few years comparatively it has been taught to the American public that English athletes of every type exceed American young men in strength and muscle.

The American who lands in England, therefore, expects to encounter a very robust, well-grown, well-developed race. He is disappointed. Perhaps a regiment of British soldiers will attract his attention among the first objects he perceives. As to uniform and drill they are probably the nearest to what follows on this planet. But what else? They are thin as underclothes and pale, with sloping shoulders and narrow chests. In comparison with American regiments, the British soldier is a very different man who went out to the front, knowing maybe no more of drill or military matters than a hen, neither caring. The British soldier is like boys rather more than half grown, and not old-fashioned boys.

Coming to add yet further to his knowledge of the comparative physique of England, upon their own ground, the Americans found themselves on a bank holiday, that "Amper" that immortalized by Du Maurier. It is the time and place where the swarming millions of London in their best clothes. The first point that impresses the American is the smallness of the English common people. Boys of 12 to 14 skip about with all their upper front teeth. Girls of 18 seem to mind the absence of their breasts no more than they would mind a hole in their stockings. They seem to take no pride in having teeth. They are otherwise, as Americans do, consequently their teeth are almost universally bad and ill-kept. It is to be noted that early decaying teeth are a sign of a weak constitution.

The grade higher than the "Amper" that frequents the young clerks and shopmen and women. They will be found to be pale and slight, with small hands and feet again. Many of the shop girls are very pretty, but it is a pallid, fragile prettiness suggesting consumption and dyspepsia; the same apparent weakness of constitution again.

One thing, it is certain that average Americans are not so much as artificially, 100 per cent. better teeth than the English. For another, let an American of average size and build undertake to buy a ready-made coat at a London tailor. He will find it too narrow across the chest and too small about the armholes, too sloping in the shoulders. He is soon ready to admit this difference than a London tailor himself. American women find the same difficulty in being fitted with ready-made garments. The English woman is smaller in the chest, slighter in the waist and narrower in the hips than the American.

The Englishman's apology for the small size of the English race in the British army is that they come chiefly from the crowded districts of London or from the factories of Lancashire where they had to go to work in the mills in childhood and have never had the chance to grow up. So much the worse for Great Britain. It is a confession that she is unable to give her children their birthright of food and air. If this be true, the English are degenerating physically.

The same delicate physique is noticeable in at least one of the agricultural districts of the kingdom. At a recent agricultural show one of the most important annual exhibitions in the kingdom, to which farmers and their families flock by the thousands, an American noted the physical defects, the decaying teeth, the narrow chest and the thin skin. The English children one sees in the streets of the kingdom are perhaps as beautiful as any on this earth can show, with their dainty faces and golden hair. They are handsomer than the children on the average. But as they approach

youth, they go off in looks. American adults are handsomer, as a people, than those of England. It is as if somehow, after a first-class start, the English growing child makes a bad finish.

It must be admitted, too, that even in their athletic games which have been the special sports of British college youths for centuries the Americans are gradually creeping up and outstripping them one by one. Perhaps it is because the Americans have a better climate and more room to spread themselves than their British competitors. They certainly have a larger and more varied supply of fruit and food products.

Or was the whole assumption of the English physical superiority a mistake based upon a false statement from the beginning? Either the story was false in the beginning or, if true once, it is so no longer. And if it was once true and is not now so, either the Americans are rapidly improving as a race physically or the English are going down hill. On the whole, it does not seem likely that an impression which prevailed so widely as this in regard to the superior English physique thirty years ago could be wholly in error. At any rate, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that, if they do not wish the nation to become a race of physical weaklings, the 5,000,000 inhabitants of London and the other millions in England's closely-packed factory towns should scatter out and spread themselves to Australia, to South Africa, to Canada.

## PENNSYLVANIA WILD TURKEYS.

[Fredericksburg (Pa.) Correspondence New York Sun:] One of the largest flocks of wild turkeys ever seen in this part of Pennsylvania visited the big farm of Mrs. Jacob K. Lick near here this week. A number of gunners saw the turkeys rise and fly to Little Mountain. More than fifty birds were in the flock. They had been feeding in the cornfields, and were quite fat, but owing to the warm weather and the drought were not so large as wild turkeys generally are in the last of October.

The turkeys flew a long distance to the northward, but experienced hunters knew they would return to Little Mountain, where they roost on the gum trees. A hunting party waited among the rocks until dusk, and finally heard the gobble of the birds as they descended. But the turkeys made a wide sweep down the mountain side until they found water, and by the time they returned it was too dark to get a shot. The birds were smart enough to cease gobbling when they got back.

The gunners went into camp until dawn, and were successful in shooting six birds on the roosts before the turkeys flew away. The birds kept well together, flew almost straight up, and then like a small black cloud sailed away to the north. The hunters picked the turkeys they had killed, roasted them on spits over hickory coals, and with hot coffee had a breakfast in the crisp air of the mountain, which was worth while. Later in the day five more birds were shot out of the same flock on Buck Mountain.

Another big flock was started on Gov. Dick Mountain, near Mt. Gretna. Six fine wild turkeys were brought down from their roosts at early dawn on the hills near Tamaqua this week. The male birds do not average more than nine pounds each this season, and the females not more than seven pounds. While they are small, they are plump. Herbs, grasses and other vegetation on the hills have been so short during the dry spell that the turkeys have been forced into the lower valleys earlier than usual. Their meat is unusually juicy and tender this season, and the hunters say they would rather have one roast of wild turkey than a half-dozen tame ones.

These misty mornings on the mountains are quite a protection to the birds, and to shoot them on the wing is a rarity. It is almost necessary to get them on their roosts.

Several trials were made this week of stuffing wild tur-

keys with roasted chestnuts, but the hunters say they prefer wild turkeys alone, roasted over hickory coals, with nothing but salt and pepper for seasoning.

## THE LAND OF THE SOON-TO-BE.

When nighttime comes with its farewell kiss,  
And the hush-a-bys all are said,  
The Dream sprites lovingly sing their song  
'Round each little trundle bed.  
Oh, weird and long  
Is the Dream sprite's song!  
'Tis a song of a land afar,  
Where blue bells chime in a rhythmic rhyme,  
Way over the Harbor Bar.

They sing of the land of the Soon-To-Be,  
Where good little children go;  
Where sunbeams twinkle the whole day long,  
And dillies and sugar plums grow;  
Where the Moon rays gleam  
On the Sleep-time stream,  
And the silvery mists float down  
Like a fairy veil on the Sweet-Dream trail,  
That leadeth to Slumbertown.

Oh, a wondrous land is the Soon-To-Be,  
Where the sunbeams dance and play!  
And the Elf men ride in a rose-leaf boat,  
On the river of Rock-a-way.  
Past Peek-a-boo Isle,  
In a royal style,  
To the strains of a fairy song.  
They swiftly glide on the rippling tide,  
Or dreamily drift along.

Then ho, and away, for that fairy land—  
The land of the Soon-To-Be!  
Where dimples hide in the poppy beds  
That blossom along the sea;  
The Elf men stop,  
As the eyelids drop,  
And cover the orbs of brown,  
And up the stream past the land of Dream,  
They vanish to Slumbertown.

E. A. BRININSTOOL.

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